

The Writings of George G. Gowen

Edited by David and John Fuehring

2000

Volume 1

George G. Gowen was a farmer who lived near North Loup, Nebraska for most of his life. He was born in 1899 and died in 1945. George took up writing as a hobby and to supplement the meager income that his farm brought in during the Great Depression. These 2 volumes include weekly articles that he wrote for the North Loup Loyalist and the Ord Quiz newspapers from the period 1934 to 1941, as well as numerous letters to the editor, a collection of short stories and several magazine articles. Also included are remembrances by his daughter Geraldine Fuehring and son Richard Gowen. His grandsons, David Fuehring and John Fuehring, scanned the articles and stories into computer format. Their motivation for performing this task was to learn more about the life and times of their grandfather (whom they never met), and to preserve the writings for a few more generations.

George Gowen was very interested in politics at the local, state, federal and international levels. Although he claimed to be a staunch Republican, his philosophy of life seemed to be more in line with that of Democrats. He loved to converse with anyone and wasn't afraid to speak his mind, even though his opinion might be unpopular. Differences of opinion are often the basis for lively debates and apparently he relished a good debate. He referred to columns that were so controversial that the editors wouldn't print them. He probably didn't write many "unprintable" columns since he had limited time, and the \$5 that he got for a weekly column was the grocery money for that week.

George Gowen was compassionate to those who were struggling to survive and to those who were grieving over a lost loved one. He lived by the golden rule and thought everyone deserved a fair shake. He believed that black people deserved the same access to jobs and protection under the law as whites. Although he apparently disagreed with the actions of Franklin D. Roosevelt, his attitude toward civil rights seemed to be in line with the crusades of Eleanor Roosevelt.

The articles cover most of the time that FDR was in office. There are insights into the daily life of rural people scratching out an existence during the Great Depression, the despair of farmers who suffered year after year of drouth during the Dirty '30s, and the New Deal programs designed to provide economic relief during the depression. Social Security as we know it didn't exist yet but was a radical concept that was discussed in Washington, D. C. and in North Loup, Nebraska. World War II was in the making and the situation in Europe was worrisome to people in North Loup. If the German war machine conquered England, Germany would probably invade Canada. Then the Nazis would be only a few hundred miles away instead of all the way across the Atlantic.

It's hard not to be impressed by the sheer pluck of people like George Gowen and his neighbors. Most of them grew up in a time when the economy was good, prior to the stock market crash in 1929. They were never rich but they went from being fairly comfortable financially in the 1920s to being dirt poor in the 1930s. Some of them sold their farms and anything else that wouldn't fit in their jalopies and left for the West Coast. Others like George were determined to stick it out so they invented many ways to save money and to scrounge up a few dollars here and there. They made do with very little and, even though they must have felt despair about the bleakness of their existence, they kept their morale up and hoped that the situation would soon get better. Life wasn't easy but they survived with frugality, hard work and a sense of humor. George Gowen documented the harsh conditions that he and his neighbors experienced but he also leavened his writings with abundant wit and humor.

These writings would not exist at all today without the preservation efforts of Richard (Dick) Gowen, who saved the original articles and newspaper clippings that he inherited. George Gowen (or his wife Adelaide) had clipped the articles out of the newspapers and pasted them into a book but the old newsprint was becoming fragile and unreadable with the passage of time. Dick wanted to reprint the articles to save them for at least another 60 years. David Fuehring performed the big task of

scanning in the articles and reformatting them. Gerry Fuehring wrote down the many stories she often tells about her father. John Fuehring converted the short stories to electronic form and prepared the picture of Addie and George. Gwen Fuehring was the chief proofreader. Gerry and Dale Fuehring proofread the articles and provided the resources for printing the books

St. Louis, Missouri September 2000



Addie and George Gowen

Table of Contents

Volume 1

Introduction	4
Letters to Paper	28
The Work Sheet	41
Feature Articles	126
Care of County Board	141
Bucolic Screeds	319

Volume 2

A Few Things to Think About!	1
Short Stories	271

Introduction

Memories of My Father by Geraldine Gowen Fuehring	5
My Dad.....	5
Family and Church.....	6
Bridge Across The Gully.....	8
The Water System	9
The Icehouse.....	10
Going Swimming	11
Rural Telephone Lines	11
Cattle Feeding.....	12
Drought Years	13
Horses In My Dad's Life.....	14
Memories of My Father by Richard Gowen.....	20
Obituary: George Gowen (Scotia).....	22
Obituary: George Gowen (Ord Quiz)	23
Obituary: W. E. Gowen.....	24
Obituary: Myra Gowen.....	25
Obituary: Oscar Babcock.....	26

MEMORIES OF MY FATHER, GEORGE G. GOWEN

By Geraldine Gowen Fuehring, his daughter

My Dad

My Dad and Mother attended the University of Nebraska but neither graduated. My Dad became sick with what they thought might be tuberculosis. The doctors told him to get out of the city and into the fresh open air which was the treatment for tuberculosis at that time. After the death of my grandfather W.E. Gowen three years earlier, my grandmother Myra Gowen allowed their associate to run the cattle feeding operation that Grandfather had developed at North Loup. Then the family moved to Lincoln so that my Father could attend the University. Since my Father was in Lincoln, my Mother decided that was where she wanted to be too. My Mother or perhaps my Grandmother Gowen found a room in a house next door to the Gowen home so both could attend the University. My Father attended the University Law College for 3 years and my Mother studied in the College of Arts and Science for 1½ years. After it was determined that my Father should do outside work they decided to get married and take over the cattle feeding operation in North Loup.

George G. Gowen and Adelaide Davis were married at the Davis family home in North Loup on June 11, 1922. My Mother made her own wedding dress. It was a fashionable style that was of short length, just below the knee. They honeymooned by driving to Colorado. Then they came back and moved into the Gowen family home at the north east edge of North Loup. This was several blocks north of the railroad station. My grandfather selected this area and built his feed lots just across the tracks for handy access to rail service for shipping cattle and grain to and from the feed lots.

My grandparents built a new house inside the town near the feed lots in 1912. Since my grandfather made good money in the cattle business, they furnished the house with the latest décor fashions of the time. My Dad was 12 years old when the family moved to this house and here is where he and his sister Nola grew up. This is the house with furnishings where my parents lived after they were married. Here is where my older brother, Billy was born May 5, 1923 and I was born 1½ years later on October 20, 1924.

My folks thought the world of their 2 children. My Dad took us with him whenever he could. He bought each of us a purebred collie dog; he taught us to love all animals. He wanted us to ride horses, so he let us ride behind the saddle with him whenever possible. He helped Billy build crude wagons and other toys. I followed Billy around and tried to do all the things he did. We had cats by the dozens. Billy could not say my long name when I was born so he called me Tee Dee from the word kitty. I remained Tee Dee to the family until I went to college.

When I was 2½ years old they decided to move back to Lincoln where my Grandmother Gowen was living in a big house on D Street. My Father did not find a good job so my Mother went to find a job, too. My grandmother took care of Billy and I.

My grandmother taught school for years before her marriage, so she enjoyed children and she made our life in the city without our pets fun. After a year neither of my parents had found satisfactory work. They decided to move back to North Loup. The cattle operation in town had been sold to the family associate so they moved to the Gowen Ranch across the river from North Loup.

The "Ranch" was 3 quarters of land lying end to end. The 1st quarter lay about a mile west of the North Loup River with a creek running through the west side of the quarter. There was county road running between the 2nd and 3rd quarter of land which divided them. The 3rd quarter had a windmill

and tanks to supply water for cattle. The area along the creek on the 1st quarter was covered with trees and this area below and behind the house was infested with nettles. There was a small amount of cultivated land on the first level of land raising above the creek. A hilly pasture of prairie grasses covered the rest of the land. The farm buildings were located on the first rise above the creek and trees. There were no trees on the level where the buildings stood. The buildings were built ¼ mile north of the county road which only touched the southwest corner of the 1st quarter. This location required a long lane from the road to the buildings. The house was across a deep gully from the barn and feed lots. There was a small piece of cultivated land with a windmill in the canyon that led from the barnyard side of the buildings across the gully from the house.

In retrospect, the ranch did not have enough crop land or ranch land to make a viable economic unit so it was necessary to get additional income elsewhere. Despite this they managed to send both of their children to college and both children graduated from the Agricultural College of University of Nebraska.

Family and Church

My Dad was born into a pioneer family. His maternal grandfather, Oscar Babcock, spearheaded a group of settlers who lived in Wisconsin but wanted more and better farm land on which to develop their Seventh Day Baptist church and community. He corresponded with Seventh Day Baptists throughout the United States urging them to join with this group and make a complete Seventh Day settlement along the river in the North Loup Valley. The Wisconsin group led by Oscar Babcock settled there in 1872 and were joined by many Seventh Day Baptists from other parts of the United States. Oscar Babcock was their first minister and gave part of his homesteaded land to develop the town of North Loup. He was also the first postmaster of the town. The early church services and first school classes were held in his sod house. Rev. Babcock's wife Metta died just as the group was leaving Wisconsin so he had to travel alone to Nebraska with his four children. My Dad's mother, Myra, was 4 years old and the only girl in the family. She had two older brothers and a baby brother less than a year old.

Rev. Oscar Babcock promoted the development of the North Loup in many ways. He gave his land for the railroad right of way so that the railroad would come on the west bank of the river to this settlement. He taught the school in his own house until a teacher could be found. When his two older sons were ready for high school he sent them to Hastings to attend high school and when they were ready for college he sent them to Alfred, New York. Both became lawyers and came back to live and practice in North Loup to be near the family.

When settlers of other faiths wanted to settle in North Loup, Rev. Babcock encouraged them to join the settlement but did not require them to join the church. One story goes that a family came by covered wagon along the river, arriving in the community on Sunday. They saw all the men working in the fields. They almost decided to look for land elsewhere because they did not want to live in a community that did not go to church on Sunday. When they talked to the settlers and learned that this was a Christian community that worshiped on Saturday, they decided to stay. They became good friends and neighbors of the family.

My Father's mother, Myra Babcock, grew up in North Loup. As a small child she spent much time in the homes of her aunts or uncles. As she grew older, she took over the running of the household for her father. Some times when her father was needed away from home, he would leave her in charge of her younger brother. Indians still roamed the area especially along the river. One day when she and her brother were home by themselves, a lone Indian came and looked in the windows. He kept looking and saying something to her. She reasoned that he was asking for sugar. She gave him a small amount of their precious sugar and he went on. She never resented Indians but respected their desire to live in peace with the settlers.

Rev. Babcock was a great believer in education so he sent Myra to school beyond high school and she became a teacher. She taught first grade and loved the children. She could spin a story and keep the children captivated as well as teaching them to read and write. My Father seemed to inherit this desire for education for all citizens of the community.

My Dad's paternal grandfather, John B. Gowen, a Seventh Day Adventist, had come to North Loup to settle near his son and to live in a community that worshiped on the Seventh Day. Here he could worship on Saturday as the rest of the community did. There was no Seventh Day Adventist Church in town but the community accepted him and his faith. He opened a hotel when the railroad came to town and also owned a livery stable. John Gowen moved west and died before my Dad was old enough to know him. After that his grandmother Maria Gowen would come and live with each of her sons' families part of each year.

My Dad's father, William E. Gowen, came to North Loup as a young cowboy. He liked the town and settled there to go into business that developed into raising and feeding cattle but he also owned a general store. He married but his first wife died when their two sons were small. The boys had lived with relatives for several years when he and my grandmother Myra married. They were married at six o'clock in the morning by her father and caught the early train for a honeymoon at the new Yellowstone National Park and other points west. They were gone three months.

My Father was born about a year later and his sister Nola followed three years after that. Their parents were loyal members of the church and town. They attended and worked in the church. W. E. Gowen was consulted about the business operation of the church and he contributed generously to help with its operation. Myra Gowen was unusual in that she opened and operated a millinery shop in her husband's general store. She loved to create new styles and carried this love over into the dresses she made and wore. She knew the latest fashions in hats, dress, and home furnishings. They always had a hired girl, who needed work badly, to help with the housework. Because Myra worked in the store, she would see someone in need and her husband would "help them out".

Finally, W. E. Gowen became too busy with all his businesses. There was not enough work in town for two lawyers, so he arranged to have his wife's brother operate the store. With two goodhearted men running the store, it was not always profitable.

Rev. Babcock was not well and not able to continue the duties as minister of a growing church. Therefore the congregation called another minister to take over the church.

My Dad was growing up. He enjoyed the farming part of his father's business. As a young boy he raised chickens in the back yard. He always had a dog and loved horses. He enjoyed the contact with people he met in the store. He was active in the school and church activities. He developed his own ideas about religion but attended church regularly on Saturdays when he lived in North Loup. He would not drink liquor, wine or beer but made no comments when others did unless they were drunks. He fought to keep North Loup a dry town and it remained so for years after prohibition was repealed. He would not evangelize but was strict in his belief of doing good and fair play. He would help anyone down and out or having troubles. One man lived with us for several years when he did not have a room. He slept in the cellar. My Mother washed his clothes and he ate with us for a year or two until he found a ride to the west. This is why the depression was so hard for my Dad. He did not have the money or the health to do the good that he saw needed to be done. He did not judge people but expected them to live by the golden rule.

Whenever there was business to attend to at church he helped out. When it was cold in the wintertime and there was no one to start the church furnace, he went to town early and started it so the church would be warm by church time. During the depression, when it was time to pay off the mortgage of the church building and not enough money was available, he visited church members and asked them to help just what they could. By the time the mortgage was due, the money had been

raised to make the payment and the church building was free and clear. They held a mortgage burning celebration to commemorate the event.

For many years the church held socials once a month on Sunday evening. All who came brought food for supper and shared it. After eating together, someone gave a short program with music being the main form of participation and entertainment. Dad's cousins were musical and the congregation enjoyed an evening together with song at no cost. One year he was the social chairman. For the program, on one occasion, he wrote a play about the settling of the area and the founding of the church. He had people of the church in costumes as actors and actresses. He even rigged up a wind machine to create the elusion of the winds the pioneers endured during early days. He worked long and hard that winter getting every thing just to his liking. The congregation really enjoyed it.

My Dad had many good friends. Among them were the town doctor and the ministers of the Church. Two ministers especially stand out in my memory. In my younger years, a young man came from the east to serve the church out in the wild west. They had a little boy about my brother's age and his wife was in ill health. My Dad would talk and commiserate with him. They became good friends. During the war, a minister, whose wife had stayed in the East to continue her job, came to serve the church. The new minister loved to hunt and fish. My Dad and he became good friends. The minister thought our farm was a good place to hunt so would come out to our house on Friday afternoon. My younger brother wanted to learn to hunt and my Father would not hunt to kill any animal. My Dad decided to let the minister teach my brother to hunt. When it was just dark, the minister, my brother, and my Dad would come to the house for supper. The minister would stay and visit with all of us after supper. My Dad really enjoyed the stimulating discussions, as did the rest of us.

They seldom discussed religion but he lived by the principles of the church, although he never became an official member of the church.

Bridge Across The Gully

The gully between the house and the barn made lots of extra steps every time we needed to be one place or the other. So my Dad decided to build a walking bridge just down the hill outside our back door across the gully to the end of the barn. That way when he needed to check the animals or got a telephone call he could go between the barn and the house more quickly.

He set telephone posts across the gully which was about 80 feet across, down the sides of the gully and across the bottom where the water ran when it rained. This area was grown up with weeds and brush when there was enough rain so the weeds and brush would grow. The tops of each set of two posts were about 10 ft high so he could lay 2 by 12 planks on top of the posts. These planks were 12 inches wide and formed the bridge. There were no railings on the sides or anything to catch you if you slipped. We learned to walk carefully across the bridge and I fell off only once when I was not paying attention.

That was when he put two planks across the top of the posts in the gully so there was less danger of missing a step. We had to go down the hill a short distance on each side of the gully to reach the bridge because the posts were only so high. Sometimes we would slip and slide to get to the bridge when it was muddy.

When our friends from town came to visit, they considered it a thrill to walk across the bridge. Some of the younger children would not attempt to cross it. Later when my brother was older and riding a bicycle he rode his bicycle across. I don't think my Dad knew this or my brother would have been in trouble.

The Water System

Summers were hot, dry and windy in the 1930's. My Dad and Mother moved to the "Gowen Ranch" in 1928. It had a 4-room house with no electricity or inside plumbing. The windmill that served the house and the barn was just a few steps from the back door. We did not have to carry water very far and there was a big stock tank on the other side of the windmill. My folks always worried that we kids who were 4 and 5 years old (my little brother Dick had not arrived yet) would climb up the windmill or drown in the stock tank. Then about a year after we moved this well went dry and it was necessary to sink a new well. My Father then designed our water system that we used all the time we lived there. (Electricity didn't get to our side of the river until after Momma moved away in 1949.)

Daddy had the well drillers come to sink a new well on top of the hill in the field that was across the driveway from the front yard of the house. He had a man come from town to dig the cistern by hand. This man had lost his job and almost every thing else because of the depression but had to feed four hungry children. As I remember it the man was paid \$1 a day to do this heavy work and the man was glad to have the job. He dug a big cistern beside the new well being sunk atop the small hill. He then had the man dig holes six feet long, 6 feet deep, at intervals of 3 feet apart down the hill from the new cistern to the house. These holes were where the pipes were laid to carry the water from the cistern to the house. They laid the pipe in the bottom of the hole and then forced the pipe through the soil to the next hole. While the holes waited for the pipes to be laid they proved to be fun for me to play in. There were frogs in the bottom of the hole where it was cool out of the wind and sun.

The well drillers and my Dad thought it would take about 5 days to get the well dug and the windmill moved from the house to atop the well on the hill. They ran into rocks but no water about 15 feet below the surface. The well diggers moved their rig a few feet one direction and then another. They ruined several drill bits. Some times they took the drill bits to town to have them sharpened and sometimes they put on a new drill bit. Finally they decided to drill through the rock to get to water below the rock. This drilling of rock, taking the drill bit to town to have it sharpened and getting new drill bits to replace the worn out ones was an ordeal. The well drillers worked about 3 weeks at this job and for 3 weeks my Mother had to prepare meals and serve them each noon.

At last the well produced water, the cistern was dug and cemented over inside to keep the water clean and a good cover of concrete built over the top. The water from the windmill was guided by pipe into the cistern. It was fenced in so stock could not knock the pipe down. Then the pipes were laid at the bottom of the holes where my friends the frogs lived, and water flowed into the small tank by the house. My Dad plumbed the water into the house and into the place where my Mother and he envisioned a bathroom. They had hoped for a new kitchen sink with running water but money was tight after all the expense of drilling the well. They put just one pipe into an old sink into the kitchen. Then he laid pipe to carry the wastewater out of the house at the back which was down hill making it flow well. Then we had water in and out of the house. Eventually they bought a toilet and a second hand wash bowl for the bathroom but never could afford a tub. In the winter we used the clothes washtub set up in the kitchen for a bathtub. They heated bath water in a copper tub on the stove.

Again my Dad devised a way for summer time baths. He placed a 25-gallon tank on top of the back porch where the sun hit all day long. He used a hose to fill the tank on the top of the back porch with the water pressure from the well on the hill. There the water in the tank was heated by the sun. He attached a spigot near the bottom of the tank that hung over the edge of the porch. Then he laid a wooden platform below the spigot. The area was enclosed by the back porch on one side, the wood shed on the second side, the fence which had climbing plants on it enclosed the third and fourth side of the shower area. Here we could run out from the back porch and take a nice warm bath before going to bed on hot nights. It was rather chilly if it rained. But rains were few and far between during the 1930's and 1940's.

My Dad no longer wanted to bring the stock up so close to the house for water. He wanted water out near the barns, chicken coops, and feed lots. He devised a siphon system to get the water across the gully from the house to the barn and outbuildings. The cistern delivered water to a small 10-gallon tank near the wood shed. He put a tight fitting lid on it so we kids could not lift it off. Then he placed a big stock tank in the barnyard between the barn and feed lots. He positioned the 10-gallon tank at the house and the big tank at the feed lots so that they were exactly level. He dug a pipeline between these two tanks and below ground underneath the gully between the house and the barn. At the bottom of the gully he put a small tank below ground for watering a few head of stock he would keep temporarily corralled. He covered the small tank near the house with straw and blankets in the winter to keep it from freezing. I don't remember ever being without water because the system froze up. Wind kept the windmill pumping to fill the cistern and the water flowed down hill by gravity. What a system to have running water without electricity!

The Icehouse

The icehouse sat adjacent to the bridge on the edge of the gully. On the peak of the icehouse my Dad placed a big bell. The icehouse faced toward the back door of the kitchen. He attached a small rope which we could reach to ring the bell. He attached a sturdier small wire that was led off to the other side, over the gully to the barn. Here he attached another wire. This was our alarm system if we needed to call or get attention at the house from the barn. It was a system we used before modern phone communication. If dinner was ready or if my Dad had an urgent phone call, we rang the bell and anyone at the barn or in the field would know to respond. If help was needed or my Dad needed to get a quick message to my Mother in the house, he pulled the cord at the barn and she would know to answer or to come running.

The icehouse was used to store blocks of ice taken out of the river in the wintertime to keep foods cool or to make ice cream in summer. The ice was sawed out of the river in blocks of about forty or fifty pounds after a long freezing cold spell. Neighbors got together, went to the river and cut out blocks of ice, loaded the ice blocks onto wagons and distributed them to the icehouses of those who were on the ice cutting crew. The icehouse was a large square hole in the ground covered with only a roof with enclosed upside-down "V" ends. There was a door in one "V" to put the ice into and to get the ice out of the hole. Daddy kept a ladder inside the icehouse to reach the bottom of the hole when filling it or taking the ice out as he used the ice. The men put straw in the bottom of the hole and put the blocks of ice into the hole so the ice blocks did not touch each other. Then they filled the cracks with straw. On top of the ice they put extra layers of straw so the ice would not melt when the weather was hot in the summer.

During summer my Dad went into the icehouse, dug out a block of ice, washed the straw off the ice, carried it to the kitchen and loaded it into the icebox. He disliked this job. However, this was the only way they managed to have ice to preserve and keep foods cold in summer. The difficult part of this system was that in summer in the kitchen, the ice would melt. There was a pan under the icebox to catch the water. If we forgot to empty the pan, it ran over and water went all over the floor of the kitchen. We did not often forget to empty the pan. Some years the weather never got cold enough in winter to freeze ice for cutting, and there was no ice for the icehouses. When this happened, my Mother had to manage food preparation to have foods for only one meal. We never ate leftovers those years. After milking in the morning, she put milk in cans and took it to the cellar where it stayed cool for the noon meal. When we had no ice for the icebox we had to wait for the milking to be done before we had milk for supper. Many years during the drought we did not have ice. In later years, men loaded blocks of ice on trucks and delivered it to rural customers who owned iceboxes. Rural electricity did not come to our part of the country until after my Dad's death. He never enjoyed that luxury all the time he farmed.

Going Swimming

It was very hot during the depression, sometimes over a hundred degrees for days at a time. We kids often had to stay in the house because it was too hot to play outside. On such days we teased our Dad to take us swimming in the evening. The North Loup River was about a mile west of our house across fields and pastures. My Mother could not swim and did not enjoy the water so she seldom went with us. My Dad could swim. We did not go often enough so that I ever learned to swim.

The real reason he did not want us alone in the river was that the current of the river was fast- 7 miles per hour- and you could not swim against the current. But despite all the disadvantages and dangers of swimming in the river, he enjoyed the cool water after a hard day's work in the hot fields and it was a relaxing way to get a bath. We gathered towels and suits, then drove around fields and through a farmstead, two yards of the neighbors' cows, and through the pasture, opening and closing at least two or three gates to reach the river.

We hid behind a tree and changed into our swimsuits. Before he let us get into the water, he jumped in to determine how deep the river was and to find any deep places that could have spinning water holes in them. Then he determined areas on the bank that we could distinguish from the water and told us we could swim between those areas but not go any further. He determined how far out into the stream we could go. Then we all jumped in and enjoyed the water. The water ran so swiftly that even he could not swim against the current. We floated or paddled down stream to the marked area, then walked against the current up to the point he had determined was safe to go. He always stayed in the water with us to be sure we never got over our heads in the water.

We thought swimming was great and would go home so tired we just dropped in bed and went to sleep immediately even when the temperature was above 100° F. at night.

Rural Telephone Lines

We were lucky to have a phone in a rural area during that time. My parents moved from Lincoln to the farm in 1928. They were accustomed to having a phone. To have phones in a rural community, the community had to build and maintain its own rural telephone line which followed the country road. Each subscriber had to build and maintain his own line from his house to the road to hook onto the community line. There were 9 subscribers on our line most of the time. The number of subscribers varied with the ability of the subscriber to afford the cost of having a telephone. The school did not have a telephone until I was in the 3rd or 4th grade. It was considered a luxury that the school could not afford until that time.

The party line was a way of knowing what was going on in the community. Each family on the line had their own ring to let them know the call was for them. Our ring was two long rings and one short ring. Every day my Mother received a call from her family who lived in town or she called them. Any news from town was spread that way. If anyone needed help or had some exciting community news they called another neighbor on the line. It was understood that most people listened to your conversation. There was no privacy in your conversations. If the news was "sensational" enough they all talked to each other.

My Father was a good friend of our neighbor who lived about 1½ miles down the road. They had a son who went to the country school that my older brother Billy attended. Both boys rode horses to school.

When my Mother was pregnant, my Father made arrangements with the neighbor to have Billy and me stay at their house when the time came for my Mother to give birth. The time came for Billy and me to go stay overnight with the family of his friend. I got to go along and visit with the older girls who still lived at home. We were both delighted. We slept upstairs at their house and for breakfast they served fried potatoes and eggs. My Father did not care for fried foods or eggs so this kind of

breakfast was a new concept for us. At breakfast my Father rang the neighbors' ring and told them that one of his ewes had given birth to twins and he thought the boys would like to see them on the way to school. The neighbor could bring me over at their convenience. I was excited and wanted to go right away. I never wanted Billy to get to see something before I did. What a surprise to me and the neighbors on the party line to learn that it was a single baby boy that had been born - not twin lambs. His name was Richard George and his birthday was February 25, 1929. My Dad was very proud and pleased.

Cattle Feeding

When my parents moved to the farm, their dream was to feed cattle. My Dad was going to run the cattle on the 2 ½ quarter sections of pasture during the summer, feed them out in the lots at the farmstead, and raise some corn and hay on the cropland around the buildings. This seemed to work very well until the drought started in 1934 and gradually got worse until about the 1940's. He operated the cattle feeding operation for about 5 years.

For ease of handling the cattle, he built a fenced yard at the barn and incorporated the water system with tanks so that the livestock in the different pens always had fresh water. He built cutting pens on one end of the feed lots so that he could sort cattle if need be. Then he built a cattle chute along the side of the barn with an inclining chute at the end for loading the cattle into a truck. The chute could be moved away and the cattle could be sent back to pasture. He cut a small covered window in the side of the wall of the barn that was one side of the cattle chute. This gave access to cattle in the chute if necessary. In the barnyard there were gates so the cattle or horses could not escape to the driveway to the house and other buildings or to the farm ground. A gate could be opened to the lane to the pasture.

During this period, each late spring or early summer he went by train to western Colorado and bought feeder cattle in the area around Gunnison. He shipped in about four or five carloads of cattle by train. Each car held about 30 cattle. At first, about 1929 or 1930, he cowboied the cattle from the train station in North Loup to the farm. He hired all the men or boys who had riding horses and wanted to drive cattle on horseback the 4 miles from town to our farm. I think he really enjoyed doing this. Cowboys were not plentiful and the cattle were wild having just come off the winter ranges in the Colorado mountains. Trucks were more available by about 1932. From that time on he hired trucks to haul the cattle from the railroad in town to the farm. There was more control of the cattle in trucks. They did not get away or run off all the fat they had on them.

He took the cattle to the big pasture, which was in the second and third quarter of our farm. The cattle pastured there during the summer months. In the fall he brought them back to the farmstead where he had feed lots with bunks he had built. He fed them grain until they were ready for market. He ground the corn he raised in a small Bearcat grinder. This source of corn gradually fell off to none as the drought continued. He also fed cottonseed cake in the form of pellets.

When the cattle were fat enough he sorted them in the pens he had built. Those of desired weight were sorted into train carload lots. Again the cattle were driven by cowboys or trucked to North Loup and shipped by train to the Omaha Stockyards for sale. He always rode to Omaha in the same train on which his cattle were shipped. He walked around the yards in Omaha and visited with the buyer and other sellers. He enjoyed this trip very much. After the cattle sold, he rode the train home with the money. He and my Mother were always concerned about the price he would have had to pay for the cattle in Colorado and the price he would get in Omaha but they did not discuss it in front of the kids.

As the drought continued, the bank in North Loup failed and he tried to get money from the Ord banks. The drought was so severe that those bankers would no longer lend the money he needed to

operate the cattle business. This was a great disappointment to him. But for years he continued to visit and talk with his banker friends in Ord.

Drought Years

The drought continued and his income dwindled. His neighbors left for Oregon and California. This depressed my Father and Mother very much. Yet they continued to hope that times would get better. My Mother's arthritis was not improving despite all the doctors of the day could do. The doctor even gave her gold shots that were very painful. Her hands and ankles would swell and cause her great pain. My Dad tried to help with the housework. Among the tasks he did was washing the dishes after supper each night. He made us kids dry the dishes. He was a splash-dash dishwasher and my Mother said he got more water on the floor than he kept in the dishpans. He always mopped up the floor when the dishes were finished. Each week he wrote to his mother who, by that time, lived in California near his only sister and family. He had an old typewriter and used the hunt and peck method of typing. He wrote this letter while my Mother and the rest of us dressed for church. He enjoyed writing and receiving letters. He kept his eyes out looking for ways to supplement our income, as times were very difficult. My Dad and Mother enjoyed reading. They subscribed to as many magazines as they could afford. They always managed to take the weekly Saturday Evening Post, National Geographic and the Nebraska Farmer all during the drought. When they could afford it they would take other magazines such as the Farm Journal, Successful Farming, Ladies Home Journal. The magazine rack was always full.

Daddy studied the writing style of the authors of the stories in the Saturday Evening Post. He began to try to write short stories. In later years we found he had collected many rejection letters. Some of these stories were saved. His grandson, John Fuehring, copied these using a computer and assembled them into a booklet so they are saved. My Dad turned to the local weekly papers and persuaded the editors that he could write a weekly editorial or personal interest article for each editor. In 1933 he began writing for the North Loup Loyalist until it ceased publication and he wrote for the Ord Quiz for about 10 years from about 1933 to 1942. Writing was a very unusual thing for a farmer to do in those days. He wanted to increase his vocabulary to make his articles more interesting. Each week on Saturday he went through the magazines, newspaper and the dictionary, and made a list of words for which he did not know the meanings. He wrote them on a slip of paper with the correct spellings and their meanings. He would stick this in his chest pocket. As he drove the horses or tractor down the fields or rode the horse to go to round up the cattle, he took the paper out of his pocket and studied the words. By the end of the week he had 10 new words in his vocabulary, knew how to spell them and was ready to use them in his articles. Daddy cut, pasted and saved many of the weekly newspaper articles in an old ledger book. Today the book with the articles still exists but the newspaper on which the articles were printed is deteriorating. His oldest grandson, David Fuehring, scanned each article into a computer and assembled these articles into book format. I'm sure my Dad would feel very honored with both grandsons' work.

Another job he found near the beginning of the drought was secretary for the Building and Loan Company in North Loup. The business was about to go broke. All he had to do was to collect the rent from the people who had obtained loans from the Building and Loan Company to buy a house or building before the depression set in. He was required to keep the books and the hope was to collect the rent or payment each month from each person who had a loan. If he could do this it would not be necessary to foreclose on the properties or for the family who had borrowed the money to lose their property. On the first day of each month, he visited each client personally, collected what they owed that month, then maintained the company books. This took about one day each month but it was a little money coming in. Perhaps, years before he had invested money in the Building and Loan and was trying to rescue some of that money. He enjoyed doing this because he was able to visit with the people in town each month during and after he collected the money.

He increased the money collected for the Building and Loan. It did not go broke. I don't remember how long he did this but it was for several years. He was paid a small fee for his efforts.

During the drought all farmers milked cows, separated the milk, and sold cream to the grocery store each week. They also raised chickens and sold the eggs each week to the grocery store. This was the food money. During this time a Cheese Factory was built in town in an effort to develop business for the town and to find a market for the milk produced by the farmers in the area. He was very interested in the Cheese Factory and became a member of the board of directors. The factory hired truckers to develop routes in the surrounding community to pick up 10-gallon cans of whole milk each morning and deliver it for use in the factory in town. The factory made cheddar cheese from the milk. He decided to sell milk this way. He would not have to separate the milk and keep the cream cool and my Mother would not have to wash the milk separator each day.

He raised chickens when he was a small child. His parents thought it would teach him responsibility. They lived in town and my Grandfather's cattle feed lots were on the edge of town. They could keep chickens in the back yard. He learned a lot about chickens over the years. During the drought he decided to increase the number of chickens he raised and thus increase his income. He converted the large empty hog barn at the back of the cattle feed lots into a chicken coop. The bankers loaned money to farmers to raise chickens while they refused to loan money for cattle. He finally increased the production of eggs to 4 or 5 cases of eggs each week. This helped the cash flow. We kids were required to help feed the chickens each day after school and to gather the eggs. He never required that I learn to milk cows. His theory was that if I knew how to milk cows, whoever I married would make me milk the cows. He wanted me to learn to do something better than to milk cows all my life. My Mother never milked cows; he always did all the milking.

Later during the drought, he became interested in raising turkeys. A processing plant was built in Gibbon about 40 miles south of our farm. This plant would buy all the turkeys they could process. In the summer of 1939, he began raising turkeys by the hundreds. It was tricky to raise turkeys in the open without sheds to shelter them during storms. He bought the turkey poults in May. The turkeys were fed all summer. When they were fat in the fall a month before Thanksgiving, he trucked them to the processing plant in Gibbon. The turkeys could remain on the same ground only a few days or they would get sick. Turkeys died from disease contracted from their own droppings. The turkeys had to be moved every few days. Apparently the money flowed in better then and he continued to raise turkeys until he died in August 1945.

Horses In My Dad's Life

My Dad was a great lover of dogs and of horses as well as other animals. He never hunted or fished. He did not believe in guns except to protect his animals. I don't think I ever saw him shoot the gun, which hung high along the stairs to the attic. We were admonished to never touch that gun. Hunters came during the hunting season to ask to hunt on our land. He sometimes let them hunt if they promised to stay away from the house and buildings, as well as away from all animals in the pastures.

We always had dogs as pets. When Billy and I were toddlers he bought two purebred Collie dogs, one for each of us. He saw to it that they had a place to sleep out of the weather and were well fed. My Mother liked dogs but would never allow them in the house. The only exception to this rule was in the summer time when there was a rainstorm with lightening and thunder. The doors would be open with only the screen doors keeping them out. Storms frightened the dogs and they would scratch the light door open and come to my bedroom to hide under my bed. We could not reach them to make them go out until morning. Dad enjoyed working with the dogs as much as us kids liked to play with them. We hitched them to our little wagon and pretended they were horses pulling us

around. Later, when he could no longer afford to buy Collies, he watched for good dogs being given away. We almost always had good dogs, well-trained and fun to play with.

Horses were his main interest. He enjoyed taking pictures, but never wasted any film by having just us kids in the picture, he always had us driving or leading a horse. People always showed their horses to him when he traveled around the county interviewing county residents for material for his newspaper column. Sometimes they asked him to judge the horses. Sometimes they compared his evaluation with the county agent's assessment of the horses. This did not bother him because he got to see many very good horses, both saddle and work horses.

He always kept a very good pair of roan dappled workhorses that would make heads turn when he drove them. They were gentle and easy to be around and hard working. He also kept a working saddle horse that was spirited but rather gentle. He would not let us kids ride that horse because he said we would not make it mind and would spoil it when he needed it to work cattle. He also had an assortment of other horses, which ranged from colts waiting to be broke to old gentle horses that we kids could ride.

A Shetland pony was advertised for sale on one of the many farm sales held by neighbors who were migrating west. All the kids left in our school kept saying that their dad was going to buy the pony for them. I did not join the debate on who would get the horse because it was not a "good" enough horse for my Dad to own. He had only good horses that he could train and sell. The day of the sale came and we were poor. All the kids went home from school shouting "I'll bet my dad bought the pony for us". I kept quiet. After I got home, my Dad came home from the sale leading the pony. I was stunned and delighted. My little brother Dick and I were the winners! I guess my Dad thought we needed a smaller horse. For several years, I rode the pony to school. He built a small barn on the school grounds to shelter the horse during my hours while in class. The Shetland was a stubborn horse and Daddy got some dull spurs so I could make it mind and go where I wanted it to go. Later before Dick was big enough to ride a full-grown horse or go to school, Daddy let Dick ride the horse all over the country visiting all the neighbors.

We had many cousins who lived in town and we were the only cousins who lived in the country. We had horses and lots of places to ride them. So when summer came, one cousin came out to ride the horses at least once a week. As cousins visited from far away or near cities, they would come out to the "Ranch" to spend the day riding the horses. My Dad was endlessly patient with the 6 to 10 children who came to play all day at our house. He sometimes saddled three horses at once so they could all have a long turn to ride. He did not like the company children to ride his working saddle horse because they might not make the horse mind, thus giving it bad habits and ruining it for working the cattle. The oldest cousin learned to manage a riding horse well so when there were many cousins, my Dad let him ride the good saddle horse. My Mother fed all of us all day long. We all had to sit at the dining room table and eat a good lunch. I suppose there was less call for snacks in the afternoon if we ate a good dinner. In the evening, the parents of the "city" cousins as well as their grandparents with aunts and uncle drove out and brought a picnic supper. All went down to a spot in the trees, built a fire, had a wiener roast and then sat around the fire telling stories. We kids played in the dark grove and had loads of fun. Daddy always enjoyed company and visiting with all kinds of people

My Dad farmed with horses when we first moved to the farm (the family always called it the "ranch"). Horses took lots of care and he was very particular about how many hours he worked the horses each day as well as the feed and care they required. For this reason he began to investigate the new two row rowcrop tractors that were being sold. As I remember he bought his first tractor with iron wheels in 1929. Now days it would be a real antique! He wrote an article entitled "Why I Changed To A Tractor" for "Tractor Farming" magazine, September-October 1935 issue. The article

gives a humorous account of his reasons for switching from farming with horses to farming with a tractor.

After that he did not need as many horses. He continued to enjoy horses. He bought colts and broke them, both work horses and riding horses. Then he sold them for a profit. He put the horses on the pastureland, then worked with them and broke them during the winter months.

I was 4 years old and my older brother Billy was 5½ years old when we moved to the ranch. My Dad bought several horses for riding and farming. He thought that his children should know how to handle horses so he bought a gentle riding horse for my older brother and I to learn to ride. Every late afternoon it was our job to get on the horse and go after the cows in the pasture adjoining the farm buildings. He saddled the tall horse in the afternoon and left it in the barn. When it was time to get the cows, we got the bridle, climbed onto the manger and put the bridle on the horse. Then we led it out into the lot, found a piece of machinery to climb up on to get near the height of the stirrups, and got the horse to stand next to it so as we could mount the saddle. He taught us all this and how to open the gate while still mounted and not fall off. We went up into the hills, found the cows, and drove them home so he could milk them when he came in from the field. When we returned, we slid off the horse, jumped to the ground, led the horse to the barn and closed the barn door. We took the bridle off, fed the horse and gave it some hay. One day I was afraid to jump down, so Bill, my older brother, 1 ½ years older than I, decided that when we got to the open barn door, he would take the bridle off the horse anyway and I could wait for Daddy to come home and take me off the horse. At the barn door, Billy slipped the bridle off, but instead of going into the barn, the horse decided to run back into the pasture--with the saddle and me on its back. Away I went on the horse's back, through the grove of trees, limbs scraping me as the horse ran under them, but never knocking me off the horse. I hung on for dear life! Well, my Dad heard the commotion and came running. The horse was excited by this time with my screams and the men folks' loud yelling. Daddy could not get near the horse to catch it. He kept telling me to slide off from the saddle but I refused. After some time, I understood that the only way to stop the horse was to slide off and let it get away from my screaming. So I slid off this tall horse on the run. My Dad ran up to me to see how badly I was hurt. I was all intact and not hurt except for my dignity and the scratches I had received from going under the tree limbs. He gathered me up and took me to the house where my Mother treated my scratches with witchhazel. That hurt more than the scratches from the ride. I don't remember that Billy got a spanking for turning the horse loose but I know he was scared from my Dad scolding and for me. He never turned a horse loose again with someone on it

Billy was old enough to go to school which was about a 1¼ miles north across a creek and through a wooded area before joining the road north to the school. My Dad put Billy on the horse every morning so Billy did not have to walk. Dad and a neighbor, whose children rode a horse to school, built a barn on the school grounds so the horses would not have to stand in the cold or heat all day long. Billy and later I would lead the saddled and bridled horse into the barn and tie him to the manger. Daddy kept some hay in the manger so the horse would go into the barn easily. Then after school we led the horse parallel to the manger, climbed onto the manger, mounted the horse and rode home. My Grandmother Gowen made us large bags to carry over our shoulders for our lunch and any books we wanted to carry. After Billy's death, I rode the horse alone. I was thankful not to have walk to face the cold north winds on the way to school.

Billy enjoyed working in my Dad's shop on the farm. There were all kinds of tools to use. He built little cars or tractors so he had more toys to play with. He worked for hours in the shop and I would get bored and leave him there. In the fall of 1928, one of my Dad's uncles, who lived in Lincoln, passed away and the family sent his library to North Loup for all the nieces and nephews to divide up. In the boxes that my Dad got were rulers, compass, etc. They were stored in the shop for my Dad to go through. Billy was curious about the contents and one evening after school while my Dad was

milking, he investigated the contents of the box and found a compass. He was delighted with the way it would draw circles.

He started drawing circles on any surface that was available. He went into the barn and my Dad warned him to be careful with the sharp point of the compass. When my Dad was busy with the cows, Billy went into the horse part of the barn and tried to draw a circle on a workhorse's rump. The horse kicked him. My Dad rushed to Billy, picked him up and ran with him in his arms, yelling all the way for my Mother to call the doctor. The doctor came as quickly as he could with a car of that time. The doctor saw no marks on Billy so he had no clue about what to do. Finally he returned to town. The Doctor and his son, who was home from medical school, visited about the situation. Between them they decided to return to our place and take Billy to the hospital in Ord and operate to see what had happened inside Billy's body. I remember that my grandparents came to get my baby brother Dick and me with their open touring car. It was dark and I had never known my grandparents to drive when it was dark before.

Billy was taken to the hospital in Ord where the doctors operated but his internal organs were so damaged that they could not do anything for him. He died that night. My parents brought him back to my grandparents home where Dick and I were. My Father was so upset that he would hold me and cry. It was the worst heartbreak my parents ever had and I don't think they ever really recovered.

In 1929, the stock market crashed. That concerned my Dad very much. The banks went broke. The banks would not loan money to farmers. By the time I was in the 3rd grade, many of our neighbors were going broke and joining the migration to Oregon and California. It was a sad time for the country as well as for all the people. As each family packed up their belongings in their old cars, my Dad went to their place to wish them well on their new adventure in life. My folks were strapped for money, as they never had been before that time.

In 1931, democrat Franklin D. Roosevelt ran for President of the United States. My Dad was always interested in politics and had his own opinions. My Dad was a republican. We could no longer afford a radio. Every time a candidate for president was to speak on the radio, my parents went to Dad's uncle who lived in town and had a radio. The family members gathered around the radio and listened to the speech. Afterward they sat and discussed it at length. My Dad put signs up around town for Herbert Hoover who was running against Roosevelt. That fall before the election, my Dad was very sick with high fever and became unable even to milk the cows or do any chores; let alone do any work. The doctor could not find anything causing the fever or any reason for his being sick. Penicillin had not been discovered yet. We had to get the neighbor boy to come over and do the chores. When he finally threw off the fever and was not so sick, he tried to work again. But his legs did not respond well and he would stagger. It was 1942 before the medical profession decided what was wrong with him.

Many of his friends were sure they knew what was causing all my Dad's problems. They said he was sick because the democrats had won the election with democrat Franklin D. Roosevelt!

The weather had turned against the farmers by this time and the drought really set in. Neighbors left for Oregon and California. They had farm sales, loaded what they could carry in their old cars and left. He never saw them again. This depressed him. The banks were going broke, thus not lending money to anyone. He was so afraid that he would run out of money and have to leave just like our neighbors. He had great love for the community where he lived and the 3 quarter sections of land he had remaining. He tried to find anything to supplement his income.

Both my Mother and Father loved to read. They took many magazines. All during the depression they continued to take magazines, which included: The National Geographic, the Farm Journal, The Nebraska Farmer and The Saturday Evening Post. If they could afford it they subscribed to a women's magazine such as Ladies Home Journal. We had many of the books from my Dad's uncle

who had died and left his library to the nephews. From this source we had such books as the complete works of William Shakespeare, and the complete works of O. Henry as well as other classic and popular books of the early 1900's.

It is not surprising when he tried to write. He wrote short stories but they did not sell. He finally talked the newspaper in town into publishing the articles he wrote once a week about items of community interest. For sometime he wrote for the North Loup Newspaper only. Then he was hired by the Ord Quiz to write a weekly column that paid him about \$5.00 a week. This was a steady income during the depression time. The North Loup Paper closed during the depression. He continued to write the columns for the Ord Quiz for about 10 years.

My brother, Dick, took over the Shetland pony when I outgrew the pony and was too "grown up" to ride a horse to country school. Dick rode the pony around the neighborhood and visited any neighbor that was home. Dick was following in his Dad's footsteps of being able to visit with anyone.

My Dad gave Dick a colt when he graduated from the 8th grade in country school. The summer following his 8th grade graduation, Dick, with the help of my Dad, broke this colt to ride. Dick rode this pony 4 miles to high school in North Loop for 2 years. He rode to town and stabled the horse in my Dad's uncle's barn, then walked through town to the high school.

During my first year in college in 1943-1944, it became more difficult for my Dad to walk and get around. The Doctor finally sent him to the Medical School in Omaha to try to help him. My parents made arrangements with the neighbor boys to do the chores for my Mother and do what was necessary to keep the place going. He was in Omaha for several weeks. He said the nurses took his clothes away from him so he could not come home. He thought they were not finding any problem and were just experimenting on him. When they finally released him, he came to Lincoln to visit me at the co-op dorm I was living in. In groups of 6 or 8, we had to plan, prepare, and serve meals as well as keep the dorm clean. My group invited my Dad to join us in our evening meal one of the days he was in town. He was very polite and ate all we served him. Later he told my Mother he wanted to go out and get a real meal after he ate with us. He was afraid they were starving me to death.

He continued to raise and train horses some but his legs did not let him move quick on his feet anymore. The doctors discovered he was suffering from multiple sclerosis. This is deterioration of muscles. His leg muscles got worse and he was not able to move as fast as he wanted to. He also became hard of hearing. He bought a hearing aid but it did not help much.

He brought the newspaper along when he went to church. He could not hear the preacher during the sermon so my Dad read the newspaper during that part of the service. This upset my Mother because he rustled it and made noise that everyone but he could hear.

It didn't bother the preacher too much. The preacher, who was a bachelor, was his good friend. The preacher came to our house every Friday night and my Mother would ask him to stay for supper. After supper, my Dad and he visited and had the most interesting discussions. I learned a lot listening to them discuss the world situation and far off places. The preacher was from New York and I don't know that my Dad was ever that far east in the United States. He traveled with his father as a young man over much of the western United States. They lived in San Francisco, California one winter for his father's health. His father suffered from an unnamed illness and they went to many health centers trying to find help for him. My Dad took lessons on the violin and learned to play it while they lived in California. He also learned to dance. He could dance a jig. This bothered my Mother and she would not let him dance in public. He played only lively music, not church music as most of his relatives did. His father died in 1919 before I was born so I did not know my grandfather. Apparently my Dad admired his father very much and wanted to be a successful businessman and cattle feeder as his father had been before him.

During the summer of 1945, I decided to say in Lincoln to get some experience in a hospital because I wanted to be a Hospital Dietitian. This was the first time my Dad agreed to let me be on my own. He insisted I stay at home or stay in a dorm at College. He was raising turkeys by the hundreds and keeping a few horses.

A few days after I started work, I got a call that an ambulance was bringing my Dad to Lincoln General hospital where I was working. My Mother and the doctor were with him. My Dad had been riding on a horse drawn cultivator using it to break a team of young horses he was training. Something spooked the horses and they ran away. Dad could not get off the cultivator and was dragged under it. My brother Dick was going for the mail when he saw the team of horses running loose. Dick stopped the horses and called to a neighbor who was in the adjoining field. They found my Dad lying in the field between the corn rows.

Dad's neck was broken in the melee. They rushed him to Ord to the hospital, then sent him by ambulance to Lincoln. He died on June 29, 1945 after two days in the hospital. My Mother and I were with him and he knew us to the end. Friends brought my brother Dick to Lincoln to see our Dad. Then Dick had to go back home to care for all the turkeys. My Dad's friend Clyde Ehret, who had spent so many evenings with us, conducted the funeral. My Dad was buried in the North Loup cemetery from the North Loup Seventh Day Baptist Church.

MEMORIES OF MY FATHER, GEORGE G. GOWEN

By Richard Gowen, his son

Among my earliest memories of my father was following him around the farmstead and trying to help with the chores such as feeding bucket calves (and trying to ride them), gathering eggs and sometimes being in the way. More than once he would stop what he was trying to do and took me to the house, pushed me thru the door and went back to work.

I guess that his trips into town were my greatest desire and I would always beg to go along. After we got there I would want to go down and play with Joe Babcock, my cousin and we always had a lot of fun together. Games of ball, toy cars and trucks in the town we laid out along the creek bank back of their house. Then sometimes Joe's sister would show up and we could tease her -anyway, the crisis came when my dad was done with his errands and went home. My mother would ask, where's Dick?? There were some unprinted expressions and back to town, 4 miles, and home again 4 miles with out much conversation.

As I got older, I disliked milking the cows, so I would feed the cattle grain and hay, the hogs corn and supplement and the horses that were in the barn and yards. Dad liked to milk the cows and was much faster than I was. Later when we had turkeys and chickens we would generally care and feed them together. When I was going to country school I had to walk because my dad said I would race with the other kids and spoil our saddle horses by racing them. In high school it was too far to walk so I rode my horse most of the time, especially in bad weather and bad roads.

Even though my dad, to my memory, never hunted pheasants, rabbits or other small game, he let me hunt and fish with our church pastor and another older man till I could go by myself. The old single shot 12 gauge with a sawed off barrel wasn't too good. Our neighbor ½ mile away had a near new 12 gauge Remington pump gun that I knew about and longed to own. Finally one afternoon on the way home from school I stopped to see Alfred. I wound up offering him \$35.00 for the gun and he said I could have it for that amount. I had saved about \$12.00 from helping the neighbors drive cattle with my horse, rake hay, and odd jobs, so I gave Alfred that much and took the pump gun home. That evening after supper Dad asked where that shot gun came from and I told him about the deal. He asked, among other things, how I was going to pay for it and I said I didn't know but that was the gun I wanted. In a few minutes he gave me the balance of what I owed on the gun and told me to pay Alfred the next morning. I don't remember many times in my life of being happier than I was that evening. My son Bill still has that gun.

I spent many days on horseback counting cattle, mending fences and checking windmills.

As time went on Dad's health began to fail and I was getting old enough to do more around the farm. It finally got to where he would ask me to do some of the more physical work as he wasn't able to get around as well as he needed to.

He was very interested in turkeys. We raised the young ones (Poults) for Thanksgiving dinners (about 3000) and kept mature tom-hens for eggs to send to the hatchery. Fertility was of great importance in the egg part of it and we learned about artificial insemination early in that phase of livestock and poultry production. Some neighbors thought that was not the practice to follow but it upped our hatching percentages way back then.

Finally the 1930's were ending and the economy was starting to improve slowly. One afternoon we were talking about the hard times and problems that were a part of it and the conversation got around to the banks failing and related stories. Finally he told us of his fear of bank failure and said he had built a redwood box and put some special things in it and buried it with these items in it for a while.

He said the box was still there so we went out and dug it up and opened it. He mentioned that he had never told anyone about it or where it was till that time. Anyway it was empty that day. We covered it up, set some buffalo grass sod on top of it and left. Guess it may still be there, at least I never mentioned it to anyone.

In late June 1945 a team of horses ran away while my dad was go-digging corn. I went to get the mail, saw the horses running and stopped them. Our neighbor was working in an adjoining field and found my dad lying between the corn rows. He looked up at me and said he couldn't move his arms and legs and to go get help. I went to the house, told Mother to call the doctor and we went back to the field. They took him to Lincoln by ambulance to the hospital where my sister was working. Mom went along. The next day, toward evening a friend took me to Lincoln to see him. We went to his room but he was sedated so I waited till the next day to see him. He was, as usual, telling the nurses that if he got home we had enough turkeys to give them all Thanksgiving dinner. I came home and he passed away that evening. He had many friends and was missed by all who knew him.

Scotia, Nebraska
July 5, 1945

GEORGE GOWEN RITES AT NORTH LOUP

NORTH LOUP—Funeral services for George Gowen, who died Friday morning in the Lincoln General hospital following a tragic accident, were held Sunday afternoon from the Seventh Day Baptist church, conducted by his pastor and valued friend, Rev. A. C. Ehret. The many beautiful flowers were cared for by Mrs. Geo. Maxson, Mrs. Dell Barber, Mrs. A. C. Ehret and Mrs. J. A. Johnson. The hymns were sung by Mrs. Harlon Brennick, Mrs. Edward Christensen, George Clement and Dell Barber with the piano played by Mrs. W. G. Johnson and the organs by Mrs. Charles Fuller and Marion Maxson. Bearers were Floyd Hutchins, Wm. Schudel, Vere Leonard, J. A. Johnson, Roy Cox and Edgar Davis. Burial was in the North Loup cemetery.

George Guy Gowen was born in North Loup Nov. 19, 1899, the son of Wm. E. and Myra Babcock Gowen. He graduated from the North Loup high school in 1919, later attending the state university for a year. His father passed away in 1919. In June, 1922, he was married to Adelaide Davis, three children being born to them, a son, Billy, who died at the age of seven years, and Geraldine and Richard, both of whom are at home. A greater share of his life was spent on the farm in the Riverdale district, but he also had many other interests, being a director of the cheese factory, secretary and manager of the Building and Loan, besides taking active part in Pop Corn festivities. He was affiliated with the Seventh Day Baptist church and for several years was social chairman of that organization and was in charge of the monthly socials. Of more recent years he had turned his attention to raising turkeys, and was making a success of the project.

Death came after he had suffered injuries following a runaway while he was cultivating in the field Tuesday.

Left to mourn are his wife, his son and daughter, his mother, Mrs. Myra Gowen, a sister, Mrs. C. W. Vredenberg, both of Long Beach, Calif., and two half-brothers, John of Denver, and Ward of Avenal, Calif.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our most sincere appreciation to the many who have been so very kind to us in our bereavement. We have learned the meaning of true friendship during this trying time.

The Ord Quiz
July 5, 1945

George Gowen, 45, Dies Friday from Accident Injuries

North Loup Farmer Lives 3
Days after Spine Broken
in Farm Accident.

North Loup—(Special) —At a hospital in Lincoln early Friday morning death came to George G. Gowen, 45, who suffered a broken neck and other injuries Tuesday when the team with which he was cultivating ran away, throwing him under the cultivator.

Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon from the Seventh Day Baptist church with Rev. A. C. Ehret in charge and burial was in the North Loup cemetery.

George Guy Gowen was born in North Loup Nov. 19, 1899 and at the time of his death was 45 years 7 months and 10 days of age. He was the son of Wm. B. and Myra Gowen and his father died in the spring of 1919, just before George graduated from high school. In the fall his mother moved to Lincoln and George entered University of Nebraska but three years later his health failed and he was forced to give up school and return to North Loup.

He was married to Miss Adelaide Davis on June 11, 1922 and except for one year spent in Lincoln the remainder of his life was lived in and around North Loup, most of it on his mother's farm across the river. During the long drouth years he stuck to the farm, though many of his neighbors sold out and left, for he had faith in farming. Not until his health again failed did he give up the hardest of the farm work and start raising turkeys, into which occupation he threw all the energy and ability he had.

Interested in people, he had friends in all walks of life, and his philosophy of life was that he would have to account more for his acts than for his professions, and he tried to live up to this belief. When his little son, Billy, died at the age of seven it was a great blow to him but it gave him extra sympathy for others similarly bereaved and the accident which cut short his life interrupted many acts of helpfulness.

He leaves his wife, a daughter Geraldine, a son Richard and his mother, Mrs. Myra Gowen, who lives in Long Beach, Calif., and also a sister, Mrs. Clifford Vredenburg, of the same city. There also are two half-brothers, John, of Denver, and Ward, of Avenal, Calif., as well as many other relatives.

At the funeral Sunday music was furnished by a mixed quartet, Mrs. Edward Christensen, Mrs. Harlan Brennick, Dell Barber and George Clement, who sang "Lead Kindly Light," "In the Garden" and "When I Have Crossed the Bar." Mrs. Glen Johnson and Mrs. Charles Fuller were at the piano and organ. The many flowers were cared for by Madams Jim Johnson, A. C. Ehret, George Maxson and Dell Barber. Pallbearers were James Johnson, Edgar Davis, Roy Cox, Will Schudel, Floyd Hutchins and Vere Leonard. The Frazier Mortuary had charge of arrangements.

The Loyalist
North Loup, Nebraska
February 7, 1919

W. E. GOWEN

In the death of W. E. Gowen North Loup loses one of her most prominent business men. No one was ever in business in the village in longer continuous service than he—he had been a buyer of stock since he came among us.

Mr. Gowen was born on November 14, 1861 in Minnesota where he lived till 1880 when he moved to Cozad, Nebraska, and in 1881 drove his stock to North Loup where he permanently located, continuing his stock business here till the day of his death.

On July 26, 1890 he was married to Miss Kate Brace who died March 27, 1893. To this marriage was born John B. Gowen now of Denver, Colorado and Ward E. Gowen of this place who still survive him.

On July 20, 1898 he was married to Miss Myra Babcock, who with their two children, George G. Gowen and Nola Gowen, also survive him.

Mr. Gowen passed away at his home on Monday afternoon about 2:30 o'clock following a stroke of paralysis about six weeks earlier from which he never rallied. It is thought the physical and nervous shock caused by the railway auto accident in Colorado last summer hastened his physical breakdown.

Mr. Gowen will be conceded by all as one of our most active business men. In addition to his continued stock business he ran a dray, ran the Arlington Hotel first in connection with his father and then by himself, was for years in the livery business, then in the meat market and for over 18 years in the general merchandise business, first under the firm name of Babcock & Gowen and then under his sole management, the business being perhaps the best known and largest in town.

For years he dealt in land and has been a large property owner, owning for years the ranch later sold to Mr. Doane and for some years an 800 acre ranch across the river; and at his death had large and extensive town holdings in business houses, resident properties and town lots.

In earlier days he was a member of the Village Board, Street Commissioner and Marshall, Constable and Deputy Sheriff.

No man in this part of the county outside of the banks has helped so many men when hard luck had struck them to get a new start in business as Will Gowen. To many such he will always be remembered with grateful thoughts.

He was a member of the I. O. O. F. and of the M. W. A. in both of which organizations he took an active part. When the Baptist Church burned he was made a member of the building Committee and rendered substantial help in money, council and work.

A very active business man and a good friend in need has passed from our midst.

Funeral services were held at the Seventh Day Baptist Church Thursday afternoon, February 6, conducted by pastor Davis, and the body was laid to rest in the cemetery west of the village.

—Contributed

Funeral For Mrs. M. Gowen Sunday

North Loup Valley Pioneer Had Reached Age of 78: Died
In California.

Funeral services for Mrs. Myra Gowen, 78, were held Sunday afternoon from the Seventh Day Baptist church with Rev. A. C. Ehret in charge. The body came Saturday, accompanied by Mrs. Gowen's daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Vredenburg, of Long Beach.

Pall bearers were Riley Bran-non, Floyd Hutchins, Paul Madsen, Roy Cox, and Clare and George Clement. A quartet, Richard Babcock, George Cox, Dell and Russell Barber sang. Mrs. George Maxson, Mrs. Vernon Williams and Miss Merle Davis looked after the flowers.

Burial was in the family lot in Hillside cemetery.

Myra Gowen was born Aug. 20, 1869, at Dakota, Wis. the third child and only daughter of Rev. Oscar Babcock and Metta Bristol Babcock. When only three years old her mother died and her father brought his motherless family to the new settlement in the North Loup valley in Nebraska. While still a schoolgirl she assumed the care and much of the labor of her father's household. She joined the Seventh Day Baptist church of which her father was the first pastor, Sept. 22, 1881.

She attended the State University one year and a Business college one year in Lincoln, then came home and assisted her oldest brother, E. J. Babcock, in his law office. She taught school both in North Loup and St. Paul and was an excellent primary teacher.

July 20, 1898, she was married to W. E. Gowen. To them were born two children, a son, George Guy, who died June 29, 1945; and a daughter, Nola. While Mr. Gowen and her brother, A. H. Babcock, ran a general store, she was a great help in the store and for a while had a millinery shop in connection with it.

When Mr. Gowen died in Febr., 1919, she moved to Lincoln so her children could attend the University. After a few years divided between Lincoln and North Loup, she went; in 1937, to Long Beach, Calif., where her daughter, Mrs. C. W. Vredenburg lived, and soon took up the work of practical nursing. In spite of advancing age she kept at this work till less than a year before her death.

Mrs. Gowen was, one of the workers of the world, never easy unless she had some work to do, and usually for others. She was intensely loyal to family, friends, church and community and would not listen to criticisms of any of them. She started the movement which resulted in the NoLo club, and was interested in all betterment movements especially for the young. All of her patients became her good friends as had her pupils in school.

She was the last of her father's family, her three brothers having preceded her to the Better Land, and was one of the fast diminishing group who built up North Loup.

She died Sept. 22, 1947, at the home of her daughter in Long Beach, who with her husband, brought her back for burial to the old home she loved so well.

She leaves her daughter, a son-in-law, four grandchildren, Mrs. Dale Fuerking [*sic*] of Lincoln, Richard Gowen of North Loup, Robert and David Vredenburg of Long Beach, a daughter-in-law, Mrs. Addie Gowen, of North Loup, and two step-sons, John B. Gowen, of Denver, Colo., and Ward Gowen, of Avenal, Calif.

The Ord Weekly Journal
Ord, Nebraska
October 15, 1914

ELDER OSCAR BABCOCK DEAD

BURIED IN NORTH LOUP CEMETERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON

1ST PREACHER IN COUNTY

Pastor Shaw of the Seventh Day Baptist Church Preached on "The Chariots of Israel—and the Horsemen Thereof."

At an early hour Saturday morning there winked out the light of life of one of Valley county's pioneer citizens. In the early days of his vigor no man was better or wider known in the North Loup valley than Elder Oscar Babcock of North Loup. He was a preacher, statesman, seer of the S. D. B. community and his influence went far beyond the village that he honored by his citizenship.

At the funeral services, which were largely attended Sunday afternoon by people from all over the county, his pastor, Rev. George Shaw, said in part:

It is becoming more and more the custom, as I live, in conducting burial services to speak briefly and cautiously of the dead, and to give attention to the living. To say little about the future life, but much about our present conduct, and our attitude toward the teaching and example of Jesus Christ. This is as it should be. But the occasion that brings us together today is unusual. It would certainly be out of place for me today to pass lightly and quickly over the life of the one we have gathered to honor. However it is usually the best to announce a text of Scripture which may be remembered in connection with a service. I have therefore chosen for that purpose, 2nd Samuel 3:38, "Know we not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" Now Elder Babcock would not have chosen such a text as this for his funeral. But the fact he did not, and we all know that he would not, is one of the evidences that he was a prince and a great man. He was not a great man as the world counts greatness. He was not a scholar, an orator, an author or a captain of industry. He made no pretensions of being a saint. I am not going to say that he was a perfect man; or an ideal man. But your hearts respond instantly to the text that I have given—"a prince and a great man has fallen this day."

Many present have known Oscar Babcock well for forty or fifty years, several remember him sixty and seventy years ago; and there is one here who can remember distinctly the things that happened 79 years, 6 months and 24 days ago last Friday. Personally I have known Elder Babcock only a few years in the twilight of his life, but what I have known lends me to say "a prince and a great man has fallen this day in Israel."

Oscar Babcock was born March 15th, 1835, in Persia, Chataaugus county, New York. He was the son of Rev. George C. and Almira Brown Babcock.

George C. Babcock's parents were John and Demaris Crandall Babcock.

When Oscar was about eleven years old a number of families removed from Persia to Wisconsin. Among these was the family of Elder George Babcock. After living for a short time in Rock county they settled at Dakota in Waushara county. For a time Oscar attended school at Albion Academy. On June 1st, 1858 he was married to Metta Bristol who died in November 1872. In 1878 he married

Hattie Payn who died two years later. In 1889 he married Mrs. Adeline Preston who died July 4th, 1912.

There are four children—all the children of his first wife—Edwin J., Arthur H. and Myra H., wife of W. E. Gowen, all living at North Loup, and George I, who has been for some time in charge of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association of Mexico and is living in Mexico City. There is also left of his father's family one sister, Mrs. Delia Chase of North Loup.

Oscar Babcock was licensed to preach in 1858; at the same quarterly meeting when a like call came to A. H. Lewis and to A. B. Prentice. He was not ordained till twelve years later, that is in 1872. He was a member of the state legislature in 1863-4 and in 1865-6. He was promoter and president of a scheme of colonization that resulted in the establishment of a Seventh-day Baptist society in North Loup, Nebr. He has been pastor at Dakota, Wisconsin, and at North Loup. He was Sabbath school superintendent in North Loup for seventeen consecutive years. He was postmaster at Dakota and was connected with the post office department while member of the Wisconsin legislature. He was postmaster at North Loup for about twenty-seven years. He was the first preacher in Valley county, preaching the first sermon among the covered wagons camped near the river May 18, 1872. A rocking chair was used for a pulpit. He performed the first marriage and conducted the first funeral. He assisted in organizing Valley county in 1873 and was the first county judge. He laid out the site of North Loup which was a part of his homestead. For years he was chairman of the village board and of the school board. He was also immigration agent and county commissioner for many years. At one time he was superintendent of schools for Valley county. In 1878 he was elected to the legislature of Nebraska.

Elder Babcock lead, and bore the brunt of battle, in the long, hard fight against saloons in North Loup, which resulted in destroying practically all saloon sentiment to this city.

For many years he has been subject to sudden attacks of very severe illness resembling vertigo. This illness could not be explained or prevented. The time of the attack could not be foretold and the agony he endured could not be fully explained to others. This became a great shadow over his later years. A favorite expression of his own was that he lived every day in jeopardy of his life.

But now after a long life of incessant and unselfish toil he is at rest. "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel."

Not only to his family and to the church of which he was an elder, but to the entire community he has left an example well worthy of imitation. "a prince and a great man has fallen this day." He has left no property to endow the village or to enrich his family; but his fallen mantle he bequeaths to all, and prays that upon all may rest a double portion of his spirit. "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

Letters to Paper

April 21 1933	29
April 28, 1933	29
May 26, 1933.....	30
June 9, 1933	30
June 30, 1933	31
July 7, 1933	31
July 14, 1933	32
July 28, 1933	33
August 11, 1933	33
August 25, 1933	34
September 8, 1933	35
Sept. 29,1933.....	35
November 15, 1933.....	35
December 15, 1933	36
December 29, 1933	37
<No date. '33 or '34>.....	38
Jan. 5, 1934	38
January 12, 1934	39
January 26, 1934	39
February 2, 1934	40

April 21 1933

North Loup

Dear Mayor:

If "consistency is the voice of fools", the good old U. S. A. isn't going to take any chances on being foolish.

The new agriculture bill that Congress is about ready to pass for Franklin Roosevelt, has some phrase inserted about renting land and allowing it to lie idle so that the surplus may be reduced. That's a fine idea. Then without question, prices will boom.

But in the next breath the government loans to us poor drouth stricken farmers a few millions to put in an irrigation system that will enable us to double or triple our yields, and take a mortgage on the crops for it.

Upon second thought I see further into the scheme. There is method in their madness. To get the money back which is loaned us, prices must be boosted by renting land and allowing it to lie idle to create a shortage on the triple crop we do grow. Well, Well, why didn't I think of that long ago?

Sincerely,
G. G. G.

April 28, 1933

North Loup

Dear Mayor:

Now as to this inflation business, I guess Frankie said a mouthful when he said "a new deal." You see, the creditor, (if he could collect), has been having his day. The \$100.00 he collected was worth \$4 especially if he went to buy hogs, or corn and many other things. In other words he could buy four times as many hogs, with the same money, as he could a few years ago.

But soon, with money cheap, it will not buy nearly as many hogs and not nine out of ten of us country jakes who owe about ten times as much as is owed to us, care much. Frankie is going to give us fellows who owe, a chance. Perhaps we are the forgotten men.

We can sell a couple of hogs or a case of eggs after while and pay the mortgage on the farm.

Another thing. Run all the bills you can postpone paying as long as you can, borrow all you can, and spend all your money as fast as you can. If you get a \$5.00 bill run for the grocer and spend it for if you wait until to-morrow the bill will be worth a dollar less and if you owe a fifty dollar beer bill, sell an old rooster and pay up.

Then when everything else fails, give liberally to the church. Instead of the couple of pennies you now put into the collection plate, throw in a couple of \$10.00 bills, as that will be cheaper than wall paper and more, the preacher will be worn out by that time carting bills to town to buy a shirt for the baby.

G. G. G.

May 26, 1933

Dear Mayor:

A remark was made that a certain person is not very bright. Perhaps not. I do not know how he would grade in an examination of analectics.

But his memory for names and faces far exceeds that of many of our college students. He knows everybody in the countryside by their first names and never fails to extend a happy greeting.

It is strange how colleges affect one's memory. The simple sojourn of a few months will cause such absentmindedness that the student scarcely recognizes a person of long acquaintance, especially should the person be a few years older. Kids that I have known for years whom I have played with even lose their memory of me in a few short months. Who said I did not know of what I am talking? Did I not go to college for three years?

And then there is that fellow that borrowed five dollars. Yes, just that will cause forgetfulness.

The remedy for all this seems to lie in politics. Politics for some reason develops a wonderful memory for names and good cheer especially near election time, so I suggest that a law be passed that every student of college and every man who ever borrowed money, go into politics.

Yours Sincerely,

G. G. G.

June 9, 1933

Dear Mayor:

For ten years, since 1924 we have been paying interest to the tune of \$3500.00 a year on our school house -5% per cent on \$70,000. Now, for ten years we must pay \$2000.00 a year on the principal besides the interest. After ten years of that, we must pay \$4000.00 a year for five years on the principal besides interest on the unpaid principal, or about \$2500.00 a year, making a total of about \$6500.00. Then for five years we must pay \$6000.00 a year on the principal besides interest of about \$1500.00 a year, or a total of about \$7000.00. WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT LOWERING THE TAXES?

It is reported that the contract reads that we can not open a door until this money is raised. Let's just leave the doors closed and build another school house instead of cutting the teachers salaries so hard. Or better yet, we might close the school for a few years and save all of the teachers' salary of about \$6400.00. Further, we could drain the pipes and save a \$100 dollar water bill and save buying three car loads of coal costing about \$900.00. Also about \$120.00 a year in light bills besides any other expenses including the pay of the much sought after job of janitor. That would be about 50 or 65 percent of our taxes. We could then turn the school house over to the bondholders and they might rent it for the nightly dance.

But further, the bonds are a mortgage on all of the real estate in the district. That seems bad, but if the bondholders had it we would then vote a nine months school and let them sweat awhile paying taxes as we have been doing.

Of course that might be hard on the education of the kids. Some of them might miss out on some football, and someone might walk out on the gymnasium floor without taking off his shoes, or some kids might not get their Latin pronunciation quite accurate. Still, getting an education now-a-days, is sort of like Mark Twain said about going to heaven, "When I reflect upon the number of disagreeable people whom I know have gone to a better world, I am moved to live a different life."

Yours Sincerely,
G. G. G.

June 30, 1933

Dear Mayor:

Now we come to the saloon proposition. We understand at least one business firm in North Loup has made application to the state for a license. Of course now-a-days we should not call a place that sells beer a saloon. The place is still only a store or restaurant or filling station or lumber yard, or drug store etc., etc. No business is barred from selling 3.2 if the proprietor so desires.

First the town board must pass on the saloon. Then, if a partition is circulated and fifty percent of the voters sign it the saloon may be kept out of town. That seems simple in a quiet little religious town where there has not been a saloon in 47 years.

However, if a saloon is not permitted inside the corporation then just over the edge of the city limits a road house will be started. Inquires have been made already for a residence property, just outside the village limit, and another man who lives just over the line says that if the city doesn't grant a license he will obtain a county license and sell 3.2 at his home.

Will not that be a happy place? Visitors all the time, all hours of the day and night. A sneak out, or hang out, where kids as well as grown ups may go, (between dances perhaps) with no city marshal to bother and no one looking in the window to see how many or how much the beer is spiked. Of course, bear always in mind Arch, that 3.2 cannot possibly make you drunk, no matter how much you drink.

"Turn back, turn back, oh time in thy flight and make me young again just for tonight."

Yours Sincerely.

G.G.G.

P. S. Say Arch. By the way, can you think of any scheme so that we can keep yours and my kids from going down to the road house?

July 7, 1933

Dear Mayor:

It seems like with the depression there is in all other lines, the work of Hymen would lag as well.

It certainly takes a lot of nerve to get married in a time like this, especially if a person has to live on a dollar a day and work about one days a week. Someone has said, (before they were married) that two can live as cheaply as one. I do not care for any argument, but can three or four?

Then there is the young chap who married a widow with four little kids, and he works on a farm by the month. A fellow with that much nerve would fight the devil. Still Earl Smith said "kids never kept any man down," and I believe he is about right.

<No date. '33 or '34>

Dear Mayor:

The public has built the highways or roadbeds for the trucks and buses. Of course the truckers and bus men kindly allow the rest of us to use the roads if we will be careful to give them plenty of room.

The trucks and buses get the big benefit. The rest of us would, most of the time, be better off financially at least, if we stayed at home or drove old dobbin. Before we had the good roads we got along some way, with less taxes, and some say with more work and less debts. The trucks and buses came with the good roads and could not last without them.

The public pays for the roads. Even the railroads help foot the bills. But they have no kick. The public built the railroads. Every other section of land went to the railroads to pay them for their expense and strange as it may seem it turned out that the railroads got the best sections. The profits for years were bountiful for the railroads and in those good old days if you did not like the service and harsh words of the employers, you could just walk.

Now we have both methods of transportation established, and the road beds paid for both. Let's have a transportation war. Up to date all of the warring has been done by the trucks and buses. Is there not some way that we could inveigle the railroads into competition? If they hauled much cheaper perhaps we could ride along as ballast and that way relieve some of this unemployment. In that event too, perhaps the horror of becoming fat would disappear as naturally they would pay by the pound.

Yours Sincerely,
G.G.G.

Jan. 5, 1934

Dear Arch :

Read in the Journal Stockman Dec. 22, "Three of the Nation's leading packers submitted annual reports today revealing that the industry is completing a year of striking prosperity." And in another item I read in the Nebraska Farmer that "Chicago packers made a profit of more than a million dollars through the A A A contract for processing hogs" etc., etc., and that the contracts were awarded on the basis of \$6.00 per hundred pounds of live pork.

Then in another part of the paper it reported top hogs \$3.05, steers and yearlings slow to weak, the tops long fed being \$5.50.

A few days ago I sold some cream for 10c a pound, and at that time I was told that the Ord Creamery is paying \$12000 dividends, above expenses.

Say Arch, By ging, I believe we are on the wrong end of this agriculture business.

P. S. Was down to Grand Island the other day and spent the afternoon and evening with Dave Bredthauer. He took me for a ride and showed me some farms. One had two big irrigation wells on it, Dave said most of the men were not using their wells because crops produced would not pay for the expense.

Respectfully,
G. G. G.

P. S.—Clate Gilroy and his father were down from Ord the other day. The propinquity of those two men has been an admiration to me for years. Arch, lets get their receipt. I'd give all I have for it if I could make it work.

January 12, 1934

Dear Mayor:

Going back a little, I was always taught to make myself out every bit as good as I was and to always put my good foot forward. When I went to the bank to borrow money and they asked how many steers I had and how many horses and how much corn, I sure made it look as good as I could and did not tell them the steers weighed, 600 when they actually weighed 900.

Now all is different. Everyone is making appraisals and everyone trying to make out that he is the poorest. "Great guns, that man shouldn't work, he's got a team, or a cow, or his rent paid.

"I ought to work if that guy can. He has more than I have. He don't owe anyone in town." "I ought to work if that man does. I've got four kids and he only has one." And so on arguing all day long and trying to dig up new reasons why I am worse off than the other fellow.

P. S. Who is there Arch, who is friendlier to meet than Wm. Horner?

Respectfully,

G. G. G.

January 26, 1934

Dear Mayor:

"I believe I shall turn my coat and be a democrat," I remarked in the oil station.

"I'd never do it," answered Irvy. "It is hopeless for you to get a job now after what you have done and some of these days the democrats will be boosted out high and dry and then you will have a chance."

"Well it's too bad," piped up Gus Wetzel "I warned you. You remembers I plead with you with tears in my eyes to vote right. Too late now."

"Oh, I have given up a job for four years at least. It's the principal of the thing that I am interested in."

"You see it is like this. The republicans organized some loan companies to loan us bankrupts money and then always found some excuse for not loaning it. The democrats are away better. They just give us the money and are done with it."

"He is not as dumb as he looks," commented Irvy, and Gus acquiesced.

Respectfully,

G. G. G.

P. S. Met Chas. Johns leaning with his back against Wellman's news stand the other day. We chatted a minute. I glance in the window and there was a picture of Chas. on a magazine. Strange—it had Babe Ruth's name under it.

Well, Chas. is not a half bad fellow, anyway. I don't know about Babe Ruth.

February 2, 1934

Dear Mayor:

I wandered over to the old time dance Saturday night a few weeks ago as a reportorial duty.

I was given the customary courtesy of a newspaper reporter, that is I was given a reserved seat—by the window perched on top of an old corn planter. I could see very plainly, and I noted that everyone there was in the height of revelry in spite of the hall being packed with people like matches in a box. I was a little disgusted in that the frost was not kept wiped off the windows better and that my neck ached afterwards.

Everyone was exceedingly sober, at least as far as I could see. However, I noticed that throughout the evening, continually, men (and occasionally women.), in two's and fours, would saunter into the offing to a tryst, returning in a few minutes licking their chops.

Although Glen Johnson and I were there all the time visiting with one and then another, neither he nor I were invited to the collations. Rather impolite I thought.

One man asked me if I knew where he could get a drink. Of course I did not know (I being on the wagon). Another volunteered that he heard of a man in Greeley who might have some. This proved to be a fine joke, accompanied by buoyant laughter although it was a little beyond my comprehension. Now if the rat poison cannot be ferreted out in a crowd like that, things must be pretty dry.

I divined further that someone must have alcohol in his radiator and it had sprung a leak. One's nose knows, you know.

And in the parting accolade, a fellow told me that if I would write this up for the paper he would sell me a cow. Do you suppose, Arch, that this is good enough so he would sell it on time.

Respectfully,

G. G. G.

P. S. —Dilettante, that I am, I have been wondering right along if all this is worth the trouble and if anyone read my stuff. I now know how much Claud Hill thinks of it when he told the editor if the check was "N. G." to give it to me.

The Work Sheet

Work Sheet Assignment.....	42
February 7, 1935.....	42
February 14, 1935.....	44
February 21, 1935.....	47
February 28, 1935.....	50
March 7, 1935	53
March 14, 1935	56
March 21, 1935	58
March 28, 1935	61
April 4, 1935.....	64
April 4, 1935 - Cartoon	68
April? 11?, 1935.....	69
April 18, 1935.....	72
April 25, 1935.....	75
May 2, 1935.....	77
May 9, 1935.....	81
May 16, 1935.....	84
May 23, 1935.....	88
May 30?, 1935	93
June 6, 1935.....	98
June 13, 1935.....	99
June 20, 1935.....	104
July 4, 1935.....	109
July 11, 1935.....	114
July 18, 1935.....	117
July 25, 1935.....	121

February 7, 1935

The Ord Quiz

I have made arrangements with George Gowen to visit all the people in the southeast part of Valley county as fast as his time will permit, and write for the Quiz his impressions of everything as he sees things. If you read this and don't take the Quiz regularly better be nice to George for he may write you up. Anyhow, don't dog him off the place. He is not an agent or solicitor. He is not out for the purpose of selling the Quiz to anyone, or to collect subscriptions. Oh, yes, if you want to subscribe or if you want to pay him your subscription, he is authorized to take it and send it in. He has strict orders not to ask for it however. He gets no commission, but is being paid a regular wage for his time.

February 7, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet

By GEORGE GOWAN[sic]

"The Roving Reporter"

Leaving home at one thirty to attend my devoirs as chief hand-shaker and investigator for the Quiz. Deciding to attack and practice on my neighbors first.

Driving south ½ mile to Bill Schudel's. Bill is one of the big corn-hog men in Greeley county, and his wife hailed from the Valley county city. A brand spanking new home, furnished the nicest of any I know. A fine farm and fine equipment. Lucky girl. And Bill not so unfortunate either. They couldn't live without the Quiz.

Then east to Claude Thomas'. Ah! ah! I never thought such a fine fellow would be without the paper. He drags the roads with his new rubber tired tractor, and says it hikes along much faster and does not leave the lug marks the old tractor did. He has built a fine shop for his boys to play in, and there they were dismantling an old car. Perhaps better than on the street he thinks.

South to Walter Placke's. About a month ago he fell off a wagon and nearly killed himself. Not well yet, but better. Jim Brannon is doing his chores. Says he has read the Quiz for forty years. Read it when there were two papers run by two Haskell brothers, one the Quiz and one the Blizzard, and they use to say mean things about each other. And the farm! One of the prettiest in the country. Tall cottonwoods arching the driveway, and throwing protecting arms about the buildings on all sides.

On south to Si Kriewald's. They too are on the list. Tall trees planted by old man Shepherd (who was not so old then), in 1871, before Ord or North Loup were born. He told me once he carried all the trees from the river in one hand. He has three fine kids, some nice horses and cattle, but his dogs are fierce and unwelcoming.

East and across the road to another old place, the buildings now rented to Ralph Mitchell and he gets his mail at Scotia. Even at that he borrows Placke's Quiz and thinks it is a fine paper. He has three geese, one with red feet and legs and the others with yellow. They insisted on doing the talking and for once in my life I was bested.

On east and south to Frank Schudel's. He has a nice new stucco house. A fine fellow whose health handicaps him so that he cannot farm and has to substitute by selling cars. His yard was littered with second hand ones, and I am going to tell him of the good an ad in the Quiz might do. And too bad, too bad. He has to read his brother's paper or miss one of the joys of life.

Turning back toward home it dawned on me that not one of these fine farms are harassed with a blood-sucking mortgage.

To the west, living beside the ever flowing river is Gus Wetzel, the gardener. He and his wife are always toiling and always friendly. It is much more fun to tarry there buying vegetables than to grow them in my own garden. Gus has trouble in finding a garden horse that is slow and not clumsy. I told him if he did not feed them so much it might help. Fat horses like Gus's are apt to feel good.

On north past my mail box to Alfred Christensen's. Another old place with tall trees. Old man Stewart would turn over in his grave if he knew how they are being cut. Luckily he does not know. Alfred is one of the few fellows in the county who has a field of corn. Grew down the river. Some corn and a lot of fodder. Put it all in a silo, and he plans to make a little money by keeping a hundred head of cattle over. And a few fine horses too. Offered \$170.00 for one mare last year. Not for sale, he says.

On north again to Bryan Portis'. Five dandy kids. The last two twins. And one of the best kid Dads I know. Why, you ask? Because he keeps a few pets. A pony, a goat, two old dogs and ten pups. One Dad in a hundred.

On north to Albert Brown. The friendliest folks on the road. Never too busy to visit, but their work always done. New subscribers. Just couldn't live without the paper they say. They can trade in any one of the three towns. They consult the papers for the ads, and trade in the town where they can do the best.

North again to see bachelor Julius Schoning, where he and the parrot greeted me with a smile. His father homesteaded there before North Loup or Ord were heard of. The other men came, took their claims and returned for their folks. He and his wife came (1871) and stayed, arriving six months ahead of the others. Julius said they had taken the Quiz ever since it was started, and loans it to his brother, Herman to read. That's all right as long as they read it, if Julius don't object. He is too polite to say so if he does.

Again north to Merrill Sample's. Just moved in. Just starting up farming for himself. Would like to take the Quiz but too hard up. That is a sad case, but we know his heart is right anyway, and he will get the money sometime. Nor does his sister, Mrs. Walter Thorngate take the paper. She manages the farming while her husband works as an engineer on the road. And they say she is a good manager too, I will warrant she cannot manage to make it rain.

Stopping at John Kriewald's next, and his brother Earl camping there until the first of March. John takes the paper but Earl's has run out. He is a great joker, and said if those letters to the County Board were not there he might renew. I could not tell if that was a joke or not. These fellows have a lot of cattle, trying to keep them over for the raise in price that has and will come.

North and east to George Bartz'. They have a beautiful home that can be seen on the side of the hill from the highway. A sightly place. Geo. has a hobby of collecting guns, and now has some fifty old ones in his museum room on the second floor. Also many other things of the antique order, such as swords, spinning wheels and army equipment. On one pistol was a notch in the handle. Some mother's son gone wrong perhaps. I demonstrated the use of the sword and bayonet to my small five year old, and it took the war fever out of him at once.

Five thirty. A lot of visiting. No new subscribers. But such a few who are not already victims, and it is like a habit, they just can't do without it.

Tuesday, Jan. 29, 1935.

Left home at one and drove north to Jake Gelterson's. He lives across the river east from North Loup, in that white house that stands so bleak and lonely on the hill like a lighthouse. Although very sightly place, the wind whistles around the edges uninterrupted or untamed, and in the summer the torrid sun beats down with all its fury. Not a tree or a bush to break the elements. Jake is a nice sort of a fellow and has an old gun I must tell Geo. B about.

On south to Clyde Keown's. Clyde was gone but Mrs. Keown and I chatted a moment with her shivering on the doorstep. She and I were school mates together in the times of yore, and if I recall we had to sit together once. Those were the good old days when such reprimandings were far more serious than gold standards or hog prices.

Then to Scotia and across the river. The first stop at Pearl Weed's, where he and his father were packing ice. As Thurlow looked up he said, "Well! Now we will have our names in the paper." Pearl does not take the sheet but his father said his folks couldn't keep house without it. He said he took it mostly for the ads, and frequently he could save enough upon reading them once to pay for the paper for the whole year. Pearl has some nice Leghorn hens, which he proceeded to worm and then the hens proceeded to cease laying. He said next time he believed he would let the hens keep the worms.

On north to Rolla Babcock's. Another old place with tall cottonwoods. I have always been envious of this farm. Such trees make life so much more worth living. And Rolla raises those pure bred Holsteins that fill the pail without half trying. Rolla is a fine fellow and a good judge of stock but no better judge of stock than of women when he picked a bride about a year ago. He, Ray Kearns, and Hank Layher were cutting ice on the old mill pond back of Rolla's barn.

On north to where Bert Craft is building a new home on the identical spot where John Sheldon had his homestead house some sixty-four years ago. Nothing remains except a few mammoth cottonwoods, and Bert thinks if it was a good site then it is now. Bert is building a new house when something like a dozen old ones are standing idle in town, but who would buy a second hand one if there was any possible way of building new.

On to town, and to the cheese factory. Art Hutchins said he believed he would have to subscribe for the Quiz for they have given him two very nice write ups lately. Each week he has to borrow his folks' paper to read and that is getting to be an old story.

Art has done pretty well with the cheese factory. It is one of the very few in the state that has not gone down with the depression, and this one has made a little money.

Harry Meyers, the crack milk hauler who goes up Mira Valley to Arcadia and points beyond said if I would give him a good write up in the paper he would subscribe. I told him we would dedicate a whole week's edition to him if necessary and run his name in headlines. There was something about Harry breaking down out in the country one cold day. So anxious to keep going and make his route, he just took his truck right into a lady's kitchen to fix it. And then his chief assistant and can hurler, Ivan Miller said something about having a girl in Greeley county, but if I am any judge I'd say he has a girl in every port.

February 14, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet

By GEORGE GOWAN[sic]

"The Roving Reporter"

Wednesday, Febr. 6.

Chores done, lunch in hand, we (Dick and I) left home at ten o'clock. Leaving our eggs at the store, we drove back to the M. E. church and then south, stopping at Hugh Adams' first.

Hugh and I have long been friends, sort-a "board a-trade" friends and nothing for me to do but to come in and visit a while. Toasting our toes by the heat of the furnace, we talked over the cattle business, and I agreed with him on his anti-democratic arguments, while his wife smiled over her quilting. She makes three quilts every winter, she says. It is hard to pull away from such people.

On south to Oscar Bredthauer's. I have mentioned his name so often to Uncle Jake, that I passed him up. His place appears like a stock yards, with cattle, hay, corn in great abundance and what beats them all are his three bright curly-headed youngsters. All the ear-marks of prosperity are in evidence, even in these times of distress. Oscar is not a half bad horseman either, nor a half bad farmer. Not at home. Gone to another sale perhaps.

Across the road to Pete Jensen's. He also was gone. His boy said his Dad would be back later. I told the boy I would stop later, which I didn't do. Pete and his family are untiring workers, and we all wonder how they do so much. And if, you are in the notion of trading horses, call for Pete. He is in his glory at that business and will not even stop to eat his dinner when he gets started.

On south to Herman Nass'. Herman was gone too. He "batches" in a great big house, surrounded by many trees and small buildings. What an ideal setting for a detective story. And girls! What an ideal place for a honeymoon. Some lucky dame will lick him up sometime.

On south to Ernest Lee's. Ernest had gone to Grand Island, but Lee's wife chatted a minute on the doorstep, while we watched a short-haired dog shiver and clatter his teeth. She tried to get him in the house to warm up, but he seemed to enjoy chilling. Ernest has a nearly new barn, and I had to look it over. They wish they had made it different, and that is usually the way when it is too late.

Across the road to Harry Klingingsmith's. Harry had also gone to Grand Island, but Mrs. Harry insisted Dick and I come in and warm up while she explained a little difficulty with her subscription. I must tell the boss about it. She gave Dick an orange and proclaimed we never could leave without eating dinner if Harry was home. Harry and I are also "board of trade" friends. We never tire swapping yarns.

She told me of a time when I was about the size of Dick. I was at their house with my Father, and she explained how they had a Buff Cochran rooster I played with, etc., etc. I left, sorry Harry was gone. His many yards were void of the usual hundreds of head of feeders, only a half a dozen of which wandering around lonesome like, wishing the place would teem again as it usually does when Harry has the "fever."

Mac Klingingsmith lives to the east, and so does H. D. Kasson, the son-in-law. I should have gone to those places, 'but I can't go everywhere in one day. Mac is Harry's right hand man, and Mrs. Klingingsmith says he sees the paper there. Occasionally she sends it over to H. D.'s but she says they want the paper around for the ads, and so, (bulletin board like) she insists all three families come to her place and read it. The paper does treble service.

A little discouraged to find so many people gone, we pressed on south. Leaving the valley, we plunged into the hills on the serpentine road around the canyon. Hooked on to the east bank a small white house and a red barn looked down at us. A thrill ran through my heart, as I slowed up for there was Earl Smith waving at me, one of the best friends I ever had.

We disembarked. I felt a little guilty taking pay from Leggett for resting here. I am glad to talk with Earl for nothing. After showing me his cattle, horses, and goats, which he is wintering, as he says, on "Democratic Hay", (thistles), I must go in the house. I could see insults would be heaped upon him if I did not break bread there.

Earl sold his dray wagon in town last spring and moved out to this farm that nearly stands on edge. Completely drying out, no car, no radio, no telephone and no daily newspaper, he told me he was glad he came.

He and I never get through talking. Each time, as I would arise to leave he would order, "Sit down, Leggett won't know any difference," and we would spin another yarn while his good wife quilted on a baby blanket for an unfortunate girl. Finally, about two, (I think he was beginning to feel a little guilty himself), he took two dollars out of his pocket and paid for another year's subscription, giving me the compliment, that they always read my column first.

Following me to the road, he waved good-bye, as the car circled around another curve going south.

Similar to Earl's place is Tony Pawloski's. Planted on the south east bank are a little white house and a red barn. His wife talked to me from the back porch while three white geese cackled in unison. She said they were going to eat one of them. Ah Boy! I tried to dress a goose once, but I didn't tell her about it. I am supposed to only say happy things as I go along. And their kids have made a go-jimmy, and maybe you think there are not some real hills there to coast down.

On east up the canyon to Mike Whalen's. Mike's are old time friends. They used to trade with my Dad in the store in those halcyon days of yore. My father told me that for a long while he made \$5,000.00 a year in the store, and he did a lot of advertising, too. But that is off the subject.

Standing on the porch, Mike insisted there was nothing to do but “come in a minute.” Drawing the easiest chair to the stove, his wife urged me to sit down and warm up. We talked of old times, and new times, FERA, Gold Clause and Corn-hog contracts. Old friendships renewed. They said they didn’t take the Quiz because they were so hard up, that on their 280 acres they never grew a load of hay or an ear of corn last year. They said they took the Loyalist and Pawloski’s the Quiz, and they traded papers, but frequently the trade was never made. Mighty nice folks. They just don’t make ‘em any better.

On south to Eddie Whalen. He was not at home, but his wife talked a minute at the step. She came from Greeley county. If I had known Greeley county had such pretty women, I never would have tarried in Valley county.

As we left, Dickie said, “Dad, this is a helova road, isn’t it?” I told him he would think so if it was muddy. A roller coaster, I would say. Shooting nearly straight up and straight down a few times we slammed on the brakes on the top of a hump, crawled out of the car and knocked at the door of Roy Cruzan.

Church friends of ours, we were welcomed into the house, and to the front room. Roy, two sons and charming daughter put their game of anagrams aside to talk with me. I could hardly resist playing them a game. Roy has been a chicken man, and has coops and equipment for many hundred. Unable to make them pay, he has quit, and has gone to raising hogs in one coop. Roy has a fine family, something to be proud of, and besides those at home, one boy at college studying for the ministry.

Before we left, we were served with freshly baked cookies, and I am going often if they will just treat me every time to that kind of pastry.

Scooting up hill and down again a few times, we pulled up at Rose Williams’. She was a Whalen girl and if those hills don’t raise any thing else, they surely produce pretty women. Ross’ folks and mine have been lifelong friends, and so we needed no introduction. She talked with me on the door step and their tiny midget they call Dodee, with freckles on her nose, made friends at once with my boy. Her mother said those freckles don’t worry her now. Kids like that is one crop there is no over-production of.

On south to Jess Waller’s. Another prince of a fellow who came from Missouri. He has a nice mule there that might have brought him a pretty penny before the fatal smooth mouth arrived.

The day was getting late. I was told Harry Tolen, next stop south, was a subscriber. He might feel hurt. I hurry on.

Worth the drive. About the neatest place on the road. He came out of the house and showed me a pair of gentle colts they had that would shake hands with us. We visited a few minutes, and he told me he had taken the Quiz since 1894. And if I had gone a few rods farther south I would be in Sherman county and a mile east and I would be in Greeley county. I wondered if there is a subscriber in Valley county who lives farther from the county seat.

Five o’clock. We hurried home one-half mile west over another rolling, sinuous highway, that the FERA men are attempting to straighten.

Thursday, Febr. 7. Wife along today, driving north to finish Riverdale, the part I missed last week. Going along the county line, where the road forks at the school, we made out first stop at Jim Bantas. Jim gone working, but his wife Essie comes trotting out, glad to see us. She hailed from “Indiana”, bringing the twang with her, we all love to hear. They have to move March 1st and have no idea where it shall be to. They did take the Quiz, but their money disappeared with the rain and could not renew. “We sure missed it”, she told us emphasizing the “sure”.

On north up the hill and east to John Jenkins’. There my wife tarried, and I nearly had to drive off without her. Why the attraction, you say? A brand new pair of tiny twin boys. John don’t take the Quiz. He reads his mother-in-law’s paper. Well there is about the best excuse I have heard of for borrowing the paper. Having a pair of twins to support.

Back and north to Anton Uher, who lives beside the river. He can sit in the backyard and fish, but by the looks of the neat place, speckled with chicken coops, bee hives, Muscovy ducks, and tame red turkey gobblers, one would gather he does not fish much.

Back south to John Shultz'. After having lived in Lincoln and worked in an oil station for years, he and his wife have moved here on a farm and say they like it better. A few months before he should have received a pension, he was notified his services were no longer needed. Planning to use their savings, they moved to the farm, but before they cashed their bonds, they were stolen in the Lincoln bank robbery. Mortgaging their home, they came anyway, depositing their money in the North Loup bank that failed soon after. But they do not complain and are the best liked couple in Riverdale. They urge us to linger longer, but we must push on.

To Paul Bartz' where Mrs. Brown assured us Paul is paid in advance. While the women chat a minute Dick and I inspect the pet coon, and later the lad gets a big thrill out of finding a REAL revolver, loaded with REAL shells, on a stand in the dining room. Some of Billie Bartz' trinkets.

That cleans up Riverdale, except Mrs. Jenkins and Gene Brown who live back in the hills. Gene is the sheep man. The Weather Bureau has treated him pretty rough the last few years, but he hangs on, and with a nickel's worth of luck, and his Scotch thrift he will make it.

Mrs. Jenkins and her three daughters, with John's help, farm their land. Some mighty fine looking girls, a little too attractive to stay hidden back there in the hills forever.

February 21, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet

By GEORGE GOWEN

"The Roving Reporter"

Wednesday, Febr. 13. Getting away promptly at ten. Making my first stop at Ben Moulton's. No one at home except a little brown pup in a box on the doorstep, and he did his best toward making us welcome. Circling close around the house on the smooth driveway, we bade adieu to the tail wagging pup, or the pup wagging tail, we did not know which. Ben started farming for himself this year, and prospered immensely, in the negative, as most of us did.

Turning in at Floyd Hutchins'. Floyd had gone to Scotia where he works, repairing iron horses. Shaking her dust mop to save time, his wife visited a minute and we censured each other that one or the other has not been over for a friendly game of bridge for several weeks. I have heard there is no such thing as a friendly game of bridge, but that is off the subject.

Zig-zagging across the road to Oren Carr's. Oren was in town. The good looking hired girl visited a minute at the door. Oren and his wife have a brand new baby girl, making the third. Theirs is a pretty place, I always thought. Large cottonwoods, nice barns and sheds, in good repair, and cozy home with a large east porch looking down upon the passers-by. I could not refrain from peeking into the chicken coop either. A hundred and fifty coffee colored Leghorns, with large red combs. A sight for sore eyes. The nests full with hens and some nests doing double duty.

Across the road, and stopping a few minutes to see Oren's father, O. E. Carr. In spite of drizzle that had begun making my shoes muddy he and his wife insisted I step in and talk a minute. They have an old picture and stand there that took my eye. Carrs always have kept a lot of hens, and Mr. Carr insisted I look into his coop. He had fifty hens and more than half of them are laying. A good profit in them, he says. Oren and his Dad are not only good stock men, but there are few men in the country who are better farmers.

Across the road and a little south to Guy and Jake Earnest's. Jake was gone but Guy was there. First we looked at Jake's coon dogs. One, that Jake has had for so long is working his last year.

When this season is over the dog will be retired on a pension. The other dog, which is part bull, is one of the best fighters and coon dogs in the country.

Guy has no interest in coon hunting. He lead me off to the east, to a corn crib, (Don't get excited, no drinks) and showed me a shop he is fixing up, with a bench, pit, stove and many tools. He says he gets more kick out of tinkering machinery than coon hunting. Sauntering back toward the house, we saw his small son smiling at us out the window. Guy says it takes a half dozen people to pull him out of mischief, but he is well worth the trouble.

On south and across the road again to Art Stillman's. Art was gone, for which I was disappointed, as we have long been good friends. His daughter and I talked a minute, and I drove on to Hugh Olements'. She was busy cooking meat for dinner, as she expected Hugh and the school kids home to eat it in a few minutes.

Hugo Malottke's next. Hugo gone chopping wood. They had a nice flock of white chickens and a few sheep. Mrs. Malottke reminded me at once that they are subscribers to the paper. She must have known my mission.

Across the road to the north to Joe Veleba's. He lives on the old Ed Helbig place. As I stepped out of the car he greeted me with, "Hello Brisbane." I did not know whether it was a compliment or sarcasm. Nevertheless he was very friendly and we talked for several minutes. I thought things looked pretty neat around there, but he didn't think so and said he had only started repairing to what he is going to do. He has a few sheep and is having good luck with his lamb crop. He gave \$1 apiece for the ewes and says their wool is worth more than that. The mist was beginning to gather into nearly a rain, and Joe said he hoped the roads would become so muddy I would get stuck and have to get hauled in before night. My wife told me when I got home that Joe grows gladiolas by the acre. He forgot to tell me that.

On south we drove. Seeing the FERA workers on the hill, I could not resist stopping, walking up and inspecting the job. There were some 25 or 30 men there under the foremanship of Clark Roby, and they are doing a wonderful piece of work. Great guns, how those people from the south can sail into town when that job is finished. These men all seemed glad to see the boy, if they weren't me. He was almost one of the crew when they worked on the dam.

The whistle blew. I went to the car and got my lunch. We crawled into the shack and ate our sandwiches and apples with them. A merry bunch, and as far as I ever noticed, a hard working crew. The fact of the matter is, in all the visits I made when these fellows worked on the dam, I never saw a man I thought was not trying to give an honest day's work.

In spite of the rain coming down a little harder, we drove on south and around the bend. Stopping at Wardie Green's old place, we were invited into the house of Francis Backemeyer. He is batching, but not a half bad housekeeper at that. He told me I could just leave his name out of the paper, but I would probably lose my job if I did, and thinking more of my job than him, here are the results.

On a little further to Murray Rich's. They were gone, or asleep, for my knocks brought no results. Casting my eye about a little, I took cognizance of the driveway to their garage. The slope is somewhere between a 45 and a 90 degree angle. Once having driven their car into the shelter, they could surely get it started again, no matter how cold the day, by running it down that incline, that is, if there was any start to the brute. And they have about the prettiest turkeys I have seen in many a day. Francis said Murray's take the paper and he walks all the way down there to read it. Better than taking it home with him at that.

On around another bend, and up one of those "helofa" hills, as Dickie says, we dropped off at Nate Maxon's. Now when I said dropped off I mean dropped off. So steep was the grade I nearly tumbled into the yard. Their house is nestled at the foot of a N. W. bank where the cold gales can get full action. Nate was gone but I talked to his boy a minute. They are church friends of ours, and even if Nate is a little hard-up on account of the drouth's bludgeoning, he has a dandy nice family, and the wolves can't take them away from him either. Some of his kids had made a go-jimmy, and I decided that is one thing the hills are good for anyway. For go-jimmies.

Trying to go south on a snake-like highway, I pulled up to Frank Skibinski's. He had a pack of three ferocious dogs that sounded like a hundred, but he himself was calm and friendly, and he asked me if I wasn't lost. He had been trying to get on the FERA, to earn some groceries, and said he believed dieing would be easier. At least he is afraid dieing is what is going to happen. We had a good time talking about it anyway, an then he said he thought he had seen me working over on the road I told him I could not get on the crew either because I have to many debts, and he pretended he thought that was a joke.

I journeyed on south to Wil Naeve. Will is sick and has been for a long time. His wife, Osce, chatted with me on the back porch and said next time I must bring my wife and mother along, an stay a while. It is too bad providence puts such nice fellows as Will on the shelf, and on the other hand allows such bums as I am to run at large. She said Will is sure he is getting better and we all hope he will be on the go again soon.

Across the road to Henry Harris'. I was greeted with a few thin cows and an open air blacksmith shop. His wife visited with us while she stood in the doorway. They too had dried out, and she said the feed the government allowed would not do the business. That they were ashamed of their cattle but just couldn't help it. Peeking inside the kitchen, things looked spic and span there.

Back to the road again and nearly getting stuck in the canyon by the school house, while all the kids looked out the windows and cheered.

Another bachelor's shack was the next stop. No one but Nick Whalen. He is an old time friend the same as his brother Mike, and just as good a fellow. Must be related. His first greeting was, "Come on in, George." We went in and sat by the front room stove and talked of many things. Dick found a picture section of a paper and Nick made him a present of it. Nick has a niche in his heart for kids, and my mother used to think he thought as much of his nephews and nieces as their folks thought of them. Staying until I felt a little guilty we started to leave. But before we parted Nick called his coon dogs and showed them to me. Nick as well as Jake E. is an insatiable coon hunter. One of the dogs cost \$65.00. Nick had been coon hunting most of the night before and caught three 'possums. He said the 'possums are getting to be a regular nuisance to the coon hunters.

On south to Paul Gebauer. He was sick in bed with the asthma. He has my heartfelt sympathy, the same as Will N., and we all hope he will be out and a-going in short order. It seems like there is enough trouble, without being sick in bed. Their son Harry lives in the west part of the house and his folks in the other. Harry takes the paper and they all read it.

Across the road to Billie Worrell's. Billie was gone to town, but Elgin came out and talked with me a minute in the rain. I knew those folks have a flair for nice horses and I asked to see them. Elgin was ashamed to show them to me because they were so thin, but in spite of that I could see some nice ones. I would like to trade him out of that team of three-year-olds.

Back north and west to Louie Miller's. She was as glad to see me as if I was some celebrity. I discovered that she and I have a sort of kindred spirit, for she is a Quiz correspondent also. She carried the assumption I receive about a dollar a word for this bunk, and I did not tell her any different.

On west to Rube Nolde. The barns and sheds looked pretty well scattered, but he had a square in his hand, and that was a sign he was out for repair business. I asked him why he had his hay rack turned up on its side, and he said to show the cattle he is out of hay, and perhaps they will eat the thistles better.

Still raining, I slipped and slid around a few corners and over a few ridges, and into the yard of Roy Williams. He and some of the neighbors had been sawing wood, but got rained out, or in perhaps. Roy used to work for my Dad when I was a little runt, and he said I used to bawl so as to sit by him at the table. Anyway we never ceased being good friends, and neither did his wife and my mother.

He showed me his mules, which were pretty darned nice ones, but no nicer than a blue roan mare he had there. We visited and "heehawed" in the barn door, while the rain pitter-pattered on the roof, and while I dreaded to make the final dash for home. He helped me put on my chains and away I went.

At peek-a-boo hill the FERAers were going home also and their truck could hardly make the grade. Walt Paddock and Henry Rich were nearly stuck, but by pushing a little they were sent merrily on their way.

As I passed the Rural school house I realized I had skipped Chas. Cress. He and I have long been jolly good friends, and when he laughs I am reminded of Santa Claus. Too bad I couldn't stop Charley. Too much rain. Have to do it next time.

As I drove into town I tarried a minute where Pete Barnhart and Fred McGowan were butchering a big hog. Pete showed me his goats, which eat and live on tree leaves that Pete had piled into a corn crib. I told him if we have another drouth year we will all have to go into the goat business, as tree leaves are the only things I know of that grew last year. Fred is a carpenter by trade, but does many other things, such as helping his neighbors butcher, and caring for a coop full of dandy nice White Leghorn hens which he says are paying a profit.

I might have stopped at Dell Barber's, but I would have had to climb a mountain in the mud, and Dick said, "Ah, we can see him in church."

Arrived home about five.

February 28, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet

By GEORGE GOWEN

"The Roving Reporter"

A slight error in geography was made when I said Jess Waller hailed from Missouri. He called me on the street the other day and told me it was not Missouri but Kentucky. Well, I pondered, "Kentucky is just over the line isn't it?" And he replied scratching over his ear, "The two states just kinda kiss each other is all." But anyway I knew he was from somewhere, by his twang and that somewhere happened to be the state of blue men. They have nothing on valley county for beautiful women if I do say so.

Seeing Art Lange in the yard I stopped first at his place. He is a subscriber and his wife started to say she had read the Quiz for a million years, and then caught herself, and said for a long time. I thought the two times were more or less synonymous. He has a new truck, but dickens in all sorts of things, and Fafeita says he would say Art is a huckster.

Turning in next at Geo. Maxson's, I found Geo. gone. (Is that correct?) Anyway I found his wife and we sunned ourselves on the back step and talked over all the papers in the universe. Fern always had a little yearning to scribble she says, but never did. I tried to encourage her by saying if I could get paid for writing this kind of junk I couldn't see why she might not sell something that would be worth reading.

Fern was one of our girls, that is, she use to work for my folks in these good old days before the war.

On and across the road to Mark McCall's. He has a bunch of Jerseys that eat more than they give milk, Mrs. McCall says. It keeps Mark a humping to get feed for them, but she hopes by spring things will be better. They use to raise a lot of chickens but someone else got the chickens while she and her family slept. She says they could at least identify the cows. Anyway, those Jerseys looked like mighty nice cows, and also looked wistful like as if it is not their fault there is no feed in the country.

On west and turning in at Russell Kasson's. We sat on the east side of the barn and chatted about many things. He says he would sure like to take the Quiz, but hard times have bore down with too

much vengeance. They have a dandy flock of R. I. Red chickens, more of a sanguine or mahogany color than red. They had a hundred, but 40 disappeared one dark night, the same as McCall's.

Across the road to Ed Lee's. He had just left to make preparations to shell after dinner. It was a good thing for Ed and I have long been the best of friends, and if he was there I might not get any more calls made that day, or his shelling done Clarence and I chinned each other a few minutes, and Russell K. came over to drive his wandering calves home. He was too polite to leave while I was at the place.

On west to the top of Watt's hill. Floyd had gone to the river to cut wood, but Mrs. Wetzel was there. They have some fine White Jersey Giant chickens. She said they are all culled and blood tested to sell eggs for setting and it surely was fine flock. She said they raised 600 chickens last year, (300 pullets) and from this bunch they culled out and kept only 85. No wonder they were nice chickens. And Floyd knows his onions too when it comes to judging chickens.

Coasting down the hill and south into the yard of Riley Brannon. He had asked us the day before to plan to be at his place to dinner and bring the wife. We have long been church friends. They were disappointed that only Dick and I presented ourselves, but my wife's arthritis was howling too hard to enjoy such a hegira.

Riley is a keeper of nice horses, but has had some bad luck with them in that both horses of his best team stepped into wire last year. Even at that he has a two year old there that is a beauty, and he has no intention of selling her. He has the nicest bunch of black faced ewes I have seen in a long time. He thinks he will have to sell them because he is short of pasture, and he nearly weeps alligator tears to think of it. He also has W. Giant chickens, and three nice turkeys.

A delicious repast awaited us, and we nearly over-ate. Riley has three of the nicest kids that ever lived, and one of them was sick and couldn't eat any of that whipped cream and cake.

On south to Leland Stillman's, where he and his father were building a new chicken coop. It was slow progress today. Too many boon friends. Art and I had to talk over world, county and city events before I could pull myself away and let them go to work. And the saddest part of it all was my boy and Leland's boy had struck up a friendship by that time and had gone into the sand hauling business with their little wagon. A deep mystery is ever on my mind just why those buildings were planted where they are. From their barn one can peek through a crevice of the hills and see the city, but not from the house. Like Topsy perhaps. The buildings just grew.

Back tracking west and across the road to Arnold Bredthauer's farm, where Albert Jacobsen lives and feeds cattle for his boss. Arnold has fixed the place up more livable, with a lot of repairs, new fences, and buildings. And Albert feeds the steers and can make them fat about as quickly as his boss does at home.

Turning south at the corner we scudded on down the grade. Lewis Karr lives off to the right on the old Bob Preston place. I turned in. The road appeared a little dubious. I hesitated a minute, and then tracks showed other cars had been in there. I forgot for a time that mine was the lowest one in the United States.

Straddling the old ruts, we drove a few rods. The mud appeared perhaps a little worse ahead. I stopped and decided to back out while I could. As we started in reverse, we slipped, and began to plow, and in a minute were stuck.

We worried there for some time. We shoveled out from under, rocked back and forth, and a few times got to going but each time our car would pull in spite of us, into the soft dirt at the edge of the road.

Several teams drove by, including the road dragger time, each man looking our way, but no one offered to assist. I was a little disgusted and slightly mad, and proclaimed to Dick that they knew I was stuck and they should help me out without asking.

Finally John Boyce came along. He was moving on the Bresley place. With a tired team he yanked me out on terra firma in a minutes time. We struck up an immediate friendship, for we discovered both had long been good friends of Clarence. To show my appreciation I told him I would advance his subscription six months.

Passing up Karr for the day, and resolving not to attempt anything that even looked like mud again, we drove on south to Harold Stewart's. He lives on the McCune place, and works for Rube. He gets to work those fine horses Rube always keeps and that alone would help a lot if I was looking for a job. Rube and V. W. Robbins frequently have a large number of horses there but they are nearly sold out the lady said.

On south over a hill and down again, and across a pasture to where Edgar Davis lives. Edgar was gone for which I was sorry, but his wife and I talked on the door step for a few minutes. These folks are more church cronies of ours. She was pretty discouraged, but I told her we all were discouraged and were all broke, and perhaps that helped us both a little. Misery loves company.

Becoming entangled in bank debt of an outsider, the debt which has rankled them for several years; getting hailed out year before last and dried out last year; those few troubles alone would sorta bring gloom into a household. In spite of that Edgar and his wife are dandy nice folks, and that is one asset the mortgagees can't take, anyway.

She has some Narragansett turkeys. Something a little different than I ever saw before, and she says the books say this breed is hardier than the others.

Back north to the corner and east over a few piles of dirt the Creator neglected to rub down, and swinging to the back door of Arnold Molottke's. About the tiniest brown dog I ever saw greeted us gladly as we knocked at the door. We chatted a minute with Mrs. Arnold while the wind cut capers with the dust around and around the house. I asked her if the wind always blew that hard there and she laughed and replied, "It seems like it." Most assuredly, for the moment we were in the vortex.

Rolling up and down again to the east, we came to a stop at Mrs. Willis Taylor's. Art is trying to take the place of his Dad who died suddenly a month ago. The boy and I talked a few minutes out of the wind by the barn. I was keeping him from hauling manure, but usually when I attack that job I don't mind agents hanging around. They had some nice white hogs in a pen to the east of the house, and as far as I could see, every one was standing on his snoot, tearing up the sub-soil. I have often thought if we could just teach the hogs to harrow the ground afterwards, but that is a subject for Uncle Jake and the County Board.

On east and back south up a long lane that I was a little suspicious of being soft, but which was not, and into the yard of Bill Earnest's. He lives on the John Barnhart place, which was originally my grandfather's timber claim. Bill's three kids had just arrived home from school, and they and my boy struck an immediate friendship. I believe he is a better mixer already than his Dad. Anyway, Mrs. Earnest said they take the sheet, and have been expecting us to come around.

Jim Vogeler was hauling some corn from there. He said he drove by just as I had been pulled out of the mud, and surely wished he could have done it for the six months subscription, as they didn't take the paper. He said he would have pulled me out for nothing. We visited a minute about the cattle market, both of us weeping because we are sold out now.

Chas. Cress lives to the south and east, across country. Having passed him up last week, I decided now would be a good time to make amends. I should have driven the car around about two miles, and collected for it, as there was no pay offered for going a foot, but I scaled a few fences and hiked over there anyway.

No one seemed to be at home except a friendly dark brown dog that tugged at my tattered coat tail, not diminishing the tatters to any extent. Chas. has a nice place there, tucked back away from the road where agents don't venture quite so often. He has some of those pail-filler Guernseys, and some nice black horses, with white strips in their faces. I was sorry Charles was gone, for we usually have a good time laughing at each other's foolishness.

Hoofing it back to Bill's and hailing the boy into the car, we scurried toward town, meeting several teamsters returning home from their work. They had been earning money to buy feed to keep their few head of stock from starvation. On to town by five thirty, and, picking up a milk can at the cheese factory, we continued over the river and home again.

Stopping at the mail box and discovering a letter from the boss. He says to send in a few subscriptions if I get a chance, charging \$2.00 a year, \$1.00 for six months and three months for fifty cents.

Several have told me that I wrote up every place except Gowen's. Driving one-half mile east of the N. L. river bridge their home is straight north at the end of the road. A high windmill on a pinnacle to the right pumps water for the house and the many cattle he does not have at this time.

A bird's paradise, consisting of tall trees, redolent blossoms, sandy creeks, velvety blue grass, dark shady nooks, and windless sunny pockets, engraces the homestead to the north and west. A foot bridge spans the chasm between the house and barn. White Leghorns dot the landscape; a pair of strawberry roan mares nicker for a bite of grain; greenish, black whispering ducks hold a pow-wow and the sable and white Collie as a welcome, touches his cold nose to your hand.

No need to write up these folks, they get the paper anyway.

March 7, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet

By GEORGE GOWEN

"The Roving Reporter"

Wednesday morning. The roads having been shoveled out yesterday, we began our weekly pilgrimage by stopping first at Frank Segal's. He is a new man, having just moved on to the old Jay VanHorn place from the Sternecker farm east of Sumter. The boy came out of the house and talked a few minutes, about farming, and drouth, which is an easy subject nowadays to start off on. He said his father was shoveling snow. Three husky shepherd dogs greeted me lustily into and out of the yard, and also our visit was intercepted now and then with the din.

Across the road to the tenant house on the Nebr. Security feed yards. Lloyd VanHorn lives there. Lloyd was away, but his wife chatted a minute. She said they could hardly get enough money to feed their seven kids, to say nothing of buying papers. But the kids are a dandy nice bunch at that. I know, for I give them a ride toward school and church frequently. Many people much poorer than these folk take the sheet, and deem it indispensable to life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. They had a pair of little white dogs that did not seem to be overly in love with us.

On east to the quondam Nebr. Security feed yard headquarters, where Ed Christensen lives. He was gone, also shoveling roads. Gee, but I am glad I have a good job so I can get out of that snow heaving business. Anyway his wife, Dick and I visited a minute, and talked over the intricacies of a developing surprise party we were both invited to that evening. Ed is going into the turkey business this summer along with his many other tasks. The turkeys sauntered around close by, the gobbler strutting his limit and thumping now and then for good measure.

On south and west to Jim Johnson's. Jim was far out in the field making fence, and I, naturally being exceedingly lazy and enjoying watching the other fellow work, tarried at the back door step and chinned the women. Dick became industrious and pumped a pail of water, which demonstrated one trait he did not get from his pa. Anyway we discussed the affairs of the universe. We also talked over the chicken business, in which Jim and Nina are involved and which is paying a profit even in these hard times. White Rocks is their breed.

Not venturing to the byways for fear of bad roads, I retracted our course back north and pulled to a halt at the old Byron Johnson place, where now resides Bill Graff. They are new people in the vicinity, and new people at the farming business. Everything was spic and span about the yard. A tiny white pup raced back and forth hither and yon in his gladness to see us and play with the boy. Bill was gone, but his smiling wife said they did not know anyone around here and the paper would be just like reading so much Greek to them. I suggested it might be a good way to get acquainted, but my sales talk seemed to take no effect.

I have heard it said that the best farms in the county are in this neighborhood. That is taking in a lot of territory, but anyway this old Byron Johnson place, along with a few others I am coming to are crowding the wire. Even the best are not much good in drouths like last year.

Across the road to the Louis VanEss place. There I found some of the husbands of the women I had been visiting. They were getting ready for Louis' sale to be held Thursday. Louis had some mighty fine stuff there, but that is past history now. Cliff Klinger is moving there soon, and Louis is moving to Oklahoma, so I hear. Louis has been one of the crack horsemen in the country and a mighty good farmer too. He has also been a good member on the 42 school board, and township board. Everything is always neat around that place.

On north to Ign. Pokraka's. Another prize farm, some proclaiming it to be the best in the country. The car was gone, and so were they as far as I could see, at least they did not answer my knock. As I sauntered back to the car, Dick pointed to a sign I had failed to see, "No Agents." "You better hurry," he yelled "They might take a shotgun to you." Anyway I escaped safely. Ig and his wife are nice folks and I can't believe they would have hurt me very much. Mrs. Pokraka always raises some very early chickens, and she now has some several weeks old. I would have liked to see them.

On north to Chas Otto's. Another dandy farm, as level as the kitchen floor. Leonard was tinkering a tractor. He said his Dad had just had an operation, and asked that I go into the house and visit the sick man a while. This we did and had a nice time. The minute before we stepped into the house the plaster in the kitchen fell off, but I don't think I was to blame for that. We talked of many things. Charles had long been quite a dairy man. Several times he has received the highest check given at the cheese factory, one I remember, about \$75.00 for two weeks milk. He says now all he is trying to do is to keep his cows alive. A month or so ago he fed his cows \$70.00 worth of feed in 9 months and sold \$35.00 worth of milk. He is getting along nicely from his operation. We all hope so, for Charles is one of the nicest fellows in the land.

Trekking west to Fred Jackman's. Nothing to do but to come in. We are "sort a" board of trade friends, and we talked over the steer business from A to Izzard. They have the most friendly little bulldog I have seen in a long time. Dick and the dog became friends immediately, racing from one end of the house to the other. Rather hard for me to pull away from fellows like Fred when we have so much in common to talk about. I told him the way the market is going now I should be feeding steers in place of scribbling abracadabra like this.

West again, going around though the field, and stopping at Delmer Bridge's. Just moved on to this place of Fred's. He had some nice Brown Leghorn chickens, but he says he isn't going to have them next year, for they are too little. He said he was feeding them mash and they didn't lay at all, and as soon as the mash ran out they began to lay. From that a person might gather that is the kind of hens to keep.

On south on the highway to Lind Nelson's. Lind and his wife are certainly well matched as far as blond hair is concerned. Lind was gone to town, but casting my argus eye about, I spied a flaxon trimmed colt in the yard that sorely took my attention. She said the place was in pretty bad repair. The roof leaked and a spout was run through the porch ceiling to the attic to divert the water course from the kitchen and bedroom. Sorry Lind was gone, for he is a nice kid.

On south to Chas. Bridge's. Across the road from the 42 school house, where the "chillens" were having recess. This place of Charley's is also in the running for first place in the country. Chas. admitted the place was all right, if there was any water. Either irrigation or rain would make it a veritable Garden of Eden. Chas. and I discussed the ditch progress a little, he not laying out much hope any more.

On south to Ed Hurley's. Ed always prided himself with his sleek good horses. I insisted he put on his coat and wade out in the snow and show me a pair of two and three-year olds he has raised. Clydesdales, light bays, bald faces and sound. I believe when this team gets the usual bloom Ed put on his horses, they will be one of the show teams of the country. And Ed wouldn't even price them. We have long been good friends, he having worked for my father in the good old days of long ago.

South again a few rods and turning in at Leon Sperling's. I was at once invited into the house there too, where the Missus was ironing and a couple of dandy kids were playing. The low ceilinged kitchen reminded me of these pictures we see so often of the spic and span old country's "Home Sweet Home." In the window shelf was a small box of cabbage plants, at least an inch high (Febr. 27). She said this year they were going to try to beat the drouth and grow a little something.

To the barn, where I saw his horses, and decided Ed H. and Louis V. E. are not the only fellows who have nice horses. Leon also has an equine flair. He had a pair of blacks that would make most anyone sit up and take notice. He said he was feeding his horses on a diet, but they didn't look like but what they will make it until grass.

On south to Edgar Stiliman's. The place was vacated, as far as people were concerned, but I noticed another nice team of blacks in his yard. Good horses, good farms, good fences and good farmers are apt to go hand in hand. Pretty muddy in the yard here. One of the mysteries of mysteries to me has always been why the lowest spot on the farm was picked out as a building spot. Someone blundered, and for years to come someone else, perhaps, must pay the price.

A little east to Grover Barnhart's. He and his boy were cutting and splitting elm, and they had a real job. Grover said the worst thing about the drouth was the many trees it had taken in its onslaught. Grover works for Uncle Sam when the roads are passable, and when they are not he starves. He is also on the township corn-hog committee and that might indicate he has a few friends at least. I would, say he has a lot of them.

Back to the highway again and down the road to Chas. Fuller's. Charles was gone shoveling snow, but his wife, Madge, and I chatted for a minute. They are church friends of ours, and naturally we needed no introduction. Charles keeps a few of the nicest milk cows in the country, but she said they were mostly dry now, and that was not so good.

Across the road to Glen (Doug) Barber's. They live in what appears to be "The tumbled down shack". It is an old log house, the logs coming originally from the cedar canyons, when the land was new. It was a dandy house at one time. The owner of the farm will not repair the buildings, and consequently they get nearer the ground every year.

Doug is having a hard time of it. He aspires to go into the dairy business. He has the cows, but their milk will not pay for the feed, and he has no money to replenish the shortage. If he can just get them to grass, he thinks, after that there is a chance to get into a nice business. Pretty hard on the cows though, and we all are hoping for an early spring. Doug has a nice family anyway, and that is something to be thankful for.

On south to Cliff and Fanny McClellan's. A couple dogs and a score (more or less) of cats greeted me at the door step. Although all their land is not so level and tillable as that back north, I have thought all my life that this place is my choice of all I know of in the country. A spotlessly large white home, overlooking the village; snug warm stables entrenched in the south bank; well protected yards filled with red and white cattle and shiny jet hogs; a tall windmill furiously spinning, pouring water into a large cement reservoir, old tall trees guarding off the winter's gale and summer's heat; the serpentine Mira Creek, splitting broad meadows and green pastures; a small irrigation plant to give a drink to a fertile field; a dam spilling a lazy waterfall; a bridge; a fishing pond in summer; a skating pond in winter; lonely paths and shady nooks. A lover's paradise, a child's delight, and still these fine folks remain single.

I did not have to call here. Many of my early days were spent at this place, skating, fishing; pic-nicking, as all the other kids of our hamlet have done, and no doubt will continue to do.

I told Cliff it was an outrage to call him up from his dinner just to ask if he was a member of the fold. In fact he told me he took the sheet before I asked, and I hurried on to town for a snack, before the sale.

I decided after it was, all over, there are two things there is no shortage of in the land, and that is dogs and cats.

<Separate clipping>

I see where my sidekick, George Gowen, got so boisterous that he knocked the plastering all off of one room in a home he visited and no doubt I shall get a bill for repairs.

March 14, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet By GEORGE GOWEN *"The Roving Reporter"*

The snow having ceased to fall, we hastily grabbed a few swigs of soup as a lunch and departed on our pilgrimage. It was pretty cold, but I felt I better go, for when it warmed up the roads would be again impassable. The day proved to be the best kind, for everyone was home, with nothing to do but entertain their honored guest. Ahem.

After depositing the milk can at the cheese factory and visiting with I. J. Thelin for a few minutes in the depot about life insurance, investments, farm conditions, politics, supreme court, gold clauses and a few other odd subjects, we drove south to the highway and then east.

The first stop was at Will Van Horn's. They were reading by the kitchen stove, too poor they said to fire up the front room. There is one thing about being poor nowadays. The Lord made a lot of us, and we like sympathy, so Will and his wife and I got along fine. He said his four cows had been bringing them in \$25 a month and that \$25.00 was the one thing that kept the wolf from bursting right in the house.

Dick makes a business of seeking out all the dogs, guns and clocks, and before I noticed it he was slyly whispering into my ear and pointing to an old clock on the mantle, tick tocking away as merrily as if we, all of us had plenty of money. It was thirty-five years old, they said. They further told that the thing for years would not strike. And then in the middle of the night, on last Christmas eve, the thing started to ring the hour. Everyone in the house vowed they had not touched the clock, so the ultimate conclusion must be that Santa Claus touched it with his magic scepter.

On east to Ford Eyerly's. He smiled as he opened the door and asked us in by the fire. We visited about many things and finally wound up on school board affairs, he being one of the members of the board. His wife was there too. She is another one of our so-called girls, as she worked for us a long time in the store before she went to working for Ford, or Ford for her, or for each other. Anyway you like. Be that as it may, she was one of the best clerks (don't dare to say the best) that we ever had or anyone else ever had, either. Everything seemed to be slick as a band box in the house, and I wondered if folks were calling ahead, spreading the news of my approach.

Across the road to where Nels Baker's were encamped temporarily. I gathered from her discouraged countenance and talk that the depression was bearing down on them with intense ferocity. Their cows were in the sand hills. When they get them home, Mrs. Baker hopes for better times. Anyway she said they were so hard up they didn't take any paper at all. Encouraging her a mite, I told her I would send her a sample copy of the Quiz, and there would be enough reading in it to last one week at least, and maybe the millenium would come by that time, and it wouldn't matter after that.

On east to Will Cook's. He was repairing a horse collar by the kitchen fire. Gladly he and his wife asked us in and we sat there and spun yarns for quite a spell. He and I went to Omaha together in a truck once. A trip down there and back will either make you love or hate your companion. No half way about it.

Will was on the shelf last summer, and little hope was held out but that he would go to the Elysium Fields for sure. But he scrambled out of it and is suffering the depression's scourge like all us

sinners. He told me he is all well and “ornery” as ever. Will and his family are workers, and will struggle on top of the heap somehow.

Back west and south to Harry Barber’s. Harry and his chief assistant, Milford Goodrich, had been repairing a well. I told Harry as cold as it is this ought to be a fine day for a job like that. He has a dandy pair of colts there, and some nice milking Shorthorn cattle, but Harry’s long suit is raising corn. Usually when the price is up, he and his father, who is no one but “Uncle Jake” have a few thousand bushels to sell. Corn is not a bad thing to have sticking around at that. The lad yelling “come on Dad,” I sauntered off, driving east again.

The next stop was Carl Stude’s. Carl and I, as well as his wife and mine, have long been boon friends, and there never lived a nicer couple than they, either, outside of you and me of course. We just had to go inside for a while. Carl, a few years ago, had visited me, and now I was returning the call. They have two big kids and two little kids, and all four are something to be proud of. Carl pleads poverty like everyone, but he did say he grew some corn fodder last year, and that is better than most of us have done. He showed me his sheep and their frolicking lambkins, “dragging their tails behind them.”

On east to Chris Stude’s. Chris was doing chores, and he showed me his chickens. He has a nearly new coop, and in it a couple hundred buff and brown Leghorn hens with large red combs. The coop needed cleaning, he said, but compared with mine at home I thought it looked pretty good. They have some ducks and geese, some black pigs and some more ewes with “lambies”. Chris also has some Jersey cows that are all dry now, he says, except one heifer. She gives about enough for the breakfast food and coffee. That’s better than some folks who have to eat canned milk.

Retracing my tracks, I drove west to the highway and stopped at Clint Beck’s. He lives south of North Loup, at the very edge of the highway in a little square brown house that goes whizzing by as we speed along. He was at the barn trying to find some feed for his horses, a trick that puzzles the most of us now days. I asked him if he took the Ord paper, and he replied, “Hell no. We don’t take any paper.” That they didn’t have anything to read in the house except sale bills he picked up now then, and they didn’t help much without any money to buy with. I made his heart glad by telling that we would send them a sample copy, and to show his appreciation he lead Dick to a tiny shetland pony he has, and demonstrated how it would kick and buck, delighting the youngster immediately.

Again we took the road and pulled in at John Tucker’s. He was chopping kindling, but he was glad to stop and visit with me for a minute. Who wouldn’t be glad to stop that kind of a job to talk almost anyone? I did not tarry long there, as night was drawing nigh, and the cold air was beginning to nip around the edges. John’s two little kids were playing there but the older ones were galavanting somewhere, so John said, and I was sorry about that, for I would like to have chinned them a minute or two. As I have said before, there is no surplus of families like that.

Stopping on the way home to call a minute on Will Wetzal, who is convalescing from a recent attack of heart flutters. Will worked for my Dad for fifteen years while I was one of the young hellions of town, and consequently we too are life-long pals.

Will lives on one of the best eighties in the valley, if not the best. He has been saving his corn now for several years, thinking that a better way to save his money than in a deflunk bank. He has accumulated some five or six thousand bushels. Lately he has been selling it out at around a dollar a bushel and has bought a farm. Not so dumb I’d say. He says he reads Robbins’ Quiz all the time so as to see what his foster kid has to say.

This seems like a waste of time running around for new subscribers. Everyone who has money he can steal, beg or borrow, takes the paper, and those unfortunate ones who cannot raise the money in one of these noble ways either borrow or plan to join the fold just as soon as possible.

I feel I should be fair in all my reports to you. A party complained to me the other day about your paper, and although it is seldom I hear adverse criticism, I deem it no more than fair to report everything.

It happens there is one lady way up north of Horace who managed to save enough money from other years to be a paid subscriber, and she receives the paper regularly. Times are tough up there

and those people do all manner of conniving to save a nickel. When she has read and reread the paper she walks across lots a few miles and gives it to her daughter to digest. After the daughter and her husband have gone over the thing and their eight kids have also inhaled the contents, one of them puts it in the dinner pail and presents it to the school teacher, who scans the headlines and more too, as the pupils jingle off the multiplication tables.

It is the duty of the school marm to be a pony express, so to speak, and drop the sheet at a sister-in-laws, where that family of a man wife, ten kids and a hired man give it a once over. From there it is sent to Greeley, and at that point of the story it goes clear out of the family. A friend gets it this time, and when that couple, and the baby, and the grandmother are through with it, a sister happens along, and takes it home. She studies the thing several days. And when it is handy she sends it to her brother-in-law. This time the paper is journeying back west again into the Horace neighborhood. And when these folks and their friends have read it from "kiver to kiver" it is sent west a second time through the canyon, nearly to North Loup, where Claud Thomas and his family come into possession and delightfully digest the contents. Claud told me he is going to send it over to his mother at North Loup to read, perhaps for the last time.

But I have almost forgotten to tell you the criticism that the most of these folks are complaining of, and that is the thing is not printed on good enough paper. Claud told me the last issue he has received told about Oscar and I going to Atkinson. Claud said that some of it he could hardly read, and he didn't know but he would have to quit taking the Quiz if they don't make that improvement.

<Separate piece>

When I was a kid they used to make cloth story and picture books for the kids to play with and after reading George Gowen's story this week, there seems to be but one right thing to do and that is to print the Quiz on cloth for those subscribers who are called upon to mail or give it to many neighbors after they, the real subscribers, have read it. And I will arrange to do this if those "loaning" subscribers will send in their names. Naturally I don't want to print any more cloth editions than is necessary, for the cloth is going to be more expensive than the class of paper now used. At that it might slow up the loaning business, for after reading the "Paper" the reading could be washed out and the cloth used for didies for the baby or dish towels for the kitchen.

March 21, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet By GEORGE GOWEN *"The Roving Reporter"*

The day being bright, I left home about ten for my roving job. Through town and on west past the city of the dead, stopping first at Elmer Kirk's. Elmer was gone. His wife talked a few minutes on the front porch. They had some nice R. I. Red hens scratching around a tiny coop, but were not bothered with any roosters awaking them in those soporific hours at the first faint flush of dawn. As far as I am concerned, the crisp morning, at rising time, is by all odds the most perfect time to snooze. Why couldn't the chanticleers burst forth in song at nine in place of five?

Elmer was telling in town the other day he heard someone say they wondered if G. G. G. was not a little off. "A little off," Elmer ejaculated. "No, he is not a little off. He is all off."

On west to Jim Vogeler's. Jim was also gone, he really leaving the country. He was in Iowa. Dessie, her nose red with a bad cold, stood on the back door step and we talked of the long long ago, "when you and I were young, Maggie." She and I were school kids together. A nice blue roan team

and a few more horses were waiting for spring work to start, a calico cat was taking his morning bath and a bright yellow canary hopped lively in his cage in the window.

Back and a half mile north, and east again to Will Steffins'. He was also away, but I sauntered to the house and his wife and I also chatted a minute, while Dick investigated and put in motion a hand power washing machine. They have a flock of the deepest reddest Rhode Island Reds I have seen in any of my wanderings. Without much enthusiasm she admitted the chickens were nice enough if they had anything to eat. Steffins have a pretty place when one finally gets there, hidden back out of sight by the side of Mira creek. She said few people ventured in, and she seemed even glad to see an agent like myself.

Back south past the school house where the school kids gave us a glad hand and pulling in at the yard of Harry Meyers and Ward Goodrich. Mrs. Goodrich and her vivacious daughters were doing the washing. The girls were singing while they rubbed, and if a person can sing while involved in doing out a family laundry, they surely must be blessed with a happy nature. While the boy climbed on top the chicken coop and took cognizance of the kids' playhouse, Harry and I talked over the cattle and hog market.

On west to Lee Mulligan's. Lee was hauling straw somewhere. A couple of dandy tiny kids were playing on the step. The dog barked suspiciously at us, the little girl cried frantically and ran for safety. The smiling little boy with the tiniest coat and vest I ever saw, was glad to see us and warned his mother of our approach. She also smiled when she saw us and said just thought the other day that it was getting about their turn to take their medicine, meaning this write-up of course. The little girl recovered from her fright and the kids were all soon acquainted and playing with the dogs. Lena told me to bring the wife along next time, as we started to leave.

On west to Boyd (Deacon) Mulligan's. They have a relatively new place and everything looked spic and span around there. A nice front yard, but she said the blue grass had entirely killed out in the last year's drouth. Boyd is one of the best hog men in the country. Otto Hill used to say he was by all odds the best. Too bad the profit has been on the wrong side of the ledger the last few years. They have some tiny squealers already trying to make hogs of themselves before the price breaks next fall.

Back north and a little west to Will McDermott's. Bill was burning weeds, but he gladly stopped to visit a minute with me. He told me he took the Loyalist and Frank the Quiz and they traded papers, but the worst of that was they only managed to get them traded about once a year. He showed me some Hereford hogs he and Frank have. A new breed to me, but he thinks they are about the best hogs he ever had. They looked like mighty nice hogs to me too, if such a thing is possible—a nice looking hog. At any rate, they enjoyed a mud hole the same as any other kind of swine. Bill and I have long been good friends, but I couldn't tarry there forever at that.

West a way and finding Frank McDermott and Paul Lee burning thistles by the road. We talked a few minutes there and then they climbed in the car and I took them home to dinner. Frank showed me his Hereford hogs, and said they are the best breed of hog he ever raised. We stood by the car and talked over all the papers of the country, he thinking the Quiz the one indispensable sheet and also that he could not understand how they can put out so much paper for the money. He said he read the whole thing, not excepting this bunk of mine. I hated to leave there too, but I cannot stay too long at one place.

West a little farther to Paul Malottke's. Paul came out of the house picking his teeth. He showed me some nice heifers, but nearly all of Paul's fine Shorthorns are temporarily removed to some other part of the state where feed is more abundant. Paul has a nice place there, with good barns, strong fences and the best of livestock when they are home. The house, although not new, appears to be in excellent repair, and everything indicated prosperity had dawned on those folks at some time or another. Dick and I ate our lunch, tossing the crumbs to some pet turkeys, while Paul talked over the times with me with as much avidity as if I really did amount to something.

Retracing my steps east and west I pulled up to Everett (Deacon) Hornickel's. More than one "deacon" in these parts. Their house sets at the end of the road as we go west from N. L. The new highway will turn south one-half mile there and then west again.

The front yard was engraced with tall conifers. Scaling a woven wire fence because I could spy no other mode of entrance I knocked at the door. The coy Mrs. Hornickel her Dutch cap arrived on the scene. This is surely a day for the women folks. Diffidently she told me that Everett was gone trucking, and that they were members of the Quiz clan, so I took my leave. As I hopped back over the fence and was boosting over the lad, I noticed Arnold and Oscar in their trucks sailing by.

"I will just drive over there while Arnold is home", I thought.

"So hard to find him there." I was reminded of the poem,

"Around the corner I have a friend
in this great city that has no end;
Yet days go by and weeks rush on,
And before I know it the year is gone
And I never see the old friend's face
For life is a swift and terrible race." etc.

As I leave Everett's yard I notice a leaning barn. I have read many times of the leaning tower of Pisa. Perhaps Everett is attempting a little competition on this score.

I drive into Arnold Bredthauer's yard closely behind the two trucks loaded with - corn. I am at once invited in to dinner. The missus is slightly chagrined by the unexpected diners. I assured her we had eaten, but they insisted we sit up and eat a bite of fish, and partake of a drink of coffee. This we did although a second dinner so closely on the first was too much for my capacity, and the coffee was all I could manage. The young eight-months-old heir apparent sat up to the table also and smiled at Dick throughout the repast. After we left Dick asked, "Dad, why can't we have a nice baby like that?"

Arnold and his hired man, August Vodehnal, unloaded the corn in the elevator. Dick had to investigate the whole establishment from cellar to garret, climbing to the top of the thing a dozen or more times, and watching the cups go flying by. After that Arnold showed me a pair of silver trimmed colts he had recently bought, and they are so nice you don't see their like every day in the week. I glanced over his many yards of cattle. The place is a little city in itself. Arnold and August followed us to the car, and we visited there a few minutes longer. It is a darned outrage I stop at such good friends and while a few hours and then charge the boss up for it. I would have gladly done it without pay. I left, Arnold asking me to bring the wife over next time.

I should have stopped at August Vodehnal's place but I had already seen him. I wasn't sure his wife wanted to see me anyway, we being entire strangers. I took no chances and sailed on.

I turned in at Hillis Coleman's, making a figure eight, or nearly so around the garage, and then up to the back porch. No one was at home except a friendly white dog, and so I did not tarry long. They had a few sheep on yonder hill nipping rye, a pure white cow with an ivory colored nose, some buff chickens, and that is all I saw without snooping and I hate to do that, for folks might come home just at the wrong minute, and then no telling what would happen.

Retracing the figure eight or some figure, we hurried on and set our brakes at Henry Lee's. Mrs. Lee was very friendly, and invited me into the house so she could pay me a dollar on her subscription and get the receipt. If she saves this paper she will have a duplicate. Anyway she gave Dick a whirligig toy to play with, and she and I also talked of many things. She told me of her daughters who teach and go to the University, but I have heard before that her kids are the kind not to be ashamed of. She wondered if going to the university paid. I hated to discourage her in that line of noble endeavor. She did not know that I was a victim of that school and I was very careful not to mention myself as an example of their output. I was in a quandary as to what to say. As we parted she asked about my sister in California and her welfare.

On north to Will Vogeler's. Sheep. Sheep. Sheep. Five hundred head of old ones, and a thousand babies, more or less. Sometimes I think sheep are smarter than us mortals. I would like to see five hundred mothers, with a thousand babies a week old (rather large crop perhaps) and mix them all up like we do our livestock, and then see if the mothers and kids would all know which belonged to which.

That's letting my mind wander a little off the subject. I promise never to do it again. Will was gone, so I visited a few minutes with the hired men, and then a few minutes longer with Will's sister Alice, while she shivered on the back porch. She apologized because her porch had not been mopped that day, but compared with some I see (not mentioning any names) I thought her's was immaculate. In spite of her shivers, she was too polite to deliberately walk off and leave me as she might have done. Squinting off toward the barn I noticed some nice horses and colts meandering around.

I would have gone over to Dell Barber's, but Alice said he was not at home and there was another place I was not sure the wife wanted to see me. I would have had to crawl up and down three or four hills, and open a few more gates, so I again took Dick's advice, and decided to see him in church.

<Separate clippings>

A lot of people who have always hesitated about having their picture printed in the paper for fear it will break the press, will hesitate no longer after they see the picture which we are going to print of George Gowen.

I am beginning to get suspicious of George Gowen. He finds so many of the men away from home and always makes it good and plain that he stands out in the yard and talks with the women, on the back porch. You women should invite George in these cold days and give him a little home brew, even if the men are away. I think his Missus is keeping an eye on him too, for I notice that Dick always goes along.

March 28, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet By GEORGE GOWEN *"The Roving Reporter"*

Hurrying south about ten, over Peek-a-boo and into the canyon, and then turning abruptly west up over a hill that is nearly perpendicular. The first stop at Dave Ingram's place. Dave was there looking around a bit. As yet he has not rented the farm. He said he did not know as it mattered whether he rented it or not as the last few years he has not received any rent anyway. He thought a better way for the government than the AAA would be to have everyone just stop farming for a year.

Up and down another hill or so I picked up Jess Wailer. He was walking and was as glad to ride as I was to have him. We stopped first at Lee Thomas'. Lee left his housework long enough to show us his livestock, and talk of other trivial matters. Such as newspapers, which he thought would be the next thing there would be a processing tax on. He has a nice pair of colts there and a buck that is so fierce that Lee has him anchored to a cement block which dangles along behind as he forms his attack. Lee is one of the three or four bachelors in these parts. Now here is a chance for some of our many unemployed girls. There is no lack for employment for the farm wives. And anyone of these batches are mighty nice fellows, too.

Scooting up and down again we slammed on the brakes at Cecil Kennedy's, at the foot of a hill. The road splits the yard between the barn and house. A quondam tractor sets near by, dreaming of other days. A dapple gray horse reaches a friendly nose out of his box stall. A few roan and white cattle languish in the sun. Cecil was gone. His wife exhaled an exasperating breath and said they would like to have the Quiz but couldn't do it this year. The drouth has surely pounded the folks in this neighborhood to the lowest nadir financially, to be sure.

Sailing on a few more ups and downs we stopped next at Ivan Canedy's. He was discing on yonder hill, so Jess, Dick and I meandered over that way. He had five fat horses hitched and I could not

refrain from giving them the once over, first the mouth, then the feet and legs, then the eyes, neck and body. "Mighty nice horse, that brown one," I remarked. An eight-year-old, arched neck, slick coat, sound legs and kindly eyes. I was then asked what I thought about a black one. "Smooth mouth, graying over the eyes, and a little rough", I thought. Then we went over all the horses but the brown was still my choice by all odds and the black one last perhaps. Ivan smiled a few times and after we were all through our horse talk he told me the agriculture teacher was out a few days ago with his class and judged those horses, placing the black one first and the brown one way down the line. Of course the laugh was on me for placing them so far wrong.

We walked back to the house, with his two black white ringed shepherd dogs giving us a lusty send off. I drove on west and took Jess home, he showing me some nice colts. Jess had just moved here. He said the farm he came from was the one the creator quit on, when he finished up this old earth. Jess thinks this farm better. Glancing around a bit I wondered if he had brakes on his plow but I didn't say anything.

From there I toured south, still "roller coasting" up hill and down dale. I stopped at the road, not daring to drive across a mud hole to Will Davis'. As we climbed a bank that reminded me of the capture of Quebec we arrived on the scene at the consummation of a cat killing. Will's kids were home on account of the teacher having the measles, so my boy joined the throng in the interment of the cat and Will and I talked of hard times, past, present and future.

Will and his wife have been squeezed out and are now starting over, broken in spirit and health. He told me he had paid \$50,000.00 on debts and interest in the last 25 years and when he got through his stuff was not worth the mortgage left against it. He told me a lot more interesting figures, too numerous to relate. As we stood there leaning against the barn, his wife, Mildred, came to the door, waved and insisted I stay to dinner. It was only eleven, but of all women, I could not refuse her.

Mildred comes as near to being my older sister as anyone could. Partially orphaned, for years when I was a young urchin of the village, she cooked the meals, swept floors and spanked us kids. She didn't spank us half enough perhaps, and we grew to love her like one of us. It was not until she married that she left us, and then it was like losing one of the family. Soon after they were married, they became so involved in paying debts, a good part of which was the endorsement of another man's note, that, I told them, as we ate dinner, they forgot to live. "Heck," I said, "you lost out anyway. You should have had just a few of life's pleasures as you went along."

I could write a volume about our olden days and escapades, a few of which we had time to talk over during dinner. She has the same sharp wit as ever, the same pleasant cadence to her voice, and I swallowed a lump as she stood on the rickety depression step and told us to be sure and come back again.

I must deviate a trifle from the theme to tell of just one small incident. It occurred only a few months before she and Will were married. We all had gone to bed leaving them in the parlor. After all was quiet, stealthily I arose, silently I crept to the stairway, and slyly I peeked down at the love making. It was a rather dull affair, until at the conclusion of a game of cards he prepared to kiss her good night. About that time I snickered, and about that time she spied me and screamed, and about that time I heard the heavy thud of Dad's bare feet in the offing, and then as Will and Mildred laughed an encore of delight I suffered the throes from the tune of the "jingle of the shingle." I have thought many a time since, if I had just not snickered.

Dick and their kids, of which Will said are under the ten units now, had started an irrigation plant, by running the water from a melting snow drift down the hill in a wagon track. I could hardly pull my boy away. They have six bright, dark-eyed youngsters, the best part of which is, they are foreclosure proof.

The next stop at Carl Wolf's. He was farming, and I chatted a minute with his smiling wife on the step. Their place appeared as if prosperity had tarried a little while some time or another. They had some of the whitest plumpest chickens I have seen this spring, a silver trimmed colt, and some tiny black pigs. At the moment of arrival Dick and their boy became fast friends and he rode all the rest of the journey as company.

The next stop to the west to Lloyd Needham's. Everyone was gone, and all I could see worth mentioning was some hogs ready to sell, as black as mud could make them, and the washing on the line, as white as the driven snow.

On west again and turning in at Anthony Cummins' and they were gone. All I could see there was a nice pair of mules, one sorrel and one black, and each with light noses. They were suspicious of me and went trotting off with their heads high up, as if they even were high hatting me. Could that have been possible?

On west again and getting stuck in a mud hole for a few minutes. I rocked the boat a few times and shortly with the little boys pushing for all they were worth I was out. I continued afoot. Off to the left Darrel White and Lloyd Needham were cutting wood along the creek in what appeared to be as near a forest as I have seen in a long time. One of the few patches of thick timber left.

I visited with the wood choppers a few minutes, and then walked on to the house of Paul White. Paul and his father were in Ord, but I chatted with his wife a short spell. She said the nice pair of colts in the yard the boy was using in his project work. Hoofing it again I went cross lots, up and down a few small mountains, to Frank White's. In what I thought was the front yard, but what proved to be the back, a couple spotted hogs had gone into the mining business, and were tossing great chunks of dirt up with their snouts. Perhaps they thought there is "gold in them thar hills." If there only was! And if we could only train hogs to work like they do elephants.

I visited with Mrs. White a few minutes, and then Paul and Frank came, and I visited with them a few minutes longer. Mighty nice folks even if the depression and drouth have them on the run.

Walking back a few hills to the car to find the boys very nearly fighting. I quelled them and in another minute they were dividing an apple as good friends as ever.

Next stop south was Albert Haught's. He was cleaning out the barn, but was glad to rest a minute and visit even with me. He proved to be a pleasant fellow to chat with. Big white circles have been painted on the doors of the red barn, and I told him he should take a little more paint and make some faces there. Then, we agreed, from an aesthetic standpoint the painting job would be complete.

On south again to Ben Nauenburg's, where he and Jess Waller were getting a load of wood. We talked a few minutes. I stopped at the home as we drove along, and Ben has a neat place speckled with Silver Laced Wyandottes, and they were a pretty bunch. Most of the roosters had a single comb, and she said she liked them better that way.

On west to Walt Cummins'. Walt came to the door step and we laughed and talked for quite a while. He said Albert's and Anthony's came to his place and read the Quiz so that paper does treble duty. I have concluded if the audited list is 2500 subscribers, that figure ought to be about doubled.

Walt has just returned from an extended trip to New York and we talked of that and many other things, including politics. Just before I left he took from his pocket and asked me to read a new version of the 23rd Psalm. It started something as follows. "The President is my shepherd I shall not want, he maketh me _____." In spite of the huge enjoyment we two derived, I guess I better not quote it all, as that is running things into politics.

Turning around, careful not to hit any machinery parked at the road side, I drove east to Will Plate's. Will was gone, but I talked with Mrs. Plate a few minutes. They are German folks, Just having immigrated before the war, but she talked remarkably well and I enjoy listening to her dialect. Wm. was a soldier many years in his younger days in the German army. I told him once on the way to Omaha, that if he had stayed in Germany he might have had his head shot off in the war. He has seen the Kaiser several times when the latter reviewed the armies.

Plate's have a fertile place there, but the buildings are small and unsatisfactory. Will had penned off a little patch and had been making garden. I would have hoofed it across the creek and visited with Roy Williams a few minutes, but Mrs. Plate said Roy and his wife were gone.

Back north and turning in at John Boyce's, there to find him and Clarence Bresley trying to pull up a well, and having their troubles. The well was determined to stay embedded some 200 feet in the ground. I was reminded of a tooth pulling affair or two I have had. I stood and watched the per-

formance a few minutes and sauntered away for I was sure one of my teeth was beginning to howl right then. Clarence followed me to the car and we visited a few minutes and we hurried on.

I turned toward home. I drove on north and turned in and visited a minute with Riley Brannon. He was grinding corn, and I told him not to grind up that calico cat. Calico cats are my favorites. Black, white and yellow, blended together, and what could be prettier regardless of whether it has long hair or short.

The day was later than I thought. I had to hurry and detour 1 1-2 miles south to get to town. I maintain it is an outrage that a temporary crossing cannot be arranged at such places when repairs are made on important thoroughfares. But the road men should give a d_____ if the hundreds of cars have to drive 3 miles out of their way, because these men are too busy to do anything but build the new. Trains do not stop when bridges are repaired or built, but public work is different. It was six thirty when I drove into the garage.

April 4, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet

By GEORGE GOWEN

"The Roving Reporter"

Leaving home at nine for the galavanting. I tarried a minute at John Manchester's shoe shop and he propounded in vivid pictures how the town is going to thunder because there is no place to buy beer here. One might gather that beer is all anyone comes to town for any more. I fail to understand his logic when there is so much good home brew in the land.

Out of town and west past where two bridges are being built, and south again, making the first stop at Anual Frazer's. Anual was in the sand hills bringing home some horses. Mrs. Frazer was raking the front yard, and she gladly leaned on the rake handle and visited a few minutes. Who wouldn't? She said Anual would be home after while and I better stop as I came back along.

West a way and turning in at Cliff Collins'. Cliff has a job on the road maintainer. His wife Esther, went through high school with me. She was trying to inveigle her laundry to dry before the dust came up, but was encountering difficulty. Her little boy and Dick went to work overhauling some machine in the shop while she and I renewed our school days out of the wind on the east side. Several cars went humming along, and each time the driver would stretch out his neck, and I suppose now some terrible scandal will be started. Anyway we rehashed a little class history, and would have gone over it all if duty didn't call.

Stopping next at Harold Fisher's. Mrs. Fisher was raking the garden, and I leaned on the gate and visited there a few minutes. There is something about leaning on the garden gate, but I assure you I did all the leaning and she did the raking. I stayed there until I felt ashamed for not taking the rake in hand and allowing her to lean a while, so I excused myself

Hearing Harold at the barn I moseyed out that way. Their buildings are grouped closely together so they do not need a bicycle with which to do their chores. Looking into the barn I saw a very near pinto horse there. My Dad use to tell me a pinto had many colors. Harold said it is an Appalucha. He didn't know how to spell it and neither do I, but anyhow the colt sure was a dandy, nearly white, with specks of red and black, and white in his eyes.

I visited a little with Harold and he showed me his brood sows. Jersey reds, 16 in all, and the nicest bunch I have seen this year. He sold one a few days ago and it weighed 370 pounds and not a year old yet.

On south to Bill Brennick's. His hens were having a cackling bee in the coop and I asked him if they laid as well as they cackled and he said they didn't. He wasn't very enthusiastic about an agent

bugging him, or trying to sell him the paper. He said he knew what it was and I needn't even send him a sample copy, but after a while he consented to take it if it came for nothing. As I was about to freeze and so was he, I jumped in the car and hiked a little ways east to see Russell Peterson.

Rustle was two-rowing his corn. At least he was running his go-devil in the lister ditches where his corn should have been but wasn't. He was working a mighty nice grey team in the middle. And as they came up the rows, their heads bobbing, it was plain to see why Rustie might be proud of them. We talked a few minutes about the dust blowing, and the prospective drouth, and the grain planting, and of Rustie's father Pete, who always joshes me about working my wife too hard and making her milk so many cows. That's one place where my wife is a failure. That's milking cows. Too much Arthritis. Motto: A farmer should always look for soundness first and brains last when picking women and horses.

Back west to the road and turning in at Guy Mulligan's. He was repairing the screen door. Some of the first harbingers of spring are the raking of yards, tacking up the screen doors and planting sweet peas. The folks in this neighborhood are rushing the vernal season like the first jonquils. A quondam tractor as large as a small mountain decorated the north yard, and it was to this that my boy and Guy's boy at once made their way.

A little treatise on the argument of horses and tractors might be in place at this point. A quondam tractor is a very fine thing for kids to play with. Much better than a quondam horse. Where is there the dad that would not rather his boy would play on a tractor that had been discarded for a year than on an old horse that had been dead for a year? And where is there a modern boy who is not more delighted with even a quondam tractor than a quondam horse? One way of keeping the boys on the farm but who wants to do that after the last few years.

On east to Edwin Schudel's. The dust was beginning to whirl around our ears. Edwin was attempting to get some trees out of the drifts of dust, but he was glad to stop a minute and show me his baby chickens, and his farm. Edwin has a nice place there, with a blue spruce in the front yard and a front door to the house as well as a back. The barns were all painted and in repair, and things in general appeared as if a few shekels had rolled his way some time or another.

Into the house to see the wife a minute. Everything would have been spic and span there if the dust wasn't filtering in so fast. Mrs. Schudel is another one of our girls, so to speak. She worked at our home when I was a youngster, and she was a little older. And Edwin was making a business of calling at our house then too.

Edwin showed me his tractor. He had fixed a dust cap over the front gears like the new ones have, also several other mechanisms that he made in his shop. Edwin might have missed his calling. Perhaps he should have been an engineer, but he is about as successful as any of us folks who are struggling at the farming business.

Back west to Clyde Willoughby's. He had gone into dinner and he invited me into the kitchen. There I visited a few minutes with him, and his wife and their fat 8 months old baby. He probably won't be so fat in another year when he starts running away to the field to see his Dad. They have a nice new house and a nice barn, and live on a nice farm if it would only rain. Refusing to stay to dinner, as I did at Edwin's we scudded on over a hill and down into a canyon, heading for Alex Brown's.

Alexander is the big assessor in these parts and he gets elected and reelected by huge majorities. His principle is to make a business of writing the schedules low enough. He says they (meaning the fellows in the court house) will see to making them bigger but he never knew of them making the schedules smaller. That principal in mind he endears himself to the constituents and always wins the necessary votes. Inasmuch as Cushing is preening himself for the governor next year, I suggest we boom Alex for the one-house legislature.

Alex came hurrying out of the house and lead me inside. He is one of my wife's relatives, a fact that some fellows never mention except with disgust. But Alex and I never try to borrow any money of each other and so get along fine. He had no sooner found out my mission than he tried to sell me a flat iron his wife is agent for. We dickered for some time, but no way we could figure but what one

or the other would have to dig up about four dollars, and it happened we were both short three of that necessary four.

She poured us a cup full of coffee and Dick and I ate our lunch there. I told them not to tell the neighbors for I had just refused two invitations to dinner. After lunch, and a few jokes and laughs he showed me an acre or so of garden they have already planted, including sweet peas and we were off.

They have been living on sheep this winter. They have butchered about half their ewes, and every one they butchered would have had twins, and those they saved have only had single lambs. I would say that is following the spirit of the AAA program with a vengeance. I would suggest the fact be mentioned to Sec. Wallace and perhaps Alex might be given a good job. Then he would have money enough to subscribe.

On around the canyon to Bert Williams'. I used to drive this road with my eyes shut, for it was at this place I landed my wife. It looked about the same, except before when I used to come it was mostly after dark and I departed in the wee hours of the morning.

Be that as it may, Bert and his boy and I visited for quite a few minutes in the shop out of the wind. I think he was glad to have me leave for when I came back along they were at work in the field.

South again and across the road, and turning in at Herbert Goff's. He was batching as his wife had gone visiting. He showed me the place and I discovered he had some nice improvements there. Two silos, a nice cow barn, cattle sheds, hog house, shoots, and all painted in tip top color. The wind whirling too hard to make it at all pleasant to work, if there is any such a thing as pleasant work, he loafed and chatted with me.

Back again to the road and south and up a long lane and to the yard of Maynard Finley. There is about the neatest, prettiest place I have seen yet. Everything painted and in order, no quondam machinery or dead horses near by, the doors all hung and the fences in ship shape. A sleek green lawn, a crooked creek, tall ash trees, a nice house in which was a pretty wife. Maynard was in the field so I did not look around any but hurried on.

If I just had a farm like that and had it paid for there would be no more letters to Uncle Jake or Work Sheets. Homer, how long do you suppose it will be, working for you before I can save enough to buy a pretty farm like that? All I have to start with now is the good looking wife.

I stopped along the road and talked with Maynard a few minutes. He says he gets the Quiz from his brother on Saturday, and they couldn't live without it.

Up the hill past Pleasant Hill school and turning in at Stanley Brown's. He is another of my wife's relation, and in spite of that he is a dandy nice fellow, whom the drouth and depression has put the thumb screws down on pretty hard. He was in the house to get away from the dust and I was invited in and chatted there a few minutes. He followed me to the car and begged me to bring the wife and come and stay longer next time.

West again to Arch Jefferies. He was in the field farming, and his wife was baking cookies. They have some of the nicest Buff Orphington chickens I have seen yet, and they say they sell setting eggs to the hatchery.

South and west to Elmer Steider's. He was burning Russian thistles on yonder hill. His wife visited a minute in the door. I asked her if they had enough cattle and hay to fill that big barn and she said all the cattle had been sold before the raise in price. We had a good time sympathizing with each other for I had done the same.

South again to Ben Nelson's. Ben and his wife were to town. The good looking hired girl told me they did not take the sheet, and I promised her a sample copy. This is one of the best places on Davis Creek. I was sorry Ben was gone for I would like to have chinned him a few minutes.

South again to Walt Orent's. He had been grading up the yard. He had a nice bunch of fifty red hens. He said they were picking up about forty eggs a day. He had a half-grown pup there that at once became playful with Dick and they even got into a wrestling match before I left.

South again to Wm. Portis'. They were all in the house to get away from the wind and dust. I was invited in and Dick and I sat down and chatted a few minutes. Dick nearly fell asleep, and it was so comfortable there I dare say I would have liked to. Before I left Will showed me his horses. He has a

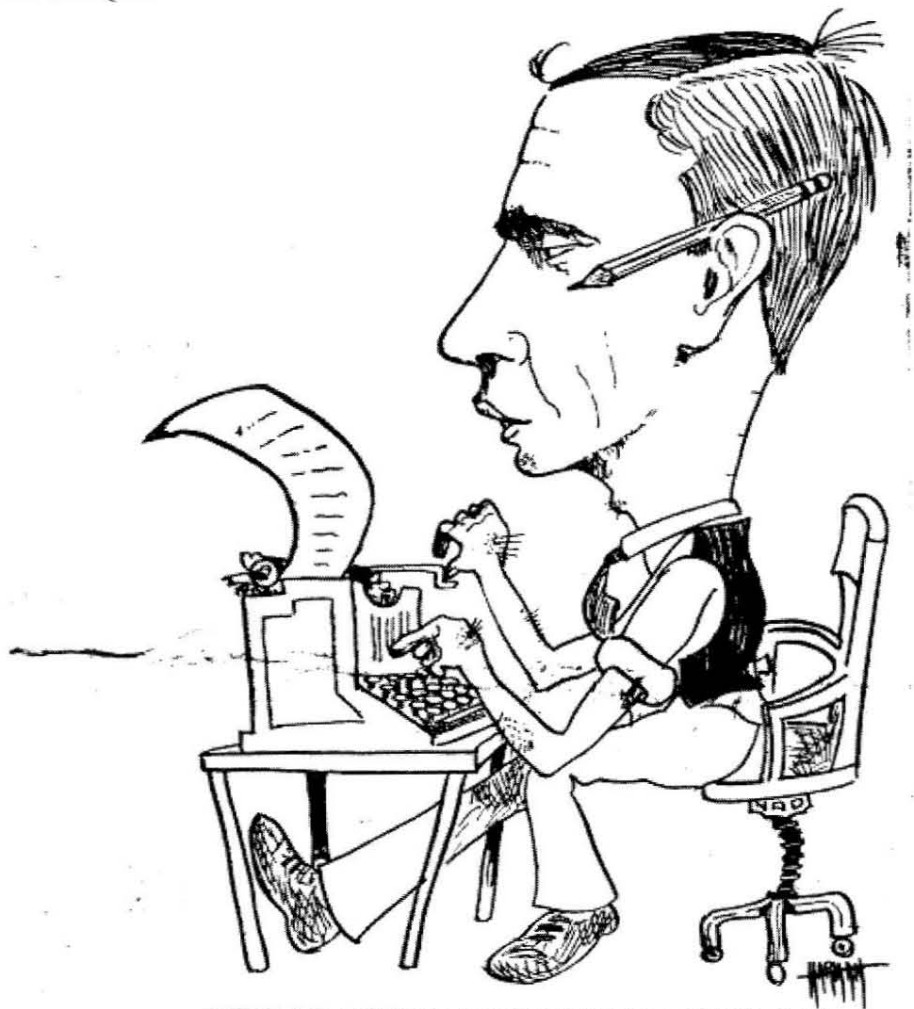
team of brown mares, with buckskin noses. One has a new baby and another one is expected. I believe that team of mares is the nicest team I have seen on my travels, not counting the team of suckers of Arnold Bredthauer's. Will has some nice Black Angus cattle too, most of which were sold last fall. I am glad to have people show me their good stuff. Better mention that than some things I do.

Across the road to Joe Orent's. He was in the field. His wife said they did not take the sheet but would like to if they had the money. That is what they all say. Every one is alike. Out of money. And they will not buy on time either. Most of the folks have learned a lesson about buying on time. Orent's have a nice place there, on a side hill, neat and painted. The house is white trimmed in red, and the last place in the county.

Chore time at hand we hurried home, arriving about six, tired and weary even if we didn't work.

April 4, 1935 - Cartoon

The Ord Quiz

**GEORGE GOWEN, THE "ROVING REPORTER"**

... "the legs of the table are true to life, anyway," was Mr. Gowen's comment when he saw this cartoon. A farmer near North Loup, he finds time to collect material for and write this department, "The Work Sheet," as well as writing another popular Quiz column, "Care of the County Board," for each issue. Mr. Gowen also contributes occasional feature stories to the Quiz and has sold literary work to several farm magazines and other publications.

April? 11?, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet

By GEORGE GOWEN

"The Roving Reporter"

A skift of snow and colder. A good day for the pilgrimage. Stopping a minute in town to visit with my wife's folks, E. E. Davis. He is a lover of horses, but is all sold out. So I loaned him my roan three-year-olds, and he is delighted with them, showing them to his friends, and grooming them for spring work. His wife has some nice light Brahma chickens, a hot bed, a flower garden and a flock of canaries. Not bad folks, even if they are my wife's folks.

Hurrying on south and west, a few flakes of snow in the air, I pass the Barker school house, turn south and stop first at Chas. White's. Chas., Mrs. White and son Rex, were in the house, the inclemency of the day being too severe for farm work. Chas. has been having serious trouble with his eyes. He was the first person to take the cataract treatments of Auble, and we are glad to hear Chas. is much improved. He and Rex have not raised any hogs for a long time, and I dare say they are not the losers the last few years. They have a good quarter there, nearly level and do practically all their farming with a tractor.

On south to Merrill VanHorn's. Merrill was at the barn tinkering, and so we sauntered out there out of the wind, and talked over the times. Merrill has a reputation of having some extra nice Holstein cows. On account of the drouth most of them are rented out to a person in another part of the state. They will be back again the first of May, but Merrill said not any too good shape he is afraid. He and his boy have rented a lot of extra land. Here's hoping they get more rain than last year. They have one boy, who took the scholarship in North Loup high school and is attending the agriculture college now.

South a little more and stopping at Ed Green's. Ed had gone, but his wife visited a minute. These folks have played in hard luck financially. He started farming about the time prices began slipping downward, and last year's crop didn't help any either. To make things extra bad, a few days ago one of a team of horses belonging to his mother, which she had been offered \$300.00 for, died. That leaves Ed short a horse. Mrs. Green said she believed they would have more money if they moved to town and worked on the FERA, and I am not sure but she is right. Most of us farmers would. Ed is always so good natured one would never dream but what all is fine with him. They have a couple dandy kids, and the little girl brought her doll to show me.

I was sorry Ed was not at home. He and I are exactly the same age to the day. We probably played together as much as with any other kids when we were little rats. And there was one thing we never could quarrel over, and that was who was the oldest.

On west and into the yard of Herman Stobbe. Herman asked me into the house. He, Mrs. Stobbe, Dick and I visited for a half an hour or so, having a fine time. As I was about ready to go, Herman complimented me and told me he always read my stuff in the paper. At that remark Mrs. Stobbe threw up her hands in astonishment and exclaimed, "Are you Geo. Gowen?" She thought I was another fellow, I better not mention for his sake. It was all right for she hadn't said anything mean about me or anyone else that I recall.

Herman is another sort of a "board of trade" friend of mine. He and I like to gamble a little feeding cattle. Last year Herman fed some lambs and did well on them, helping him out of the woods quite a ways. He thinks he may try it again next year but is glad he didn't this. They have a nice home there, all modern, full basement, and Herman says as good as a city. Their two kids had a couple of clever bird houses they had just made which were perched on poles in the front yard.

South again and turning in at Chas. Collins'. Charles was out of hearing but Doyle showed me the horses. They have a sorrel one there with a light tail and mane that they were offered something like \$400.00 for. Then a team of three-year-olds that would be mighty nice when they are a little fatter. And a roan sucker that I liked the best of all. These folks have bought a new tractor and are going to try that this year.

Across the road to Pete Meyer's. Pete was home warming by the fire but he came out on the porch and talked with me a few minutes. He said he gets the Quiz once in a while of Herman's to read but not half often enough. Pete works for Herman, and the government. He had three white geese hissing around, and a couple dogs, one of which does not belong there. They nearly got in a good fight, but something else took their attention and spoiled the fun.

On south around a few curves in a canyon road, across a recently made ditch and into the yard of Will Eglehoff. Will asked me in and we sat down by the furnace and talked of the times, and about the neighbors, but nothing bad about them. They told me they were about to leave for the U. B. church for dinner, where Ladies Aid was in session so I did not tarry long. As we were about ready to leave Mrs. Eglehoff gave Dick and I each a coconut cookie, that was sure fine. There was a recipe you should get for the Cook's Col-Yum-Yum.

Will showed me his little pigs. He had six sows shut up in a six-sided brooder house, and they were as cozy there as "so many bugs in a rug." And they were nice red hogs too. Then Will has some cattle on feed, and that is something unusual this year. He has a nice big barn that he built during the war, and he said he had to get a permit from the government to build it.

On south a few more curves to Glen Eglehoff's. He was just turning out his White Leghorn hens, and they were a pretty sight. He says they are getting a lot of eggs, and I could have vouched for that by the looks of the hen's red combs. Glen has about sixty hogs that he says should have been sold before, and a few Black Angus cattle. He farms with a tractor and runs a truck, which might spell prosperity had tarried some time or another.

On south again past some Yucca plants on the side hill, a dangling scare crow, an ash grove and to the yard of Will Rendall. All the folks had gone to Ladies Aid but Will, and I found him gathering the eggs from a nice flock of White Rocks. A hatchery takes the eggs.

Will showed us a peculiarly marked new-born colt, and a nice team of Clydesdale geldings. Then he let Dick peek down the silo. They have a little old corn yet in the crib which is out of the ordinary too. Will told me everyone in the neighborhood except Allen Tappan would be at Ladies Aid. Eglehoffs asked me to come over there to dinner, but I couldn't quite muster the courage, as an agent, working for the Quiz, to go over to the church. I was afraid it would look like I was carrying my business there.

I drove to Allen Tappan's. Allen was home and came out of the house and we visited in the barn for quite a few minutes. Allen is attempting to raise Holsteins. We have a sort of kindred spirit, for that is my breed too. He has been having some trouble with his bull calling at the neighbors. The neighbors throw up their hands in Holy Horror at the sight of the spotted bull in their yard, but Allen says he cannot see why it is any worse for his Holstein to go there than for their Hereford to come to his place. On this point we agreed perfectly. I told him at one time last summer when I was feeding grain in the pasture I had five bulls at once there, all belonging to the neighbors. I could not see under the circumstances why I was not entitled to keep a bull, so I bought a breachy Jersey and turned him loose. Just shows what kind of a fellow I am.

Allen has had a notion to write for the papers. I urged him to try it. I assured him he could do no worse than I. He has a particular grudge against the Frazier-Lempke bill. He says, "The president hesitated for several months before he signed it. When he concluded that he would have to do some thing to keep all the lawyers in the land off the FERA, he immediately signed the bill." I would gather from Allen's talk he does not have any too much love for lawyers or the bill either. Be that as it may, I have been told a number of times, that the Tappan place is the best one on Davis Creek. And I have known that Allen is a prince of a fellow.

Yielding this day to the Ladies Aid, and planning to be back next week, I retraced my tracks and stopped at Hub Thorngate's. He asked me in by the fire, where his daughter Vesta was waiting for some women to come to practice a play. Hub and Vesta are church friends of ours, and more than that, old time friends. He hailed from the same neck of the woods my folks came from, back in Missouri and Wisconsin.

After visiting a few minutes in the house, Hub showed me some nice white faced heifers he has saved from the drouth, and a dandy black saddle pony with a glass eye. Hub has rented his land all out to Merrill VanHorn and is going to spend his time making a large garden. He has it all plowed and ready to plant.

On north to Therlow Weed. He too, was warming himself by the fire. We were asked into the house and chatted there a few minutes. Therlow says he could hardly live without the Quiz, and gets as much out of the ads as any part of it.

Dick had a little attack of the hiccoughs at this point. Mrs. Weed offered him a spoonful of sugar, but I guess he thought it was poison, for he positively balked. He quit hiccoughing however, perhaps the scare did the trick.

Therlow is the big assessor in Davis Creek township. He says this is the thirteenth trip he has assessed. Therlow always thought he was a Republican, but he has been nominated and elected at different times on both tickets. Now, Homer, I suggested last week we boom Alex Brown for legislature next year. But I believe Therlow has even a better record. Let's boom him for Congress. Why keep such popular men in such dinky offices?

On north a short distance to Frank Psota's. All these folks have "no agents" signs out but I blurted right in just the same running the risk of getting my head shot off. Frank was in the field, but Mrs. Psota was very friendly and showed me their pretty yard they are fixing up. They have just built a nice lily pool, and a high neat yard fence. In fact it is one of the nicest places I have seen yet. The house nearly new and all modern. The barns are also nearly new and in good shape. She complained that their cattle did not look very good, but compared with many I see, I thought they were a little extra good shape. They have a pair of fine boys who rather help their dad with the farm work than go to town. Some of us better learn the secret.

In through this section there is some mighty nice land. Six or eight farms that can hardly be beat in the county.

North and west to Anton Psota's. He was gone and Mrs. Psota was sweeping the back porch. They have a new house, some of the old boards from the old one still on deck. A truck, a tractor and a barn peppered with pigeon holes all over the front.

West again to Rudolf Psota's. He was in Ord. Mrs. Psota said I could look at their Polled Hereford cattle. They have a nice place there, along a little creek. A big yellow house, a big yellow barn and some small yellow chickens (Buff Leghorns).

Back east to Chas. Brennick's. Charles and his boy Bob were tinkering a Deere John tractor in their well equipped shop. This is a place one might write a feature article about if Charles would consent. Many are the little fixings about the place, which were made and devised by Charles and his boys. He has a winding machine he carries the mail from the road (about 40 rods) to the house, and it works perfectly. He has a hog wallow on the side of his hog house, covered with a roof. The water comes from the cistern, and drains to a canyon. Charles says he would not raise hogs without it. Everything on the farm is in shipshape, and the worst part of it all was, Charles was a little modest about showing me about.

After he had entertained Dick with a few tricks of their pet dog, we hurried on, stopping at Devillo Crandall's. Devillo was setting some hens, but took time to show me his place. He has a large hog house with a straw loft, and other equipment for extensive hog raising, but very few hogs. He showed me his milk cows which were about as fat as any cows I have seen in a long time. And the one black one is about as large a one as I have seen either.

He and his mother live there alone in that great big house. They have a big barn with a bigger hay mow, and a nice farm. Devillo wanted me to tell the Quiz folks he is about broke, but I know better and that is that. I wish I was broke like he is.

Passing the school kids, we hurried home. Stopping in town we learned a license had been granted to sell liquor, the first time in 53 years. We arrived home a little earlier this time, and not quite so tired. Next week to Davis Creek again, and if they are not at home I may even go to Ladies Aid

April 18, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet By GEORGE GOWEN *"The Roving Reporter"*

On account of the rain and the bad roads I could not make my Roving Reporter job. At least I did not feel inclined to go plowing off ten or twenty miles through the mud, when another week might bring better roads. But "What's the use of our complaining, when it's raining, raining, raining."

I called on a few fellows at town, while I was running up and down the streets between attempts to rent or sell a building for the new restaurant to sell beer. There are several empty rooms on the street, but the most of them will not be leased to sell liquor. The North Loup Building and Loan has no scruples.

I called on Art Willoughby at the elevator. There was quite a crowd of folks there all avidly discussing the new beer license. Art is one of the members on the town board and said he never was in such a hot spot as when he was trying to decide what to do. He said the question of granting a license was raised the night before election. He was very much opposed to deciding before he found out the sentiment of the people as it would look like the board was trying to pull a fast one. The next night the board was called to decide some question about the paving. The report was made to them that the wet candidates were elected, so then the board went ahead and granted a license.

Art seems to hold the balance of power. He explained to me in the shop when we were alone, that he told Bill Vodehnal he would not vote for granting the license without it was a four to one vote. Bill had always before voted dry (so to speak) but at this time fell in line with Art and put the thing over. Paul Madsen and Chas. Faudt had been consistently wet, Arch Moulton and Bill, dry.

Mrs. Willoughby was in the elevator. She told us that Art is as dry as the Sahara Desert but it was his desire to do as the majority wanted. And so it goes. Everywhere the wet and dry issue is raised. For the first time in 49 years, since 1885, liquor will soon be sold in North Loup, with Ira (Dutch) Manchester behind the counter.

I have heard both sides of the question. I am not in favor of liquor in any form and hear that side. But inasmuch as I live out of the county, I presume it is not my fight. I have a building to rent for the Building and Loan and as a result hear the scrap from that angle.

As I say I presume it is not my fight. But the country folks are as interested as the town folks and talk of it as much. Some think it is a trade getter and on the other hand one man said, "If that is the class of trade they are after. I feel impelled to go elsewhere." Many folks living near the city think they should have a voice in the thing even if they do happen to live a mile or two out.

There is some provision of the law that says if a petition against the sale of liquor containing 51% of the actual voters at the last election, the board shall not grant a license, regardless of their sentiments. The dry forces circulated a petition. Upon it there were something like 158 names, with ten or more who did not sign it because they were out of town. This number was half or more than half of the voters at the next to the last election. But the dry candidates (so to speak) only received around 120 votes. And it was not a vote on liquor. It was a vote on the men. There was no mention of

prohibition on the ballot. Some of the people divided the men as wet and dry. But it is plain to see that there were some 30 or 40 who didn't. And the last time the city voted on the prohibition question, the dry vote was ahead.

The business men were largely in favor of the license. At least there were only about four men on the street who signed the petition. Inasmuch as only the dry side had a petition, those who did not sign were helping the wets. There was no neutral stand to be taken.

The board looked over these names very carefully. The majority of the signers were women and folks who are not in business. Upon that basis of reasoning some people and some members of the board argued a license should be granted regardless.

The dry forces conferred with the county attorney. The wets with divers other lawyers. At the board meeting a lively discussion was held over which attorney knew the most about the liquor laws and about everything. Even yet, there might be more fun, should someone file a complaint with the county attorney.

There were four or more applications for a license and only one was granted. As yet no one has found out why this man was chosen, or why all four were not granted. Some argue if the license money is good for the town, more would be better. I asked one member of the Board the why fore. He was a little piqued and told me in effect it's the Board's business but not mine. Perhaps he was right, but everywhere the question is raised, by both the wet people and the dries. I have not seen a man yet who could answer that question and practically everyone is wondering.

I stepped into Arch Moulton's shoe shop for a minute. He has been consistently dry. He has been on the board for eight years and has been the mayor for some time. V. W. Brown, one of the fellows who has worked the hardest for liquor in North Loup is reported to have said that Arch is the best town board member the city has ever had. Arch positively refused to run again. He would not vote for a license and would not sign one as mayor, saying he would resign first.

I tried to buy a pair of boots of him. He was sold out, the paving gang having just left with his whole stock. The mud in the streets has helped someone anyway.

I tarried a few minutes and talked with Albert Babcock in the bakery. Before the drouth struck he started this little bakery in the city. He wished he had not started up in the drouth year and I told him there are a lot of us that would have done differently if we had known the drouth was coming. His father, A. H. Babcock has been one of the firmest Old Guards in the community, and while we were chatting, they kneading bread and I perched on a can of lard, Dr. Hemphill sauntered in.

I owed Dr. \$10.00 for a pair of specks. I at once attempted to settle with him, paying eight dollars and year's subscription to the Quiz. My sales talk seemed to fall on deaf ears. He kept changing the subject to politics. Finally he left for his office, he not subscribing, nor I not paying my bill. Now, H. D. if I just stand him off long enough perhaps after while he will be glad to take the whole account in Quizes.

Be that as it may, Dr. Hemphill has been at almost all of us folks' homes in sickness, births and deaths for many years. His confinement cases have run into the thousands. Were all the people he has helped into the world gathered together there would be a city like Ord. He has two sons who are M. D.'s and a daughter with an equal education. And more than that, Dr. Hemphill is considered one of the best diagnosticians in the state.

Having an errand to Rev. Warren's I made my way in that direction through the mud. I referred to him once "as our dapper minister" and was criticized quite severely for it. Nevertheless he is always meticulously dressed, and meticulously careful never to say anything to offend anyone. He is the only preacher we ever had whom I could listen to every Saturday without playing hooky or cat napping. I have not missed a day in church in a long time.

I do not know his magic. He usually has something worth while to say. But if he should ever fail on that score, I can rest assured he will stop when the time comes and when he is through. That is a quality few ministers I know of are blessed with. As far as I am concerned I hope he never leaves us. His wife is stricken with heart trouble. She was in bed when I called. Every time I ask how his wife

is, he answers my inquiry and returns the question. We are fellow sympathizers because both have to help wash the dishes and spank the babies. Good thing I have one likeness to this fine man.

There again the liquor affair was discussed. Rev. Warren had been one of the leaders on the dry side. He was disappointed in that his side had apparently lost in the fight, but even at that he said "nary a word" of disrespect for anyone.

Slipping and sliding homeward, I stopped at the mailbox to find a letter from Geo. Rounds of Lincoln. He said he has been reading my stuff and is one of my fans. He further said, "Although I have not been around home for any length of time for several years, I certainly remember all the people you mention." He complimented my writing and I certainly was pleased for he is a journalist and should know his business. He added the postscript: "If this note will help you get a raise out of H. D., show it to him." Don't worry, I'll show it.

Many years ago, when George was going to the University, he happened to be on the train going back to school the same day I shipped a load of steers. Being the only fellows on the caboose, we fell to visiting, he telling of his school affairs and troubles working his way, and I of the cattle business and former Uni days. The two hours between North Loup and Grand Island were all the acquaintance I ever had with the boy.

In spite of that I always had a warm spot in my heart for him and considered him one of my closest pals. I read every story in Sunday papers that he writes with the greatest interest, feeling every minute, "that fellow is an old friend of mine."

Apparently he had only a fleeting remembrance of me. Without a doubt I was forgotten the moment we parted at the yard house. Several times I have waved at him, once in Lincoln, and he cannot place me. But I will not give up but what the fellow who writes those feature articles in the Sunday Star-Journal is a boon friend of mine.

Another letter there from Broken Bow. It too was probably a fan letter. All it contained was a couple of drawn pictures, one a copy of a cartoon from the Quiz and the other a pretty girl with red lips, entitled, "Your girl." If I had known there was as fine an artist in Broken Bow, I never would have looked elsewhere.

It was signed A. M. C. and I deducted the dilettante must be Alma Cornell. If that is the person, she is the youngest daughter of Will and Nellie Cornell. Mrs. Cornell is another one of our girls, so to speak. She worked for us in our house when I was a tiny tad. She not only worked for us (like most the others) until she got married, but our place was so much her home, that the wedding was held there too.

I drove the car on another quarter of a mile through the mud and into the garage. Scurrying into the house, I pulled a big chair to the light, and read a story by Wodehouse, listening with delight to the "pitter patter on the window pane." The Quiz will have to take a stay at home story this week, but it's worth it.

April 25, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet

By GEORGE GOWEN

"The Roving Reporter"

The phone bangs two longs and a short. Who in the dickens, I think. "Hello. Yes, yes. Going to leave in the morning at three? Whew! That's earlier than I usually arise. To South Bend tomorrow? But what will H. D. say? I was going on my hegira tomorrow and that is off the reservation. But, that is a roving job. Yes I'll be ready."

And so about three-thirty Frank Schudel drove into the yard. No glad hellos, no sad adieus. Donning my overcoat, I was in the front seat and we were off. Stopping for George Hutchins to join us, we swung onto the highway. The speedometer whirled to 60 and 65, and hung there tenaciously.

Splitting the night, we turned east at St. Paul and drove into the sunrise, the first faint flushes appearing as we drove toward Columbus. There we ate breakfast and sped onward. Quick vistas are flashed as we speed along.

A shetland pony farm, and the pigmy horses. A large crib of corn surrounded by rickety unpainted buildings; the passing of a car, in which a girl snuggling close to the driver. "Not married, yet," is our verdict. Then the city, driving in on 30. A sign by the roadside flits by, Omaha 210,000 Pop. A lot of pops. Past some beautiful mansions. I wonder if those people keep up their Building and Loan payments like the folks at home. "And I will warrant," I tell Frank, "They are not in the farming business."

Through Omaha, amid flocks of cars carrying the people to work. Over the muddy Missouri, paying our toll and into another state. Through Council Bluffs, and detouring south and over the Bluffs, where they are building a new road. Not by the mode of teams and men with shovels, but with a big steam shovel. It reaches out with its long arm and hand and picks up a truck load of yellow dirt with one bite. It swings around and drops the dirt in the dump truck and away it goes, making room for another truck. I am reminded of a mighty giant. Of cyclops perhaps, and how he picked up a huge rock and threw it at Ulysses and his crew.

On through the hills east of Council Bluffs, the sides of which are strewn with vineyards. On through a rolling country laden with signs of prosperity at some time. Here are large copious barns, tight fences, beautiful homes and large black fields. The heart of the corn belt, and one of God's favorite lands. Past extensive brick yards with seven kilns, only one of which is smoking. Past a dog farm, and some boys flying kites, past a lady leading a single horse while the old man holds the plow. Past two has-been circus parade wagons, past some mines and smoldering coal dumps, and to Des Moines.

Skirting the town we fly on past a corn field that has not been shucked, over Raccoon creek and Skunk creek, and to Newton, where we pay 50c for a 25c dinner. The other 25c was for style. And we have to pay 3c extra for sales tax.

On east we fly again. I see a blue bird and that means good luck. The land is still rolling, and the buildings not quite so nice as a ways back, but a wonderful land at that. Every little coulee is a grove of walnuts and maples. We pass a leaning silo and an old, old house of English style. No porches or wide gables. Built simply once and in style now. We speed by the Mennonite Woolen mills, where the folks live in old, large apartment houses, owned in Common. The men wear whiskers and the women dress in colonial style of large flowing dresses.

On to Davenport, "the gateway of the west, in the state where the tall corn grows." Swinging onto the large draw bridge over the Father of Waters which is moving deliberately southward. I long to tarry a few minutes to look at the elaborate docks and flat boats. We turn east through the many acres of U. S. Armory, where the government manufactures guns and ammunition to shoot off at our fel-

low men. Many acres of mammoth buildings and we are in another state, and the cities of Rock Island and then Moline.

Still driving eastward, the shadows begin to lengthen as we pass through Peru, and LaSalle. The sun sets sooner here than at home. We cross a bridge over the Chicago drainage canal.

But sunset means nothing to us. We plan to eat supper at Joliet. It is dark when we climb over the draw bridge and find a parking place. Here is the Illinois penitentiary where 8,000 men are incarcerated.

We are handed a Chicago Tribune while we wait for the meat to cook. I'd rather have a Quiz, but theirs had not arrived yet. Refueling with gas, we push on, arriving in South Bend, a third state, about ten, having covered some 750 miles since morning.

I was reminded of the first time we drove to Lincoln with our car. We arose early, packing our many grips, and preparing a lunch. After a wild time in preparation, and nearly forgetting our goggles and hat scarfs, we were off. We drove hard all day. We stopped along the road and ate our lunch. We had a couple flat tires, which took an hour to patch and pump up. A small dashing rain came upon us. We scurried out and put on the side curtains. We arrived in Lincoln in time for supper, weary, dirty, and sunburnt, but delighted we had made the 150 miles so quickly. I remember my father telling me how long it took him many years before to make the trip with an ox team. "How things have changed," he expostulated.

We went to a hotel, and jewed the clerk down a dollar on a room with a bath. Although it was not the right day of the week, I indulged in the tub luxury. That is something we farmers are not accustomed. That is, baths in bath tubs. Seven years ago I moved on to this farm from Lincoln and this was the first time since. Don't get excited. I have sauntered over to the river once in a while.

We slept good if it hadn't been for the street cars and busses disturbing the atmosphere all night long. I am reminded of when I moved on the farm from Lincoln. Our house was located near where the street car turned, and all night long it howled and rubbed around the corner. And the first few nights on the farm I could not sleep because it was so quiet.

South Bend is largely a manufacturing town. The Bendix products, the Singer sewing machine, the Studebaker cars, and the Notre Dame football teams are manufactured there. At eight we arose and went to the Studebaker factory. It covers eighty acres nearly solid with buildings, most of which are several stories high. Besides this there is 800 acres of testing grounds. They were closed down that day because of a strike back east and this factory could not get some of their raw material. When they do go, they turn out cars like a butcher turns out sausages.

Frank made his arrangements to get his cars. We went to a large building called the "Drive out." We found our cars marked, "North Loup Wet." We were dumfounded how the news of the actions of our village board could have traveled back there so fast. George's cars were fixed, and he left, he going home by another route and planning to visit some friends.

We were given a free dinner before we left. But why not. If one of our merchants had a customer who would buy \$2,500.00 worth of merchandise in one day, he would give him a dinner too.

We went to the parts department for some repairs. The boys there waited on us, going from one shelf to another on roller skates. That's service for your whiskers. I would think the government, or labor unions would get after them for doing too much.

We fellows had been looking all day among the myriads of lady clerks and stenographers for a good looking one. Throughout the trip we failed. We concluded for that product we must go home. We further deducted that the pretty ones had all got married and the homely ones got the jobs. And we did not know but the homely ones are the luckiest.

We started home after dinner with two new cars. This time we drove more slowly, 30 miles at first and never over 40. Frank drove and I read him the signs along the road. In a little town, a board proclaimed a camp as "Shady Nook." Sooner think it was on the shady side of life. Then there was Triangle Inn and Trail Inn. We saw Rube's Body Works, and Katz Bread and Storz beer. We do now at North Loup. Then Persey Lake with cold drinks and inner-spring mattresses. Just-a-Wee farm and a large barn that flaunted across the roof a patented medicine sign. And a shaving soap ad saying:

"He had the ring, He had the flat, She felt his chin, and that was that." And the sign in the restaurant, "Our coffee is pure as an angel, sweet as love, black as the devil and hot as hell." We bought a cup.

We stopped at Valparaiso for a supper of hard, greasy fried potatoes, that were none too done, tough meat, sour beans, and a fickle dish of ice cream all for fifty cents. I took the helm there and Frank napped. I drove to Davenport and missed the sign which I don't believe was there and we were lost and worried in that big city for a few minutes. Finding our way we climbed up from the river, under a viaduct and west toward home. I don't see why they build so many viaducts. In a few years there will be no more trains anyway.

Here Frank took the wheel while I slept and he drove for a couple hours. About four we changed and he slept. It is a soporific task pulling that long gray ribbon of slab under you hour after hour, and I had to fight to keep awake. We came to Des Moines entering by a long street flanked by tall poplars. Following the signs I sped through the city, going first one way and then another. I was terribly turned around, and as far as I was concerned, I drove in every direction. For a long time it seemed I was going straight east again. Turning to the south once I noticed a faint ray of light to my left. Morning had arrived.

On we hummed, following six. We passed a bakery truck starting for his daily jaunt, a milkman with his horse drawn wagon and a torch on his cap. Speeding into the country, past a University, I stopped on top a knoll for a fresh breath and a little exercise, trying to waken a little if I could. A meadow lark on a near-by bush chirped a happy good morning.

Again rolling westward I saw a man come out of the house with a milk pail on his arm, and heard his horses with pricked ears nicker for their breakfast. A little farther up the road a wife was calling for breakfast. A few more miles and a farmer was going to work in the field. My eyelids were bound to pull shut, I twitched my face, I wiggled, but of no avail. I dropped sleep for an instant. I could go no further. It's too dangerous. I stopped at the edge of the road and slumped into a sleep.

Frank relieved me then and we hurried on, looking for a place to eat breakfast. Finally we spied a little joint and stepped in. A young girl with pretty red hair and lips redder still, with penciled eyebrows, narrow eyes and a mind none too deep, asked us our wants. We wanted breakfast we told her and she brought us some pancakes I would have hated to insult Trey with, and then 50c.

The radio yowled so lustily we could not visit. Why do restaurateurs seem to think a radio must screech constantly? I have heard people say there are good programs on the radio, but I never knew of an eating house to find one. When we left someone was selling breakfast food. We wished we had had some in place of cakes. For the most part, no matter which restaurant you go to, you wish you had gone to the other one.

On west again, through Omaha and over 30 homeward and arriving at Frank's about 4:30, without a puncture or a speck of trouble, except with the eats. Now H. D. We traveled about 1,500 miles, and remember my contract calls for mileage. It is true I didn't sell any subscriptions, but I had you in mind all the time and if I had seen a prospect, I would have surely given him the works. And I was on the road about 50 hours.

May 2, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet

By GEORGE GOWEN

"The Roving Reporter"

Scampering around for an early start, we left our milk at the cheese factory, bumped over an alley through the paving gang, turned south and made my first stop at Bert Cummins'. He was getting ready to herd cattle on a dandy little black pony that the boy appropriated and rode about the yard

while Bert and I visited. He said he had nothing to show me except a nice pair of mules that were in the field. After looking at a brooder house full of White Rock chickens, I turned back east.

I climbed upon top of a hill to find Will Wheatcraft repairing a drill. His little four-year-old niece, Betty Stichler, was present. She at once led Dick off to show him her playhouse, and he was so attracted to the attractions there that he stayed until after dinner. Each time we take our lunch and each time we carry it home again. Nothing like using your head even if you are an agent. The heck of it all is to know at which place to stay without making all the others offended.

Anyway, Will has some nice horses, and a baby colt that is a full sister to one he sold last year for \$85.00 at weaning time. He has a nice two-year-old too, and the nicest White Rock chickens I have seen yet. They had legs under them like Charley horses. They have a nice home there in a sightly place on top of the hill, and near the school house.

Will showed me some playthings he had fixed up for his niece. One was a little trailer for her tricycle that if he had not told me I never would have known but what it had been factory made. He had also made a rocking horse that was a credit to anyone's mechanical ability. Taking a picture of the kids on these toys, I turned east to Cliff Collins'.

Cliff had traded cars and was fixing the roof of the garage. He crawled down and showed me his horses, and he has some nice ones, too. One mare he had been offered \$175.00 for. I couldn't see that much in her, and that just goes to show how good a horseman I am. Most of his younger ones are sorrels with light manes and tails. They have sorrel chickens, too (Buff Orpingtons) and nice ones. They sell eggs to some hatchery and think they profit by it, which is different than some folks think.

Cliff has a pretty place there, nestled down in the big cottonwood trees along the side of the creek (Davis Creek). Being a sort of a connoisseur of the tree and bud business, I was tempted to go wandering for a while, and might have if I hadn't thought the boss would have found out and raised thunder.

When I visited Art Collins a while ago, I called him Cliff, so you sent Cliff the paper that Art should have had. Now you send Art the sample copy that Cliff ought to have and then Cliff the paper that Art should have and maybe by switching them back and forth long enough they will get so aggravated they will both subscribe.

Back west and south and stopping at Jim Sample's. The folks were washing, but when they saw me coming they attempted to sweep up the dust. Otherwise their house looked spic and span, and I told them to rest—that their house was no dustier than everyone else's. Jim seemed glad to see me and we visited for quite a while. He is an invalid with arthritis. He has not walked for eight years, and has been troubled much longer. In spite of that, as far as I could see, he was more cheerful than many folks that are physically perfect.

We talked of his ailment, which is the same as my wife has, only not so bad, of politics, farming prices, horses, and many things. His wife came in and joined the circle too, and said she would have liked the paper but they were out of money. I told them if they had any money they would be the first people I had found yet who had any. I would have liked to stay longer but duty called. As I left I noticed they have west of the house one of the nicest orchards in this section of entire county. And their farm is a nice one too.

On west and turning in at Alvan Haines'. He had gone after the mail but not the Quiz. Their time had run out. They felt badly but until they grew something they could not spare the money. As my little sales talk was falling on deaf ears, I took a sidewise look at a nice pair of colts and scurried back east and turned in at Rube Athey's.

I was greeted at the door by a laugh and "Hello Roving Reporter." It was Mrs. Athey, Merna, who had gone to high school many years ago when I did. I had hardly seen her since those days when I laid awake nights, worrying over examination grades and whether I would get the next date with some charming girl or the other fellow would. Little trifles like paying debts and buying groceries were foreign to our vocabularies those days.

We visited for a few minutes about our “dear old by-gone school days,” and I hurried on. I stopped at Wheatcraft’s for the boy, but the kids were having such a wonderful time that I left him and drove west to Ivan Cook’s. Ivan was just unhitching from the field and we chatted a few minutes. He invited me to stay to dinner, the same as Mrs. Wheatcraft had done, but I declined telling him the noon hour was my best time. Ivan gets his mother-in-law’s paper and that helps that much toward buying groceries.

I scooted down the hill north to Mel Bower’s. Mel was at Bert Cummins’ returning a team he had borrowed to plow his garden with. Mel had nearly plowed up the door step. I deduced if they planted spuds there, they would not have to walk so far to get a mess for dinner. I visited a few minutes with Mrs. Bower and hurried back to Cummins’ to see if I couldn’t sell Mel the paper.

Here is where the excitement started. Bert, Corwin and Mel were unhitching the team. I quietly suggested to Mel he take the sheet. That one little sly suggestion was like lighting a match to see how full the gasoline tank is. Mel waded into me like a switch engine trying to move hundred cars of coal, in his attempt to sell me or trade me some accident insurance. He had just finished a correspondence course in salesmanship and he put every device in the whole course to play. Bert, an auctioneer by trade, and not so slow on the wind business either, joined the onslaught and I felt like Oliver Twist when he asked for more soup.

We both pooped the price so as to be able to come down a little. We made offers and counter offers. I even offered to allow him 50c for a tomcat on the trade. He called me a poor sport and said he always thought I was a nice fellow until now. He sadly proclaimed he was very much disappointed. He swung his hands and head both. In spite of that we were slowly getting closer to a bargain. Bert and Corwin, by main and brutal force grabbed Mel and I by the arms and injected us into the house and to the dinner table. They were hungry.

The trade was finally made but it cost me \$3.00 to sell the \$2.00 paper. So you see how anxious I am to get new subscribers. Of course I am to have some accident insurance, but to profit by it I have to have an accident. And who wants to have an accident? Mel said all I have to do now to get my money back is to drop a sledge on my foot good and hard, or get my eye put out, or a hand cut off. Sounds simple.

Say H. D., do you suppose you are going to have an accident? If you thought you were I would sell out pretty cheap. But here is the worst part of it. No pay if you get drunk. And now with the fiery stuff on sale in North Loup that spoils it all. Mel took my picture and is going to send it in to the president of the company or the President of the U. S., and tell them how he made a sale to a leading columnist. I found out later that he gets a dollar for that too. Say, H. D., there is the fellow you want to get to sell Quizzes for you, and if you could get them both I’ll bet they would sell the paper to everyone, if not by moral persuasion, then by auction.

Mel said he had finished the entire correspondence course on salesmanship except the last lesson. Pusillanimous creature that I am, I wonder what he might have sold me if he had only finished the course.

I hurriedly took my leave while I was all together. I picked up the boy, while Betty, with a tear in her eye, begged him to come back again tomorrow. We sped back north, making my next stop at Chas. Johnson’s. Charles was in the basement repairing his light plant and I sauntered around there. He was glad to see me and stopped his tinkering. We went upstairs and Mrs. Johnson showed me her house, and I believe it is the nicest farm home in this end of the county if not in the whole county. Stepping to the front porch, the vista for several miles to the south over quite a chunk of Davis Creek, with its dark black fields and huge trees made the nice home nicer yet.

Mrs. Johnson has some beautiful house plants. She said she had given slips to everyone that wanted them, and offered me some. I told her I did not know what my wife wanted or I would take some. Upon telling my wife of it she said, “You should have brought one of each anyway.” So you see I will have to make a second trip there some time. Chas. is one of the crack members of the county board and so popular, as yet, they just can’t oust him.

West again to Raymond Caddy's. He was gone to Loup City but his wife chatted a minute. She is one of Arch Negley's girls, and used to live around N. L. before her folks moved to Arcadia. As I sauntered off I noticed a black mule that had jumped out and a white that wanted to.

West again to Ernest Johnson's. He was tinkering a hog waterer, but gladly stopped to show me around. He has a dandy barn and hog house and 28 spotted brood sows, which is 4 more than Sec. Wallace says he can keep. His barns and yards are across the road from the house and as a result, not quite so close under one's nose.

We then went back to the house and he introduced me to his wife. I remembered her, for I had seen her many a time in the store in olden days. I told her she should know me anywhere after seeing my picture in the paper. We visited for several minutes in the house and then I took a look at their chickens.

They have White Minorcas and nice ones too. They lay great big white eggs and lots of them. A few days ago Ernest took a case to the cheese factory, and Art H. said they were the nicest eggs he had bought for a long time. Ernest is one of the best and oldest patrons of the cheese factory.

Across the road to Joe Petrytus'. He works for E. J. and lives across the road. I chatted with Mrs. P. a minute. She had been planting a garden and irrigating it with a bucket. And the peculiar part of it was, the water ran out of the pump without working the handle. Some well I thought. Mrs. P. is a daughter of Lem Knapp.

On west again and turning in at Howard Manchester's. He was unloading a load of corn and his wife stood near visiting so I entered the circle whether I was welcome or not. I approached the Quiz proposition and he said he would subscribe "if they would put the price to a dollar." Howard seemed determined not to give the \$2.00 so I left. They have a pretty place there beside the road and beside the creek. A lot of trees and a lot of wood already cut, and everything as neat and slick as a bandbox.

On west again and turning in at <missing text> might have visited with his wife too but he hasn't got one, so he can't be mad at me on that score. He was far off on a south field plowing with an iron horse. I felt just a little too lazy to walk over there, and I presume he didn't feel bad either. He had a nice deep green field of either wheat or rye there. I couldn't tell which.

Back east and north: and turning in at Mitchell's. Everyone was gone except Grandma Mitchell. She was trying to fix a coop for some little chickens and hiked around as quickly as a ten year old. I visited with her a few minutes and we had a fine time she being as bright at retort as she was lively.

I was about to leave when Lawrence drove in. He has some nice red brood sows, and raised milking Shorthorn cattle. Last year he broke ten heifers to milk and they gave on the average of four gallons a day for six months. He took the best ones to Central City for a man there to keep on shares. About a month ago Lawrence went to see them. He found them about starved, and one so weak she couldn't rise. He immediately took them home, loading the one with a block and tackle. He started to feed them. The down one recovered and the others are gaining but awfully thin yet. When they first came home the six gave 1 1-2 gallons a day.

About that time it started to rain. We jumped into the car and hurried home. I should have gone north a little ways and seen Fred Boyce and Neil Peterson, but I reasoned if I did I might get stuck in the mud and have to stay all night. I thought they would rather I come some other time.

I would have stopped and talked with Ralph Mitchell, but he was far off on the hill cultivating his corn. His wife is in the hospital at Kearney. Mrs. Mitchell said that Mrs. Ralph was getting a little better they thought, but not out of bed yet. Ralph used to live neighbor to me and is a fine fellow if I do have to say it. I was sorry I had to leave him, but I will catch him in town sometime and give him the works.

From here we hurried home, arriving about six, and before any rain arrived.

May 9, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet

By GEORGE GOWEN

"The Roving Reporter"

Ringling central I called for Ord. Harry Gillespie was at the board. He replied "Busy." I tried again with the same sharp reply. In a few minutes my ring rang. "What will you give me if I ring Ord for you?" he bargained. "A sample copy of the Quiz," I shouted and the deal was made. Now H. D., send them a sample copy and get that bill of mine paid.

Be that as it may, Harry and his wife are about the most accommodating "central girls" the town ever had. The exchange is supposed to close at ten, but they answer emergency calls at all hours without complaint, and with a smile singing over the wire. They play bridge with the same gang my wife and I train with and they are mighty good players. At least they can wallop us to a standstill, but that in itself wouldn't mean they were so good.

Leaving home at eight-thirty, I stopped and deposited my milk at the cheese factory, and then on west past the cemetery, to 57 school house and turning south to Herman Koelling's. Herman was tinkering his tractor, but he stopped long enough to show me his cattle which recently he had brought home from feeding in the eastern part of the state. Many of them are purebred Herefords and nice ones.

We looked the herd over, over the fence. Then over another fence we looked the herd bull over. Herman said he is the best bull the county over. I was a little overwhelmed. I suppose over to Clements, or over to Zangers, had they overheard Herman remark about his herd, had these men not been overcome, they might have come right over, and I would have heard them tell Herman they had heard he over-spoke about his herd. Because our looks went over the fence is no sign the herd went over. And there is no bull about this either.

Herman has a nice farm there, as so many farms are in Mira Valley, but he said that makes them worse in years like last year. The taxes are higher than on the poor farms, and the good ones grow no more.

On south to Mrs. Carl Koellings'. Although I had known Carl ever since I could remember, I never had driven onto his place. I said last week that Chas. Johnson's have the nicest house. I proclaim here that Mrs. Koelling has the prettiest farm yard in this end of the county, and it would be a credit to any of our towns.

Deep back in the protecting arms of tall trees the house sits. We follow a shady lane from the north and are greeted with a couple purple-leaved plums in the full bloom of lavender flowers. A neat steel fence protects the green lawn from fugitive birds and beasts. On the north and east the yard is flanked by tall and stately blue spruce, just breaking into new growth. A lily pool and flower beds snuggle near the edge, and over the east fence hundreds of apple trees, the blossoms bursting in full array of their spring attire, suffuse the air with rich perfume. A living memorial to a fine man whom we all miss; who has gone away a while.

Mrs. Koelling threw a coat over her shoulders and we walked about the house. She did not remember me, but I know them all. All of these folks were faithful customers of my folks long years ago in the store. They are all my friends, and I have trouble pulling away. Carl and I never met that we did not chat for a few minutes. The last time was at a cheese factory meeting, when we sat side by side on a box in the back of the room and helped elect each other to directorship in the organization. In less than a week I heard that one chair at the next meeting would be vacant.

Back to the road, then west, and south down a long lane. Suddenly a plank across the path spelled stop. A bridge was out. We scaled up and down the creek bank afoot a few miles (it seemed) arriving into the yard of Carrol Palser. Carrol works for Will Koelling, and so anxious was he to do his duty,

he did not stop to visit but hurried on across the field with the tractor. H. D., don't you wish I was that anxious to work?

Anyhow his wife by the relay of a good looking hired girl said they did not take the paper. I gathered they would like to but couldn't afford it. I promised them a sample copy and told them their ship might come in by the time the week was up and then they would never miss the money.

Hoofing it back to the car, we turned north and west to Will Koelling's. He was being assessed. I waited until Therlow was through and then I gave him the works. I will bet he thought the devil was after him for sure. The assessor upon the heels of which comes the Roving Reporter.

Will stood up well under the strain. He showed me a nice coop of White R. chickens, and then his hogs. He has something like 90 fat Hampshires ready to sell and top the market. Now that is something unusual this year. I believe it is the largest bunch of fat hogs I have seen since my gallivanting. He has a few fat cattle too and about the prettiest buck-skin pony I have seen in a long time. Will's is a pretty place too, a large house and barn in the lee of tall trees, breaking the winter blasts. Pines, elms, cedars, and trees of almost every breed. Some planted many years ago by Mr. Marks. One man plants, another reaps.

Across the road and west a little ways to Chas. Boettger. His fences had washed out and he was fixing them up. He said his hogs had been calling upon the neighbors, and they weren't welcome. I helped Chas. with the fence a minute, and then he showed me his place. He seemed to think he was hard up, but I told him he hadn't got to the point of selling papers yet anyway.

Chas. has long strings of sheds. He has some nice horses too, mostly Belgians, sorrels with light trimmings, and he says "as good as they look, too." From there we went to the house, where I spied a Jenny Lind bed made over into a lawn seat. He said that bed was brought to the county from Wisconsin in 1874.

And that brought up the subject of old timers. Charles was a boy when his folks came to this land in 1874. They had a team on a covered wagon and the first man they met as they came into the valley at the foot of the chalk hills was Will Green driving a yoke of oxen. The next person was Mansel Davis and his wife, and Boettgers stayed there all night.

He told me many more things of old time interest, some of which I may make into old time stories and get some of those \$2 you told about a while ago. Then he told me about the first school in district ten, and how their kitchen table is the first desk of that school. Charles is a real old-timer.

Turning back east and south, I stopped at Ernest Rahlmeyer's. Ernest was in town, but Mrs. Rahlmeyer and the hired man, Chas. Flint, asked us in and insisted we stay to dinner. There was no argument, we just had to stay. These folks used to be some of our prize customers in the store, besides personal friends. She said they were at our house for dinner once and this was just in payment back.

We talked of old times and my mother and sister in California. Mrs. R. later asked If the S. D. Baptists were not well versed in the scriptures, and I told her yes, but I was one of their black sheep, and on that score had to plead my ignorance. On other lines I am a whiz. Especially on getting out of work and reading funny papers. These folks have a beautiful home, beautifully kept. One of the nice ones. She is a champion cook, too. H. D.—get her meat recipe for the cook's Col-Yum-Yum.

On south across the road to a gray cement house on top of the hill, where a short-legged dog and a long-legged dog lustily escorted us to the door way. Joe Slangal lives here. They had just finished dinner when we stepped in the door. They are one of the few in these parts who do not take the paper. The only thing that kept them from it was the wherewith-all, and they promised to sure take the sheet in the fall if the Almighty would only give them a crop. They seemed glad for the sample copy at least.

On south and across the road to Joe Klimek. The wife talked a few minutes standing in the door. Poverty seemed to have settled its vengeance with a little extra vigor on these folks. She said they did not take a single paper. Once in while they received a letter. I told her that next week would be different. They would get a sample copy of the Quiz. Now H. D., if you think that didn't bring joy to

her soul, you got another think coming. A bright-looking, tow-headed youngster peeked out the window at us as we hurried on south.

The next stop was at Alfred Jorgensen's. He was just leading five big horses to the field to hitch to a gang plow. His wife visited a few minutes with us. That is a rather old place, but Alfred has built it nearly all new. New barn, new house and new fences. And they have planted a new wind break of cedars on the north.

On south to Louie Axthelm. He was hitching up his horses and was planning to disc. I deferred that action a few minutes. He said there was nothing to show me around there, as he was about sold out of livestock, on account of a shortage of feed. We chatted about this and that. I found him to possess a dry, subtle sense of humor that was quite entertaining and also found that occasionally he reads my junk.

Across the road to John Palser's. He had not gone to work yet. We visited a few minutes in the house and then I insisted on seeing his horses. He said they weren't much. Leading me to a large barn, I saw a span of mares heavy with foal, each with a corner cup and would weigh 1800 easy, if fat. Their color was as black as the soil on Davis Creek, their dispositions were as sweet as the members of the ladies aid, they were firm on their legs as the D. C. men are solid, as active as the birds on the creek, as sound as a Hoover dollar. John said he had more like them. I took their picture. They took my eye.

John and I visited a few minutes longer while their pretty little girl Eva lead Dick to the barn and showed him some tiny kittens. These folks also have the most affectionate bird dog pup I ever saw and they offered to give it to me, but I sadly refused. Then we fell to bartering and I traded John a year's subscription for a dinner bell. That is just further proof of how anxious I am to do business.

South again past an old white goose sitting beside the road and to the yard of Johnnie Williams. Johnnie was plowing the coal black garden with a snow white team. There was a bob sled in the yard and we remarked about that. At the sight of us a spotted calf went frantic in his cage built out of cribbing and slammed against the sides like a wild beast. Dick and I then sauntered to the house where Mrs. Williams showed us her W. R. chickens and treated us with some coconut maple-flavored candy. Another receipt for the Cook's Col-Yum-Yum.

We turned back north from there, passing up the Davis Creek churches. The next stop was at the haunted home of Ernest Lange. Mrs. Lange was there, and when she found out my name she gasped, raised her eyebrow, and said, "I better be careful what I say now."

She showed me her R. I. Red chickens, whose deep sanguine color made me sure they were "bred in the purple." She said they had taken much pains with the chickens and for twenty years had had nothing but good ones. She said that Ernest had just gone to the other place with his 140 sheep. Then to the front yard where we inspected the grape vines, off of which each year they harvest a few bushels of white grapes.

"What is that weird sound," I asked. "Spooks," she smiled, "the place is haunted." Upon looking aghast and a little worried, she explained the yard was fenced with hollow steel posts, and they all sang when the wind blew like Casey's bottle. And maybe you think the wind wasn't blowing, or those posts wailing.

Trekking again north and turning in at the old Boettger place. These folks and mine have long been the closest of friends. Boettgers hailed from the same town in Wisconsin my grandfather Babcock and his family came from. Myra Babcock (my mother) and Myra Boettger were playmates in those early days, and were named for one another. And, so Grandma Boettger and Charles insist, Mira Creek was named for the two. They ought to know. One or the other name is spelled wrong.

Myra had succeeded in gathering a milk pail full of eggs. I assisted her in carrying them to the house. I asked if her mother was well enough to visit. She was and I went in. She seemed pleased to see me, and as she lay on the bed she told many a story of early days. Except for a slight difficulty in hearing, this old patriarch, of 61 years in Valley county was as bright and sharp as a youngster.

Boettgers came to this country in 1874, and homesteaded. Mrs. Boettger has lived on this same farm ever since, and I doubt if there are many others in Valley county that can say they have lived

continuously so long on one farm. The reason they did not come two years sooner was they had to sell their farm in Wisconsin first. The claims near the river were all taken then. But even at that these folks got the best land. She said they could tell no difference in the land in those days. It all looked alike—just tall grass.

On to town. An errand to Owen White's. I found him in his broom factory. Although blind, he manufactures brooms for our city and other towns. He comes nearer making a living than most of us with eyes to see. A deft card player, an astute politician, an inveterate reader (of Braille) he is far from being an uninteresting fellow, and says he is not so bad off. "Much rather be blind than deaf."

Joshing Owen a few minutes and finishing my business, I turned east and met Chas. Rood watching the paving gang. Chas. is one of the very first white men to visit the valley. He then returned to Wisconsin to urge the S. D. B. people to settle here. Like bringing the cluster of grapes from the land of Canaan. As we talked he put me straight on several historical points. He makes that a sort of a hobby in his declining years.

From there I departed, leaving his fascinating yarns for another day and hurried home, arriving just in time to milk a couple cows. Next time I will make a point to stay a few minutes longer.

May 16, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet

By GEORGE GOWEN

"The Roving Reporter"

Scampering to town early, and on around to get by the paving gang. Back east and stopping at Frank Kucera's, and spying the champion speller of the county, Opal. Mrs. Kucera said you sent them the paper as a wedding present, and it would be like getting a divorce if they had to do without it. And besides this champion speller, Frank has some more fine youngsters with bright eyes.

Then west again past the cemetery, a little undecided where to stop first, wondering if there is possibly anyone left in the county who is not a subscriber. Circling around the 57 school house I came to a halt at Jack Hayes'. Jack came smiling out of the house. He said he did not have anything to show me as most of his stuff was at his father-in-law's, where he farmed in partnership. Nevertheless, I gawked around a little and we visited about the neighbors, that is he told me where everyone lived so there would not be quite so many surprises when I knocked gently at the door.

Has Sparrow-Chasing Dog.

He had an ambitious dog that was making a business of purging the place of sparrows, racing back and forth with his tongue hanging out. And his hay rack was wired to sinkers in the ground to keep the wind storms from rolling it off to the neighbors.

Then down the hill to Oscar Collins'. I stopped to chat with Oscar. Dick had other thoughts in his noodle. He edged toward the door step, for there was a baker's dozen fluffy black and white pups, just big enough to scramble out from under the porch. In a few minutes he had them all assayed. Taking his favorite in his arms he came to me and looking wistfully up into my face he said "Dad, wouldn't you buy this one for me?" A tear came to his eye as I shook my head. Hard boiled cuss that I am.

Remembers First Quiz.

Oscar said he remembered the first issue of the Quiz that was published and had read the paper ever since, never having missed a copy that he knew of. He is one of the old timers in the county and one of the best farmers in Mira Valley. That is saying quite a lot, for the woods out there are full of good ones.

Then around another corner and into the yard of Merrill Koelling. He was out in the pasture gathering the horses, or at least was out of sight. His wife chatted a few minutes. They had just returned from Columbus where they had been caring for their's and Herman's many cattle. She said the dust was an inch deep in her house when they returned, but modified the inch part to half or a quarter. She did not need to for after these dust storms we have had, I would have believed the first story without question.

Tough Luck, Elmer.

Then north and to Elmer Bredthauer's. Elmer had gone to town to see the doctor. He had his hand hurt last fall and it never quite recovered. Then he lately was thrown from a horse dislocating his shoulder. The accident seemed to settle in his wrist again, and it had swollen up and was painning him severely. On top of that the kids had the measles and the chickens T. B. I told her devil must be after them for sure, and that Mel Bowers should have attacked them in place of me.

We talked on the door step for several minutes. She said she didn't have time to rubber on the phone and so couldn't live without the Quiz to find the news. She had a dandy little garden started, and the kids a bird house. She said Herb and Arnold had been over with their tractors and disced forty acres for Elmer in about four hours.

That Big Mileage Bill!

Turning back and skirting down the hill I stopped at Lynn Collins'. He took me in the house and we visited by the fireside while the good wife scooted the hot iron up and down the shirt fronts. Then we sauntered out into the yard. They have nice R. I. Reds, and a rooster that is a ferocious duffer, attacking us with great delight. Lynn said he was going to hurry and pay up his subscription. He felt when you get that mileage paid for the trip to South Bend, you would have to raise the price, and he wanted to pay first.

On up the hill and stopping at Peterson Brothers. Albert was loitering in the barn thinking the rain might pour any minute. He showed me his fat cattle and then we climbed the hill to the yard. There Forrest and his mother were in the lawn, lily pool and flower business. My advice was free and worthless. They had just made a new lily pool which leaked, and had reseeded the blue grass. They were planning on terracing what they thought was a hill. I wished my lawn was as level as theirs.

Picture Flattered Him?

Anyway they have a nice place there, a nice house, a friendly turkey gobbler, 250 white rock chickens, some apple trees in full bloom, and Albert a nice looking wife who came to the door to chat with the Roving Reporter and see if he looked like the picture.

Across the road to Harry Wy-rick's. His wife came to the door and said there was nothing to tell about their place. She said Harry had some nice horses, but they were in the field. I did see a nice flower garden and a dandy Chinese elm growing out by the hen coop anyway.

Along a little further and turning in at Herb Bredthauer's. A big sign flaunted the words, "No Agents or Peddlers." There are certain times I cannot read, or my eyes don't focus, and that happened to be one. Turning the car around so I would be ready to run when the buckshot began to spatter, I cautiously and politely lifted my hat to Mrs. Herb. She assured me that Roving Reporters were the one and only exceptions to the rule.

Put Reporter to Work.

Herb was to the back of his lots a mile or two. Scaling a few fences we arrived where he, Gerhardt Beilke and Gus Vodehnal were unloading a big truckload of corn. Herb had just bought 5,000 bushels from the King Huff estate. Another scoop was soon available and there was nothing for me to do but heave off a few of the golden kernels. These fellows said I splattered more on the ground than in the bin, but I told them the proficiency of my work was in proportion to the pay I get. They asked if that is the reason my write-ups are so bum.

Then Herb gave me a look at his fat cattle and about then Dick suggested in the presence of Herb, "if we stay a few minutes longer maybe he will ask us in to dinner." I was chagrined at not having the boy better trained, and perhaps Herb thought he was too well trained. Of course there was nothing to do but stay after that bright remark. Arnold came in a few minutes and we all sat down to

the repast. Herb's wife is a jim-dandy cook too. Better get that cherry cobbler recipe for the Cook's Col-Yum-Yum.

Have Private Phone Line.

Herb and Arnold have two phones, Herb on the Ord exchange and Arnold on the North Loup. Then a private phone with each other. Arnold said if he had to go to North Loup and around through Ord to talk with Herb, he just as well get in the car and drive over. He would talk to Herb just as quickly. I concluded later he was about right.

Then west to George Clement's. George had gone to town but the wife and kids visited friendly in the sun on the back porch. These folks go to the same church we do; when either of us go at all and so our acquaintance was already established.

She showed me a few pictures George had recently painted, one or two of some moose. One was washing his feet and another baying at the moon, but whatever they were doing, I thought the pictures were pretty nice. Whenever I get money enough saved up from this scribing business, I am going to buy a picture from George. I believe I like one of a moose swimming better than I would a woman. I liked the covered wagon the best of all. Geo. C. draws pictures with paint, and I with a typewriter, but he does the best job of it. Comparatively speaking mine are sort of a blotch. I wonder if I couldn't drum up a trade. That is, trade a story for a picture.

Admiring the old cedars in the lawn where the blue grass was supposed to be but wasn't, and noting the woodpecker holes in the turret of the house, I started to leave nearly carrying off a horse. That is, a stick horse belonging to the young hopeful. I decided he must have hankerings for horses like his grandfather Foth has.

Cutting Huge Cottonwoods.

Down the road and south, turning in at D. C. Williamson's. He hobbled out of the house to the yard of giant and stately cottonwoods. Monarchs of sixty years, some of which have already been cut and the remainder which he intends to slay in a few years. He fears they will fall and crack someone on the bean. He says the trees beside the road are nowadays a menace too. Although this long shady lane has for a half century been a soothing place to drive on a hot day, it is dangerous business now. A branch might fall and wreck a traveler as he flies along.

The Rev. said his wife took the paper and he read it all except the Roving Reporter. I thought right there, I can say all sorts of mean things about him and he won't know it. Part of the time Mr. Williamson preaches and part of the time he farms. I wondered at which business he could come the nearest starving. A cow stepped on his leg last fall and broke it, and that would not likely happen while he was preaching anyway. I still think Mel B. ought to try his lessons in this neighborhood.

Becoming a Bull Judge.

Back north and west to Mrs. G. G. Clement Clare was gone. Mrs. Clement invited me into the kitchen and we chatted a few minutes, over church affairs, politics and white-faced cattle. And she said incidentally they had the best bull the country over. Tut, tut. I have heard that before but I started no contention. I could plainly see there was a slight difference of opinion on the bull business.

Deciding the matter must be settled once and for all I walked to the barn. I would look them over, be a self-appointed judge and have this best bull business settled forever. To my surprise, I not only found one prize bull, but twenty languishing in the sunshine. Giving each a kick they each in turn stretched and climbed to their feet. I presented them all a good looking over, walking around and around, squinting at the top line and bottom line, the horns and tail, the hoofs and snoots. To save me I couldn't tell one from the other, if they would move from their original position.

Sounds Like a Beauty Contest.

Finally I decided on the prize creature. It was saddening to have to refute Herman's claim, but it cannot be helped. I found one bull there that had the cutest tiny red spot near his left eye, his horns drooped to just the right angle of his eyelashes, his color was of the deepest ox-blood shade, his hair was of the finest texture and like ripples on a lake, and his dreamy eyes had by all odds the most far away look. When all was summed up, that bull was proclaimed champion. Mrs. Clement told me later that Herman had some bulls out there too. Perhaps that one was his.

On west around the corner and turning in at Walt Fuss'. Mrs. Walt was cleaning out the brooder house and I really felt ashamed not to pitch in and help a little. But I was not quite ashamed enough and so let her toil on while I hung my arm over a leaning limb and visited. She says they have about 300 Leghorn hens and are getting 70 to 80 dozen eggs a week. She says the hens eat a lot, but the feed does not cost nearly as much as the eggs bring.

They have about the prettiest white dog I ever saw, and as fat as he was white. And then their kids would have been equally as nice if they hadn't had the measles, which was a keen disappointment to my general manager.

He Fixes Tires, Too!

On south and across the road to Will Fuss'. His wife was planting garden. Again at this place the gate received a little hard treatment. I leaned on the gate and watched her plant flower seeds. Then Dick discovered a flat tire, and while we repaired that she leaned on the gate. Like I said once before, I assure you, at no time did both of us lean at the same minute. When the tire was fixed, I sauntered to the field to see Will and explain my long visit with the wife.

And there I saw the sweetest saddle horse I have seen in a long time. A full mouth, fat as an eel, dappled sorrel with a coat like velvet, and a disposition like a sweetheart. He said he "kinda" liked her, and I replied like I did to my wife when she returned from a movie and said she liked the actress "Who wouldn't?" That remark was taken with a better spirit by Will than by my wife. He unharnessed the mare, saddled her and demonstrated how she "picked the banjo," come when called and open gates. Gaited, in other words. Again, I took her picture, she took my eye.

Turning south again I came upon another preacher, Rev. Bahr. Wouldn't it be nice if I would absorb some of these men's goodness? Rev. Bahr showed me his garden, around in which were many paths which his kids says lead to different towns. In turn I showed him how to prune his grape vines. Now if the vines die, you will lose a subscriber.

Will Open Parochial School.

We discussed religion a little and the parochial school the Lutherans are planning to start next fall. A rather peculiar circumstance is that if all attend the parochial school that plan to now, there will be only one pupil to attend the grades in No. 10 next year. He gave me a little pamphlet telling the reasons for the school.

Will Bremer came to plow the Reverend's potato patch and the two men followed me to the car. We visited there for several minutes more, they being very interested in my scribbles. I assured them if they couldn't write stuff as good as this, they were a subject of pity.

On east to Melvin Koelling's. And here were the first persons I had found that day that were not subscribers. She seemed a little ashamed of the fact, but intimated they didn't have the money until they could grow a crop. I told them I heard if anyone had money in years like this they should be ashamed. Send him a sample copy, H. D., at once. Make one more soul happy for a week anyway, even if it bankrupts you.

Fine Men, Fine Horses.

East again and turning in at Walt Foth. I spied a spotted saddle horse in the yard and asked a few questions about her. Then I cautiously mentioned Bill Fuss' saddle horse. Emil sauntered over from across the road to see the notorious Roving Reporter. Emil and Walt both assured me they wouldn't trade horses with Will. Already having taxed my meager brain to the limit on judging W. F. bulls, I cast no decision on the saddle horse business. Immediately I took another picture. This horse was a nice one, a little different type than Will's and a good one any person would say. Some mighty fine horsemen and horses in these parts.

Walt showed me his place and his fat cattle. One of the nice places of the country, and nicely kept, and that is not all. I do not know as Walt is the nicest fellow that ever lived, but he is one of them. And that might be said of a lot of the men I have seen today.

All at once I concluded that I should call North Loup before six. We hurried to the spic and span house, only ten minutes to spare. We waited five minutes to get the line while some ladies discussed a chain letter. Then it took three more to get central. And after nearly ringing the phone off the wall,

she answered indolently and sharply that North Loup was busy. Another reply and the same sharp retort.

A Tip On Hello Girls.

A third attempt and Selma Robbins sang over the wire, "Number Please." I gave it and she replied, "All right Geo." just as if I had a right to call on the phone. The ten minutes was up and past, but I concluded right there is one place North Loup has Ord beat, and that is with central girls.

After Dick and Walt's kids had taken the responsibility of gathering a couple pails full of eggs, I hurried across the road to Emil Foth's. He has sort of retired and had taken his nice horses off to pasture. He had some fine looking milk cows that didn't appear much like starving and a white one that he said ran the pail over twice a day. But that is not all. Emil has four farms that are about the best in Mira Valley, and that is taking in quite a little territory.

When I went out to this country I was told to be careful not to talk about anyone for everyone is related. And I believe they are. I wonder who the kids will marry. And the names befuddle most anyone. There is Emil Foth and Emil Fuss, Walt Foth and Walt Fuss. Will Foth and Will Fuss. And there are Cook's and Koelling's until your head swims.

Don't Put Them on Cow.

I stopped on the way home to get a picture of Arnold's sorrel colts. Norma and Alvin Tucker were trying to milk the cows out in the yard. Norma was doing more running than milking as the cow wouldn't stay put. I told her she should just fix a pair of roller skates on the stool and then the cow couldn't get away.

Nothing was said in the contract about this agriculture work. If I have to scoop corn, judge bulls and saddle horses, give expert advice on lily pools, grape pruning and cow milking, I should have a little more pay. It takes deep concentration to think up all this valuable information.

An amethyst cloud hiding the setting sun, I sped home, just to get the cows milked as the rain came pouring down.

Spot Fines Clean Up Munich

Munich, Germany, says that its system of fining on the spot those who throw litter in the streets has made it the cleanest city in the world.

May 23, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet

By GEORGE GOWEN

"The Roving Reporter"

Stopping as I went through town to see Uncle Jake about a little aid for some unfortunate folks, I found our commissioner working at his yard, which is one of the nicest in the city. He and his wife do not attempt to grow blue grass, and in place have a lawn of moss rose, which is not so bad an idea. Mr. Barber listened closely about these poor folks, telling me he would do the best he could. The story was circulated once that Ord, folks were getting more than their share of the aid, but it is surely not Uncle Jake's fault if they do.

Worming around some new paving, I had my car gassed, turned north on the highway and west out Happy Hollow way to see if I could ferret out some folks who are not of the fold. The first man I met on the road was Everett Honeycutt with his team. He had a wagon load of music—that is, a talking machine. I suggested he turn it on, and let it grind out a few strains and "have music wherever he goes."

Everett is a "has-been" hired hand. He and his wife and six kids worked for a little of nothing, and part of the time did not work at all until the government helped them get started in the rehabilitation program. And who begrudges the aid to getting such folks started. We chatted a minute by the roadside and I promised him a sample copy to help the cause along for a week at least.

Rubber Tires n' Everything.

The next stop was at Pete Jorgensen's. He was listing with his new rubber tired tractor, and throwing out ditches as even as the ridges on a pair of corduroy pants. He showed me a few little devices he had concocted on his tractor that I may put on mine if I ever get this darned Work Sheet scribbled off.

On up a tall hill and finding Calvin Lee shivering on a lister while his horses were cooling off. I tried to inveigle him into parting with a couple of cart wheels, but he said he read his Dad's paper on Sunday. He had a pretty 3-year-old saddle horse hooked on the lister. I stopped at his place and took a squint at a pair of dandy square rumped colts. Inasmuch as Calvin is a bach, and I was sure his wife wouldn't peek, in the lea of the barn, I slipped on another pair of pants which I had cached under the cushion.

On around the ridge and a few curves that would cramp a rattlesnake, I pulled up into the yard of Halsey Shultz. He waved friendly and as we disembarked he said he wondered if the Quiz Reporter had forgotten there was such a road as this. After loaning a lister to a neighbor, I asked him what he had to show me. "Nothing but some hounds," he answered.

Camera-Shy Hounds.

And then I noticed he did have some dogs. Four sleek, long-nosed hounds, one a pup. I rubbed their snoots and they at once became my friends. I told him I would like to get a picture of them. And so we tried. But the dogs were suspicious of that camera pointing at them, and replied, "Nothing doing." We fiddled around for a half hour, and finally had to take a picture in the shade of the trees, which I am afraid will not be any too good.

Halsey showed me a white horse that was the best in the country fifteen years ago, and not so bad yet. But the dogs were the big attraction. If at Omaha they had had dog racing, Halsey planned to take his pack and make the winners earn their money. He further explained how the dogs catch rabbits, one directly behind and one flanking on each side. When the three get stretched out behind a jack, Mr. Rabbit just as well start saying his prayers, all of which might be ammunition for a feature article some time. Halsey has rented all his ground and just tinkers around.

On west and across the bridge and through a couple gates to Albert and Mrs. Ella Combs'. Albert was listing on yonder hill, for which I was extremely sorry. I was sorry, for I heard in a roundabout way that he had a good joke he was going to pull on me when I came to his house. I am strong on jokes, but stronger yet on sitting in the car in place of walking across a mile of lister ditches, and so that joke remains unsung.

Trying to Trade Jobs.

Mrs. Combs invited us into the

Schultz' Hounds Were Camera-Shy!



These hounds, photographed by the Roving Reporter last week, are owned by Halsey Schultz and are one of the best packs in Valley county. "When they get stretched out behind a jack Mr. Rabbit just as well start saying his prayers," says the Reporter.

kitchen, where we visited for several minutes. We have been friends for years, both church and store. She complained a little about being hard up, but I told her I would trade places with her. She could have my job writing for the Quiz, and I would take her farm— debts, dogs and all. And it might not be so bad at that. She was one of the best school teachers the county ever had in her younger days, and I would go into a dither at the thoughts of any school teacher, good or bad, who could not write a better column than this. Or sell more papers, either.

And then Mrs. Combs told us of a little incident she had heard and said not to put in the paper. I promised not to, but while listening, my mind wandered slightly and the idea dawned, “there is a nucleus for a corking good story. I shall write it up some time, disguise the characters, change a trifle here and there, create a happy ending (which it did not have as she told it) and sell for a pretty penny. Perhaps.

Lucky Man—Raised Corn.

Back through the gates, and around a few corners and into the yard of Merrill Anderson and his mother. Merrill was listing with his new tractor and his mother getting dinner in her spotless kitchen. They were lucky to hold over a little corn and have it to sell at a dollar a bushel. They have a nice fertile farm there along the creek.

On again around a few more corners, jumping a few ditches and to Walter Huebner’s. They also read Ed Lee’s paper. Ed is a fine dad and dad-in-law to let all the kids read his Quiz. If he was a little more hard-boiled I might have sold two papers that day. Anyway these folks haven’t been married long and are attempting to start on their own hook. Walter had gone to North Loup to work on the streets. Bill, his brother, was going to start the lister for him, and either one of the boys could be a lot worse fellow.

West along a turn row and knocking at the door of Roy Jacobs. I talked with the wife a few minutes while Dick tried out an auto go-jimmy made by their boy in school. They have two kids and the two comprise half the school. Noticing a pretty little colt with his mother eating alfalfa, and chatting with Roy a minute we departed. We went past an empty house and through a gate, straight up and down a few times, over a few bumps and wash-outs and another gate.

A Fine Flock of Chicks.

Van Creager was next. They live in a tall house starkly sitting on a south slope. The domicile had not experienced any paint, or been aggravated with trees cutting off the draft or blessed sunlight. The barns and sheds were equally naked of color. Van was caring for a few hundred little chickens in a tiny coop, hardly big enough for him to get in, to say nothing of the chickens. Creagers are some more of the rehabilitationists, and that is one way to get started into something else than working by the day or month.

West again, up and down a roller coaster road and to Paul Gregoroski’s. He was a bachelor and not at home. If I was a bachelor I wouldn’t stay at home either. Standing on the door step I couldn’t see much to tell you about so I grabbed a sandwich from the lunch sack and sailed on.

I turned in this time at the old Harding place. The buildings sit close beside the flowing waters of Mira Creek. B. J. Jones lives there and I called him up from the dinner table. Under those conditions he wasn’t very enthusiastic about agents or Quizzes either. I admired his nice looking garden, asked him about where the neighbors lived and went on, turning back east and north this time over a few dozen perpendicular hills.

Turning in across a field and down an inclining hunk of earth, I arrived and was welcomed at Jake Shoemaker’s. Alfred asked me into the house. He and his father were batching temporarily, the mother gone caring for some sick person. Jake was taking a noonday nap, but came out presently.

Paid Off 3 Mortgages.

I asked him if he knew my name and my age. Of course he knew. I doubt if there is a man in the county who remembers dates and ages better than he. And a few years ago there was not a man who knew the different horses in the country better than he. He said he had taken the Quiz for forty years. He has lived on that place since 1882, paid three mortgages and has it clear now. He came to this country in ‘82 from Alsace-Lorraine with his father, mother and brother. All the other three died

within a few months after their arrival. Jake has been a friend and customer of my folks for many years.

Then I was shown the dam that the government has put in on that place. Recent rains had partly filled it, but the water had seeped away already. They have a nice garden below the dam. I crawled up a hill and took a picture of it all. On the hill I noticed a number of small Yucca plants. Alfred got a shiny shovel and we dug up a few for my wife's flower garden.

Another Fine Housekeeper.

I hated to leave these friendly folks. Back onto the hilly road and north and into the yard of Spencer Waterman. Mrs. Waterman came smiling to the door and Spencer out of the garage. I spied a few house plants in the window and asked to see them. Mrs. W. said her house needed cleaning, but I couldn't see what she would do.

They have about the nicest house plants I have seen yet. All were so luxurious that they took props to hold them up. It was a good thing my wife was not along this trip. I would never have pulled her away from here. I was given a slip for her, and she was more than pleased. They also have a yellow canary that is a pugnacious fellow, attacking viciously Spencer's pipe stem when poked into the cage. They have nice R. I. Reds and some tiny goslings that took the boy's eye. Everything neat and spic and span.

Started a Windbreak.

East and across the field to Archie Waterman. He is the big road boss in these parts. He has a nice wind break of Chinese Elms and Russian Olive started. I noticed a buggy, pretty bad for wear and a tongue with more splices than tongue. He said the buggy carried them to the field to work, and then, usually they have to carry the buggy back. He further added, "That's all right. There's no need wondering about not getting home from work." (There you go again. Shall I put the word not in or not? Only shows my grammatical ignorance.) "One will come home when he is hungry. The difficulty is to get to work in the first place."

Across a canyon and up a small mountain to Mrs. Mable Anderson's. A home-made windmill charged their radio battery. She greeted us when I knocked. A pair of goats were browsing off a catstep. Among the little chattings that ensued, she in the door and I on the step, she said they only had one team. I suggested they hitch up the goats, with no intimation as to the topography of the landscape. Another little bit of agriculture advice I should have extra pay for.

Back to the east and shooting down to an out-of-sight place of Russel Waterman. He came smiling out of the house with a big boil on his neck. (Denoting character). He said this was the old home place. I knew then why it was planted here. So the Indians couldn't find it. Perhaps some agents can't find it either.

Welcome to Ord, Russell.

Russell also had a windmill erected to charge his battery. It worked fine he said. I soon discovered he has mechanical leanings in many ways. He has an old car attached to a wagon box as a semi. A six-wheeled affair. And he says it is much better than a trailer. He made the turn table and said it was no small trick, either. They have an old 1913 car there. He got it all ready to run in Ord in a parade once and was scared out for fear the Ord folks would think he was butting in. I suggested he bring it to North Loup Popcorn days' parade. Rus has a couple of the chunkiest, rosiest checked little boys I ever saw.

Speeding back to the road, then south and east, topping countless peaks, shooting straight Heavenward and then straight the other way, sending shivers up Dick's spine and mine too, we called a halt at Dave Philbrick's. As I knocked I spied a Quiz through the window on the table. That spoiled a sale there. A pretty girl came to the door. A radio was proclaiming in excited tones a big ball game. Everything considered, I was tempted to tarry and listen a few minutes, but for two reasons I didn't. I did not have time, and next, I wasn't asked. Anyway they have a pretty place there on top the earth. White Minorca chickens around a white house, that has a front door as well as back.

On a bit east and to the place of Franklin Ackles. A sign on the gate nearly stopped us. Dick said, "DO you dare daddy?" I answered, "An old mother hog ran me away from her nest once. This couldn't be any worse." A very pleasant lady assured me to forget the sign. A former owner had put it there.

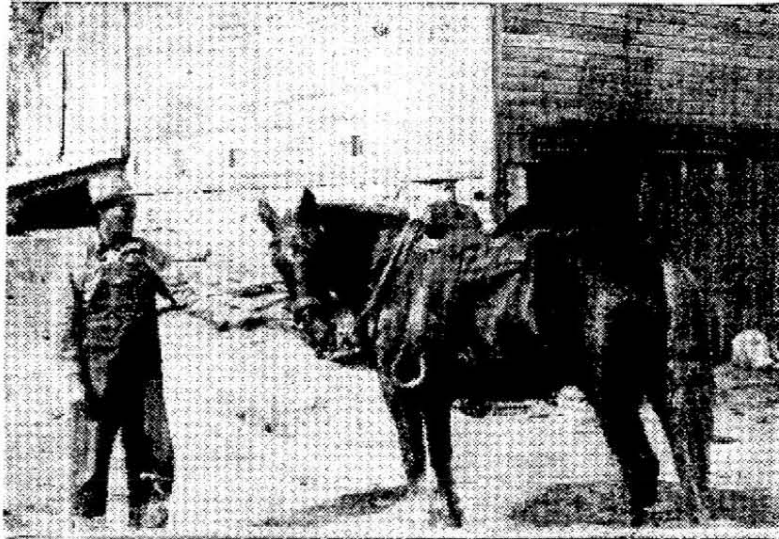
I asked her what they might have to write in the paper about. She could think of nothing. Well I said you have some pretty curly headed kids there. That's something to be proud of. I took a squint into their big barn all painted red.

Dick was so impressed with the color he asked why the house wasn't painted red too and we sailed on another hill or so.

I turned in at Cliff Severance's. He had some tiny baby chicks he was watching, and I watched a little too. Cliff is a chicken man and usually makes them pay if anyone does. He is another rehabilitationist and said he could not have farmed this year without it. Helped keep a couple more men off the street, and that's something. His brother works with him.

Another hill and Carl Nelson was not at home. A large house, a windbreak on the northwest and a young orchard on the north. Carl is an old-time nurseryman, and knows his business about trees.

Will Fuss and His Gaited Saddle Horse, 'Flash'



This dappled sorrel saddle horse was photographed last week by the Roving Reporter. She's the pride of Will's heart. "One of the sweetest saddle horses I've seen in a long time," says the Roving Reporter.

Made "New" Model T.

Down the hill toward the valley and turning in at Ray Bryan's. Ray was listing in a nearby field and his boys were making a new model T Ford. That is, they had taken two and made one, and did a fine job of it too. They were just recently home from working in Minnesota. They are more than usual mechanics for farm boys, and nice fellows too.

Across the road to Bert Baxter. His fine looking wife gladly met me at the door. Dick is a special friend of Bert, thinking him one of the nicest men he knows. They became acquainted when Bert worked on the dam. Dick wanted to walk a mile into the field to see him.

Mrs. Baxter was especially friendly because I had met her boy Robert in Omaha one time. It happened accidentally on the street, but he was more than glad to see a friend from home, even if it was no more than I. Then Oscar Bredthauer and I saw Howard hitchhiking and gave him a ride from Omaha to Clarks. At that, the Baxter boys are fine lads and fine looking, too.

Out into the valley at 42 school and scudding down the highway toward home, we both singing at the top of our voices in slow dingdong metronome, "Wag-on wheels. Roll a-long."

May 30?, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet By GEORGE GOWEN *"The Roving Reporter"*

Turning north on the highway, I arrived at Joe Methe's just before he was starting to town with his carload of milk. He lives at the place just before dropping down into McDowell canyon from the north. He and his dairy crew of nine boys and two girls milk Jersey cows, and as a result top the list every pay day at the cheese factory. Their check last week was \$101.00 for two weeks' milk, and would have been \$130.00 had the price been the same as it was a month ago. He hauls his wares in an old Model T touring, which is so fraught with milk that it nearly runs over the top.

Part of his crew came out of the house and I took their picture. They will make things hum in a few years, and I am not sure but they do now.

On north and west a ways, through a couple mud holes and to Wilbur Zangger's. He had gone to instruct his hired men, but the boy hurried out after him. In the meantime Mrs. Zangger said something about their herd of Polled W. F. cattle, being the best the county over.

Retires As Cattle Judge.

Soon Wilbur came, and we looked the cattle over but that is all. I have called a halt on this judging business. He has eighty some which were waiting to be tested and be taken off to pasture. Then he and I stood by the car and chatted a few minutes. He and his wife are bridge fans, and fan the socks off me every time we play together.

Wilbur farms a section there. All is cultivated except about eighty acres. He has 350 acres of sweet corn. Just imagine the roasting ears. My favorite dish. I am going visiting next summer and see if I can get filled up, but I am going to stay away in corn shucking time. He keeps two hired men, Frank Zlomke and Cecil Severance. These fellows do all their farming with two tractors. The only horse on the place is a saddle pony.

On west and stopping along the road to ask F. Z. if I could not sell him the Quiz. He would have bought it if he had the money. Sad plight. I know because I am in the same fix. Out of money.

Who Is Olean Mayor?

He lives at Olean and told me he is the Mayor. That accounts for it. Politicians are frequently hard up. Too much vote buying and campaign expenses. Never the less, Frank is one of the best mechanics I know, always keeping Zangger's tractors and car "putput-putting" along.

On past the old irrigation ditch and where the new road will be made and into the yard of Win. Schauer. His hired man, Jerry Erahash was grading up the washed-out yard with a fine team as white as a Sunday shirt. One was a nice one too, but no nicer than her half sister, a grey mule that stood in the barn. It will be a white mule sometime. Attention horse buyers. One of the nicest I have seen yet this year.

Win. said he had the best bull. I insist I am through with the bull business. But this I can say, I believe he has a flock of the best swinging gates in the country. All good steel ones and they all swing too. A nice place on the side hill, overlooking the city and the valley. I asked him who the Mayor was. He wouldn't answer, but a sly smirk from Harry lead me to think that Win. too has aspirations for that title.

Dog Market Down, Too.

Back to main street and turning west at the next number. John Urban lives here. His wife said he was visiting at his brother's. I couldn't see much to mention except a bird dog she said that someone had been offered \$100.00 for once. A minute later she asked me if I did not want this dog. I concluded the market was slipping on dogs the same as other things. Then I mentioned the Mayor business, I found out John lays claim to being mayor, too.

Turning back onto main street, Dick and I wondered which there was the greatest population of, people, dogs or mayors. It looks as if they are having a mighty interesting political fight there. Might be a good town to move to.

Down the road north to the highway and east, turning way back into the field to Joe Sonnenfeld's. Surrounded by broad acres of land so level one could shoot a dog a mile away in any direction, the little cluster of white buildings sat. Joe, his wife and couple kids were fixing up a little chicken coop. They were very friendly and said they never heard of me before. That's nothing. I knew of another person who hadn't either. He was using a corn knife to plane a window. That gave me an idea. I have been using a broad axe for the last year since Dick began carpenter work and can't remember where he hangs the tools. I always put them up.

Given Ride, No Wax.

East again and turning in at Emil Urban's. He was having a symposium or at least John and another fellow was there. Emil said from all the cars gathered around the passers-by would think they have a new youngster. We all gave his steeds and swine a looking over and prognosticated their potentiality and potency. Two kids were simultaneously chewing great hunks of wax and riding a dandy spotted pony. Dick entered into the spirit and rode too, but was not offered any wax. I thought they might have divided their cud at least. Instead he found a popgun at the house and proceeded to pop us all and the hogs too.

After discussing the weather and failing to make a sale, I turned again east and stopped at the corner at Fred Meyers. He was looking over his corn, but his wife yelled him to the house. While Dick greased the tractor, Fred and I chatted away a few minutes. He said the Quiz had been taken in his house ever since he could remember. They don't take very many papers, but what they do take, all except the daily come on Friday. Good Friday or good for Friday.

He is another fellow who is farming a lot of land, and doing it with a tractor. He has a light on it and he and the boy expect to run the thing night and day as soon as the mud dries up. A few nights ago one of them listed eighteen acres after supper. Fred said he had a crack team down by the river, but I was too lazy to go and see them.

South again, completing the square, and stopping at Rusty Holmes'. The landlords have made the house over, and it looks quite spliffy with the tiny porch, new white paint and green shutters. It was about time for the last time I was along, I was afraid the old thatch was going to tumble down.

Has Brick Brooder House.

Eating our lunch, we turned back north along the highway and west and then north toward the river. Adolf Kokes was the next victim. He was just hitching up his six cylinder Jackson, but dropped the lines long enough to show me his Buff O. chickens. He has a lot of nice ones, and the best brooder house in the land. Made of brick, and the walls a foot thick. It was loaded with tiny biddies of a chameleon hue.

North again across the waters deep and into the metropolis of Sumter. I turned west along the main thoroughfare and continued to the city limits, turning into the yard of Earl Hanson. He was reading the new Quiz and I felt sort a throaty that he had to lay it down before digesting its contents just to see me.

Casting my argus eyes about I could see no pump or windmill. Upon inquiry I was told their water supply comes from a spring north of the house. From this spring the sparkling essence is piped to the house and barn, and the tiny rivulet, a foot across and a one-half deep scurries merrily toward the river. Earl diverts onto the garden in the summer. It is as cool in summer as a spring morning, as tepid in winter as a kettle on the hearth, and as unfailing as interest on a mortgage. As far as Earl could see, it flowed the same during the driest part of the summer. Tall willows and cottonwoods grace his yard, young cedars have been planted on the side hill and weeping willows along the mossy banks. I recalled the verse,

I chatter, chatter as I flow,
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come and men may go
 But I go on forever.

Raises Spotted Horses.

We all trudged up and looked at the spring where the water was oozing out of the bank and I pulled up a few cattails for the wife's lily pool. Then Earl showed me his horses. He raises spotted ones, having had 17 spots at one time last winter. He had two baby spots near and I took a picture of them. Earl thinks they are an extra tough breed, but he don't know what breed it is. Presenting us with a mess of pie-plant, we took our leave from this beautiful place, and sailed east down main street.

Earl Bartholomew's place was next. His wife came to the door and chatted a while. She wondered what in thunder I wanted. She was distressed why I would not go to the field to see Earl, why we stood around leaning on the fence. Suddenly, she threw up her hands and cried, "Oh, I know now what you are here for. You are the Roving Reporter." And seriously, she scratched her head, "What have I said?"

Anyway they have a nice place there, hidden back "in the shade of the old apple trees." As far as we were concerned, I'll not finish the refrain. I asked who the Mayor is in that town. Apparently that important affair is not settled. She said she was one of the society belles.

Union Station Deserted.

With smiles on our countenances I and the kids sauntered across the road to the Union Station. All the railroad employees were out, but we talked with the mistress, Mrs. Leo Shipley for a few minutes. She was a very friendly lady, the kind that makes a fellow wonder why in the dickens he got in such a hurry to get married. And she was a conscientious soul. The one joy of her heart was to read the Quiz. They didn't have the money to subscribe and she wouldn't borrow. She might have given me a couple dollars but would not without asking her husband who was working on the section at Horace. Just one more reason she has my wife beat a mile. They expect to move to Horace soon. They sure like the big towns.

Taking cognizance of the depot, and warehouses, and a mammoth cottonwood tree we sauntered back to the road, and toured on east up the avenue across the street from Sumter public schools. There Win. Layher habitated. I peeked through the screen and told my mission. He was not interested in me or Quizzes either, but finally consented to read a sample copy. They are newcomers to the county. A few months ago they lived ¼ mile over the line in Greeley county. Their farm land was on both sides. Concluding V. C. was much the best, they moved this way, and now they are purebreds. Not hybrids any more like I am.

Old Stage Coach Station.

Again east and along a road flanked with venerable cottonwoods. I turned in at Jim Whiting's. They had been planting spuds and were preparing to plant corn. Another symposium was in session for Rube Inbody, Ray McDonald, Jesse and Jimmie Whiting jr., were present, making six of us in all. Then a bunch of Jim's pretty kids, who along with mine (not so pretty) drummed up a hide-and-go-seek game, and had a wild time sneaking from behind one mammoth tree to another.

Jim sr., lives in a red cedar log house. I asked him how old it is. He replied, '75 years or more.' I doubted his word a little for it was only 65 years ago the first settlers came to the country. And then they told me that the house was the headquarters for an old stage coach many, many years ago. Mr. Whiting bought the place from Waldow Luddon in '92. When it was purchased, the attic was full of old letters that had come to that post office in early days and were never called for. Jim burned them, thinking them of no value. How we would like to snoop through those yellow pages now days, and look for old stamps.

Two Graves on Hillside.

Jim also said that a man by the name of Mallory and his old maid sister were buried on the hill north of the house. There is no marker there, but for many years there could be seen a couple of sunken spots where the bodies were buried. Mr. W. said, as I looked into that tiny spic and span two-

room house with walls and sills made of big red cedar logs, that many a wild tale could it tell if it would only speak. Also, the Indians no doubt, had peeked into those tiny squares until they darkened the room. Jim said Indian relics can be found around here quite easily, and especially above the Hansen's spring. Rube also said, in his field there are spots where Indian tools can be dug. This place might have more historic value than Fort Hartsuff.

I took a couple pictures of this old land mark, and predict it is the oldest building in the county, and perhaps a number of counties. Today it is giving good service and is one of the warmest houses in the country.

Then Rube told me that the house he lives in used to belong to Pierce. He told Rube that it is 52 years old and never has had a death in it.

I departed, telling Rube he better come home for he was going to have a caller. Cash Rathbun was trying to list in the mud down by the river and his wife had gone to town. He missed a caller too. No windmill here either, the stock drinking from a spring.

Raised Corn In 34.

Lyle Abney was across the road and I asked him about the Quiz business. He said I needn't write him in the paper, and he did not have, nor never did have, anything worth writing about. I know better. He had some corn last year and some hay that grew by the side of the river, and that is something most of us cannot say. As we passed his house up I noticed a bird dog, some red chickens and a fugitive black pig.

I stopped at Rube Inbody's and visited with his hired man a minute. A cowardly dog barked savagely at us from under the scales, and Dick didn't help the cause any by peeking through the cracks at him. The hired man was hauling rocks that had washed from the bridge forty rods into the field. Some he said, would weigh fifty pounds.

Rudolph Plate was in town so the neighbors said, so I passed him up too and turned in at L. J. Payzant's. Having dispensed with their hired man they had gone to town to look for another, and left Miss Groat, Mrs. P.'s sister, in charge of an old hen and seventeen little ducks. She was having a terrible time keeping the ducks corralled. She even considered incarcerating them in the kitchen. When at liberty the ducks each ran a different direction and to Messenger creek. The old hen tried to follow each one and Mrs. G., them all. I suggested she tether each to an apple tree, and that is a little more of my expert advice I am passing out free of charge.

An Expert on Babies, Too.

On south across the B. & M. track past some corn rows that looked like someone tried to tie into a knot and east up that graded highway that leads to only one farm which belongs to Sternecker's. Here I browsed over the county line a trifle and to the home of Harry Plock. He was tinkering around the yard. He lead me off a mile or so, and up and down another mile or so into the pasture to see a pair of twoyear-olds he has. They were nice ones all right, and will be nicer in a few more years.

The kids went into the house to see the two week's old baby. Then I was called in to view that minute specimen of humanity, that may some time be president of the land. Who knows? After it cooed a few times at me and wiggled its wee fingers about its face, I inquired its name, and what do you think it was? Guess three times. Well, I was a little embarrassed that I didn't have any present. And then upon second thought, I remembered of hearing once of another important man with a good name.

This is their first year farming and kid raising. I well remember 13 years ago when the wedding bells rang out merrily for us, and how I was going to get rich in a few years, and pay the mortgage, and take a trip here and there and build castles galore. Up to date the castles all turned out to be air, and if we take any trip at all twill be to the poor house. And also how Billie came along in a year or so, and how we showed him proudly to everyone, and how he grew and how smart he was. And then, when it was all over, and we had laid him on the little hill to take a long rest like I had told him to, and how we wondered what it was all for anyway, and what we had done to deserve such punishment.

Back, across a canyon and the ash of a thousand hills, glad we had met these nice folks, the kids waving a friendly good-bye, up over a few ditches and humps, around a few oak trees and sliding nearly straight down into the yard of Frank Osentowski.

A Beautiful View.

His back yard is a huge canyon, surrounded by high bluffs sprinkled with scrub oak and yucca. A few scattering cows, like specks in crater nibbled there out of the winds from any direction. To the west a vista for miles could be seen. A shining river flowed serenely in the center, a smooth valley on each side. The blue hills as the frame, the whole thing checkered with green and black squares, and polka-dotted with farm houses, and further north in the haze the smoke from the standpipes of the county's city.

Noticing a new tractor, a half dozen dogs, some fine chickens, we hurried on, taking the river road home. Not much like the highway to the Sternecker place. I must confess that in all my traveling which has been to near every home in the southeast of the county, this road along the east side of the river is the worst one I have been over yet. The mail man, or some poor soul had been stuck not long before. I "gave her the gas" and spun through. We detoured to the side of the road, that being higher and smoother than the grade and bounced on to Greeley county, where we met the road drag. From there we sailed home, arriving at about seven thirty.

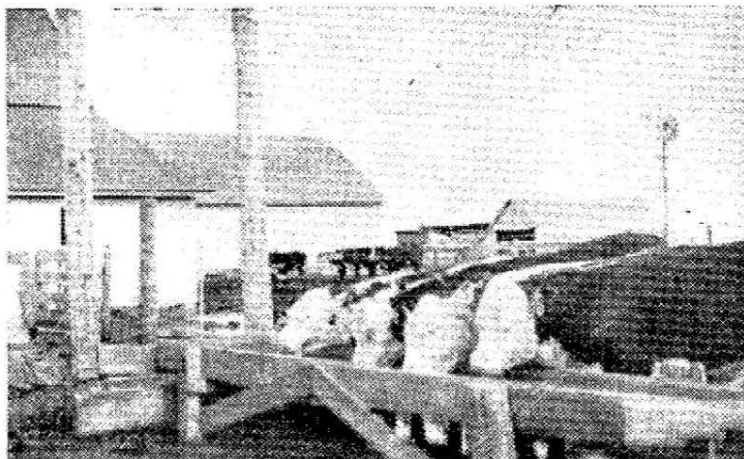
As a summary, I visited the entire population today of two cities, and the purlieus of both, and I will say I believe I saw more dogs than I did hogs.

Camera Views of the News!

June 6, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet
By GEORGE GOWEN
"The Roving Reporter"



These pictures were taken by George Gowen, "roving reporter" of the Quiz staff. The top picture shows some of Wilbur Zangger's fine Polled Hereford cattle. Below that is a photo of the "milking crew" at Joe Methe's farm near North Loup. Some of Mr. Methe's dairy herd are shown in the bottom picture. Snapshot next to the bottom shows the earthen dam constructed on the Jake Shoemaker farm by FERA workmen.

June 13, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet

By GEORGE GOWEN

"The Roving Reporter"

Trekking out Mira Valley way, north at Boettger's corner, west again another mile and turning in for the first stop at Geo. Cook's. Three bright, tiny, brown-eyed kids were overhauling some machinery and the Ford car. They stopped their efforts long enough to tell me their Dad was over at Uncle Joe's. Dick became acquainted while I spoke to the wife, and he hated to pull away from his new friends' interesting pastime.

On north and east a little ways to Archie Geweke's. His charming daughter was shaking a rug, but gladly dropped that to walk around and look at the lily pool with me. They had a nice garden too, someone has toiled hard on. Archie, his hired man and boy were tractorizing in the east field, with two iron horses, so I meandered out that way.

Uses Two Tractors.

Archie let Dick proudly run the tractor up to the house and then we all dismounted and he showed me his big fat steers, and tiny striped pigs. Then a new shop he is building, and I gave him a little free advice which was worth about what it cost. We talk steer feeding and corn-hog contracts. Up until this year he had never signed up for any government deals. They have a pretty place there among the trees, and have set out more this year. As we left, he filled Dick's pocket with ears of popcorn.

Across the road and a little north to Joe Cook's. Joe and George were hitching to a lister to plant some corn the first time. After chatting a few minutes Joe showed me around his pretty place. He has a dandy apple orchard to the east of the house, and large windbreaks of pines, cottonwoods, box elders on the other sides.

Joe said he bought the place in 1904. There was nothing there at the time. He planted the trees, built the house and barns, and in these 31 years has made it one of the prettiest places in the country. Everything was spic and span.

Modern Convenience.

North again past No. 9 school house, where there is a windmill to save the exercise for the kids working the pump handle. School children hardly have time any more between ball games to pump water.

Up into the yard of Sam Roe. Mrs. Roe opened the door and said to come in. We went in and I saw one of the nicest Chesapeake dogs I have seen in a long while. Their lily pool was covered with netting, to keep the chickens and dog out. She said the dog lived in the pool last summer, and she didn't blame him, as hot as it was.

We visited a while and she told me about some old time experiences, which I urged her to write up and make a couple simoleons. She is one of the oldest timers of Mira Valley. Then she told me a few of her literary accomplishments. No less than twice she has received a prize of a large basket of groceries for the best letter recommending some product. One was of telling what fine crackers a certain brand was, and how she used them. She heard of the contest over the radio. She had never heard of the crackers. She sat down and in less than ten minutes had the letter in the box for the mail man. A few days later a neighbor phoned her and said she just heard over the radio that Mrs. Roe had won the prize. After hearing that story I didn't think I was so smart.

Edits Fine Newspaper.

Into the other room where I saw Howard Roe. He was in bed. Crippled as he is, he owns and manages the Scotia Register, going to Scotia twice a week. We talked shop a few minutes and he

gave me a half a dozen sample copies of his paper to digest. Nary a word of his misfortune did I hear, and I was lead [sec] to think he makes the paper pay pretty well.

Urging me to come back at five and talk with Sam a minute, I trekked on west, stopping at Edgar Roe's. He and the hired man, Ted Walkemeyer, were farming in yonder field. The two women folks came to the door, and Edgar's pretty little girl escorted Dick to see some kittens and chickens. Most of their stuff is at Sam's, Mrs. Roe said. She did say they had a sow which had eight pigs. In about seven months she had eight more. When she farrowed the second time the first eight weighed 245 pounds. Not so bad, I'd say.

On west another house and turning into the yard of Joe Marks. He came out of the house and we took a look at his sorrel "stud hoss." He was lead [sec] out of the barn and at the end of a long strap trotted circles around and around. Then the boy came in from the field and unhitched his teams. They had a nice roan mare that would lay down. They could put her down but she wouldn't stay down. Like some fellows I have heard of.

Trials of a Cow Judge.

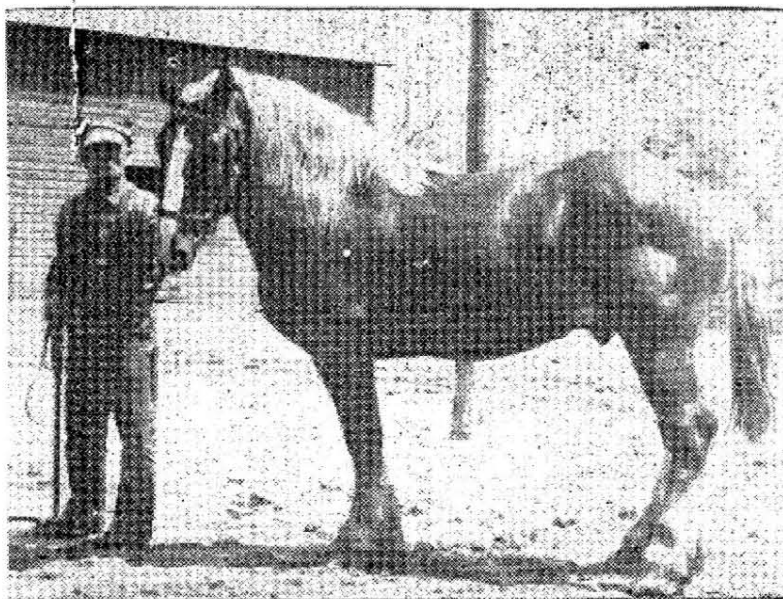
Joe showed me some purebred white-faces he has. One cow Clare C. took to the fairs at Ord and Broken Bow one year. The same cattle judge judged at both places but one fair he placed Joe's cow first, and at the other, Clare's. Upon hearing that, I concluded I am a better judge than I thought. I guess I'll put up my shingle.

Across the road to Lee Footwangler's. Lee was far in the field listing and I was in hopes he would give it up and come to the house, but he just had to make another round. He had a nice iron grey mare with a tiny colt in the yard. He had been offered \$175.00 for the mare. Mrs. Footwangler was very pleasant, giving us a cup cake each and urging us to stay for dinner. I would have liked to but I can't stay every place to dinner. The buildings are all painted and in fine repair.

On west around the corner north and then west again and stopping at Henry Williams'. He, his boy Melvin and hired man Vernon Williams, farm hundreds of acres in these parts. They were coming in to dinner. Vern was too ambitious to bother with trivia like eating and stayed right in the field. I am well acquainted with Vern, as he hangs around my wife's folks for some reason. He even helps my mother-in-law do dishes occasionally, and I know from experience that that is a sign. I never cut that caper any more. No need.

Cap Williams and his wife and tiny bulldog were home from Cap's school teaching. Dick and the dog at once became acquainted.

Snapped by The Hoving Reporter



Here is seen Joe Marks and his stallion. There may be better "stud hosses" in the county than this one but Joe and his boys won't concede a thing.

Wouldn't Take Ether.

Henry is a tall man, pretending to be gruff and hard boiled, but with a latent humor that leaks out in spite of him. He is anything but effeminate and when he had a cancer removed from his lip a few years ago, he told the doctors gruffly, they need not to bother with the anaesthetic. They didn't and he didn't flinch either.

After visiting at the barn a few minutes, he said, "Come in and eat dinner." That didn't mean anything else. Then, "Take off your coats." Then, "Wash". Then when the cookies were passed, and thought one-half one would do "Take a whole one. I'll not have you go and put in the paper that we didn't give you enough to eat here." But throughout the meal he was sternly entertaining us all every minute, and we laughed and had a fine time. These are church friends of ours and even if I do say it, some of the nicest folks in the land. Hank is not so hard as he would like to have one think.

North again and turning in at Morris Kirby's. A couple of nice looking ladies said there was no thing to see there and that they took the Quiz. That ended that place in a hurry, but as I started north again, I saw a man on pretty saddle horse, cantering down the avenue and I think he turned in there.

Then turning in at Bert Cornell's. Bert and his wife were there, and Bert at once took time off to show me his place. I

have been saying now and then that this person or that have the nicest home, or horse, and I believe I said something about the best bull once. Each time I do, the next trip blossoms out a better one.

Snapped by The Roving Reporter



Top—A. W. Cornell's farm home south of Ord, one of the finest farm residences in Valley county.

Center—S. W. Roe and his Chesapeake dog. As Chairman of the corn-hog allotment committee Mr. Roe is kept busy in town most of the time but he still finds occasion to play with this dog, which has all the smartness of his breed.

Bottom—Will Foth and his smooth mule, one of the best such animals seen by the Roving Reporter on his travels.

Fine Farm Mansion.

Now I don't know as Bert has the nicest home in the country, but it is one of them. The basement alone is bigger than the house I live in. It is located so he drives his car in there, and serve meals there during threshing time if they wish. And the ceiling is high enough too.

A large lawn is terraced, at the foot of which is curbed a flower garden. Into the house we were ushered, and to my delight I found the place fraught with antiques. All this old furniture was in perfect repair, and the house was as clean and spotless as a hound's tooth. When I get rich, scribbling for the Quiz, that's the kind of a house I want to live in. Surely one of the nice homes.

And he has a study, or library, or office there, that took my eye. If I just had a room like that, where I could hide myself away from phone, and kids, and the calling for fuel, and helping fix a toy and a hundred other things every minute, I could write Work Sheets that would be worth printing. As it is you will have to make the best of it.

On Same Farm Since '82.

Out into the yard again. This home sits on a small pinnacle in a very sightly place. Overlooking wide fertile fields of Mira Valley one can see six and seven miles to the west, south and northwest. Coming east out of the Arcadia hills, travelers can see his Christmas tree. Bert had some nice shoats, and some profuse milking Holstein cows. As I took a picture, Bert told me he had owned the place since 1882 and had lived here continually ever since. He was 17 when he first got the farm, and when he built the house across the road where the tenant now lives. The lumber was hauled from North Loup. That was before the railroad was built to Ord.

Across the road where Frank Knapp was working in his open air blacksmith shop repairing a mower. He commented on the weather, and how cold it is. He said it is not going to warm up because the moon is swinging too far north. He and his boys farm the land of Bert's. Frank was a city man, living many years in Cincinnati and working at wood work. He ran a jig saw. I told him I ran a jigsaw puzzle.

Back west a mile or so and turning in at Chris Kirby's. He and his hired man, Harry Pooschke were repairing the barn. They were pretty busy so I did not tarry long there. A white black-eyed dog, some dark brown turkey hens and a light brown gobbler, and a green-headed duck with a topnotch were registered in my diary. I coasted to the highway and stopped to visit with Ernest Lange, as he drove his tractor around the corner at the road side.

4 Cuttings of Alfalfa.

Ernest dismounted and repaired his plow a little while we chatted. He said he had been spending most of the afternoon stuck in a mud hole, and had just emerged. He and I shipped some cattle last winter at the same time. I asked him how he came out, finally. He said if those cattle had never entered my life, there would have been no difference. I told him if my cattle last year had not entered my life, I wouldn't be here reporting for the Quiz. Then we talked about religion and other minor subjects. (Or is religion major?) In spite of being a member of the school board he plans on sending his boys to the Lutheran parochial school. He said he had nothing at the house except some lively kids, and that he got four cuttings of alfalfa last year.

I stopped as I drove along, and found his wife hoeing in the garden. Upon seeing me she stopped the efforts and leaned on the handle. She is a sister to Arnold, Herb and Oscar Bredthauer, and like them, —bright enough. I enjoyed hearing her laugh, which was spontaneous and sincere—the kind that makes us all forget our troubles, the kind that comes without an effort. In fact she was so courteous that she laughed at my jokes. Usually when I attempt the humorous, everyone starts looking for a rotten tomato.

Her boys, she said, were working. Her nice looking girl entered the circle. Mrs. Lange was delighted that their young cherry trees promised a pie next summer, said her W. Leghorn hens laid well and when I remarked about the lady scarecrow in the back lots, she said frequently she would be a wee bit scared as she looked that way and saw it flutter in the wind. She said the crows roosted by the thousands in the timber claim across the road to the west. Again sailing west and turning in at Ernest Wigent's. The upstairs window had been broken and a large piece of tar paper nailed over it. I

told Dick that that house has a black eye. Ernest was far in the field. We knocked and his pleasant wife, her hands covered with flour from kneading bread dough, opened the door and chatted a minute. She gave Dick a drink to chase down a sandwich which was not eaten at dinner time and on we went.

Yes, and Cranking Cars.

This time we pulled in at Andy Jacobson's. Andy works for Ernest Lange. There in the yard were Ernest's kids with a couple of guns. They went off hunting birds, telling me to watch their team. I was still watching when they walked off. Say, boss! Is that one of my duties, too?

Mrs. Jacobson said they had just moved there from St. Paul. That they knew hardly a soul in these parts, and were pretty hard up right now, as if they were the only ones hard up. We visited several minutes. She said they had most of the kids in the country, that is six, but those I saw were worth having at that. About the fattest little duffers I have seen yet.

Corn Washed Badly.

Back north and then east along a half section line. Dick said, "Dad, do you know what goes down this road most?" "No." "Water," he answered. I turned in at a neat place, and found Emil Dlugosh planting his corn the second time. He is starting farming this year with the help of Uncle Sam and said he would like to have the Quiz but he was trying not to spend any more money than he could possibly help. If he always keeps that in mind, he will be able to buy us both out some day.

East again and south to the yard of Bill Wiberg. A new white bungalow tucked back in the shade of large maple, elm and cottonwoods. On the shed was printed Brookside farm. Mira brook trickled close by, and near it an apple orchard had been planted. Everything here was spic and span too.

A high school girl by the name of Elsie opened the door. She had large brown eyes that twinkled shyly in unison with a happy smile that came and went as she talked to us. Dick and I lingered and she, friendly, but not too friendly, told me her father was in the field and her mother and sister were planting watermelons. She said they have W. Orphington chickens, and her dad made the clever swing out of an old tire, which Dick was trying out that very minute. That she was going to Ord to school next year in the 11th grade and smiling again said she didn't care what I said about her in the paper. "Supposin' I tell how good looking you are," I suggested, and she replied, "Everyone would know better than that," but I didn't.

For Future Reference.

Out to the road again and again east and noting off by the creek a lady and a girl planting something. Tut tut. Mum's the word.

The next stop was at John Beams'. Daddy Beams, in other words. He came out of the house and called off the dog. He showed me his flock of the reddest red chickens I have seen in some time. He said they were pedigreed and they make money all the time.

We looked at some hogs that are about ready to sell, and off in the canyon at four red and white cows that were as sleek and fat as they could be. I remarked how pretty they were and he told me how much he had fed them and one horse this last winter. The feed that those cows and horse had eaten last winter was worth more than all the milk they gave and the cows and horse to boot. He was a good natured fellow and the neighbors all said a fine old man. He rents his land to Footwangler, and is taking life easy, milking cows and raising chickens. He was glad to have me stop, he said, which helps a little.

Back around and stopping again at Sam Roe's. He was in the house and yelled to come in, which we did. He is chairman of the corn-hog county committee, and so on that score I took his picture along with his fine dog. We visited about a lot of things, and finally drifted onto politics. He does not think the allocation of counties for the legislature is so bad, and that Marion Cushing is a mighty able fellow. That he has a better chance getting elected to the legislature than any other office. That for governor Marion would be fine, but doubts if he can afford to run for it. I told Sam perhaps I better run for office. Could campaign and have the Quiz pay for it. I believe I will run for governor.

Finally I told Sam, that we could talk politics all the rest of the night and morning too, and I better leave. Just then Ted W. came into the barn where we were loitering and suggested I go over the hill

somewhere and see some peculiar washouts and dirt formations there, but on account of the lateness of the evening we did not.

Oldest Pioneer.

Turning south we sped to the Lutheran church on the highway and then east toward home. I stopped a minute to call on Mrs. Boettger. To my surprise she was sitting up reading. She had lived continually on that one place since 1874. As we started to leave, Sam in the barn door censured me about something I put in the paper, and also said, when it was broke, he was going to have a saddle horse that would be nicer than either Will Fuss' or Walter Foth's. When he gets it broke I'll come out and judge all three. I require saddle horses broke. I'm no bronco buster. I'm a reporter.

Flying on toward home, stopping at Sheldon's for a little gas, and on to the cows waiting to be milked, and the supper waiting to be eaten, and the wife waiting to be kissed. Love story!

June 20, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet

By GEORGE GOWEN

"The Roving Reporter"

West again past a couple new high bridges, but not over them. Beautiful and substantial bridges they are too, but around we go. Not over. Saving them, I presume.

South at Hornickel's and west again to Nass', then south and into the yard of Win. Hekeler. There was no mistake about this place and who was the proprietor. The name is flaunted across the window of the door.

As we disembarked, out of the trees and thickets somewhere the manager sauntered. I spied three nice colts in the yard and we looked at them. One was a little extra nice I thought. He said she was gentle. He was going to make a saddle horse of her. One that the women folks could ride. I was a little stumped at that remark, for I had tucked back in my cranium that Wm. was a batch. He has gotten married unbeknown to me concluded. Must be careful what I say.

Bill Kept Him Guessing.

Then we looked at more nice horses, and as fat as they were nice. He remarked he had heard a fellow who is good to his horses is also good to his wife. I said no doubt that was true, knowing Win. would be nothing but good. Then looking at the chickens and little colt. He said he didn't do much with the chickens. I presumed the wife did it for there was feed and water in great abundance there.

Then I was invited into the house. He was repairing the front porch. I made a suggestion or two. He told me he was going to leave it to the women folks how to finish it. Into the house and invited to take a chair. Everything was spic and span, with a few nice pictures on the walls, but no women around. I wondered if they were calling. I dared not ask.

Wants Matrimonial Bureau.

Then he said something about what the editor, said once that he would advertise anyone who wanted a husband or wife free and he believed he would run an ad. He suggested I start a matrimonial bureau. I said I had had pretty good luck making love for myself, (a good deal better than my wife did) but I never tried it for a third party. I promised to keep my eyes open for prospects and named over a few widows and old maids, such as, — I guess the list is too long to repeat here. And when I left I didn't know whether I was making fun of him, or he making a fool of me.

Back around two corners and into the yard of L. M. Campbell. He lives here and works for some Cook or another. The woods are full of Cooks and I haven't figured them all out yet.

Yellow Flowers, Yellow Cats.

The yard was bedecked with yellow flowers. Yellow iris, yellow roses and yellow dandelions. I knocked and a pretty girl asked me in. This was mother and sister Dorothy (just as pretty) were there. They said they had nothing to show me except two yellow cats. I was invited to take a chair while they hustled, dressmaking, ironing and cleaning. Dorothy was going to university summer school in a few days. She teaches at Davis Creek.

I soon discovered Dorothy was a scribbler, but like me, does it mostly for exercise. She said she was going to practice up and get good before she sent any "stuff" off and save postage. Bright idea. I wish I had thought of that before. I'd been a few hundred dollars ahead. She said she didn't mind writing the stories but she hated to revise them afterwards. I told her I never revised any but the first few pages. That's all they ever read anyway. Like the rotten egg. You don't have to eat it all. I told her I put a lot of blood and thunder in my yarns and she said she was better at character sketching. I suggested she go call on Win. H. for a character.

I told her I always write my first paragraph last and last one first. That I never know the title until I am ready to mail it. That the stories will come flying back from New York in seven days. I have kept track dozens of times. But she is better read up on the technique than I, and no doubt writes better stories. They couldn't be any worse.

A Talented Reporter.

So you see, Boss, I am not confining my advice and counsel only to agriculture. I give information on saddle horses, bulls, fine homes, flowers, dogs, chickens, literature and love. I never participate in the latter. Just advise. If anyone has any lovelorn questions to answer and can't wait until I arrive, tell them just to write.

The day was wearing away swiftly and no business. Just getting made fun of. I hurried on, over a bumpy and badly washed road to Carl Hanke's. Carl was cultivating the spuds with a white team that moved about three hours a mile; Alvin and Howard were uncovering the vines. I told them I would like to borrow their team to plow my potato patch. When I got my broncs out, between Roving trips, they went on the run, and I cultivate out more potatoes than I do weeds. Plucking a yellow rose for boutonniere for the boy, we scurried on.

Turning in this time at Mrs. Asa Leonard's, we knocked loudly at the screen. "From all appearances, Dick, I deduce this lady is not at home," I commented. Around the house the stickery bushes were loaded and hanging with yellow roses. I recalled the song,

"When night time comes I miss you more,
With the roses around the door."

Here Since 1879.

On west a little ways further and stopping at Chas. Leonard's. He was glad to see me, or pretended he was. He said he had known my father and grandfather both. That he had stayed at his hotel in early days. That he (Chas.) came to this country in '79 and lived on that place since '82. And a nice place he has too.

Mrs. Leonard was hoeing in the garden. I was introduced and she seemed glad to see me. I had already commented on the flower garden. He gave the wife all the credit for it, but I noted he was very proud of it also. They had snowballs, roses, blue, purple and ruffled iris, peonies by the flocks of all colors, oriental poppies and regal tiger lilies, rose bushes, pansies and dozens of other bloomers growing there in a rainbow of colors. And then I spied Sweet Williams.

If I had only garden space to grow
A few small flowers—perhaps a single row.
I would not choose red roses, proudly fair
Or sweet white lilies, filled with incense rare.
My choice would be those humble flowers and shy
Which grew in Grandma's garden in days gone by. —Sweet Williams.

And then Chas. showed me his Chinese elms, while Mrs. L. gave Dick a couple cookies, and then the vegetable garden, and the sweet "patuties" and the grape vines, and I took their picture in the flower garden, and I told them if the picture was good we would have it in the paper. Better have a picture of these venerable old timers than young upstarts like me. They followed us to the car and we chatted there more before we pulled away.

Big Dealer in Horses.

I drove next into the yard of Paul Zentz. Paul works for Henry Geweke. The wife was cooking meat and I could hardly resist when she asked us to stay for dinner, but I toured on over to Henry's.

Henry and his wife were both gone. Henry is gone most of the time buying and selling horses and everything else. One of the biggest horse dealers in the country. Soon Paul came and showed me a tall team of mules, and a fine bay "stud hoss" they have for sale. Paul knows the prices and sells any of the horses for Hank. Paul has worked there for several years.

Soon Guy Sample came up. He also works for Bank. Paul told him he better be careful what he said, here's the crazy guy that writes for the paper. Hank has three tractors, one more than his brother Archie, and has his hired men farm great quantities of land out that way. I tried to find out which one was the boss when Hank was gone. They said both bossed, but never at the same time. They both get mad but not at once, and consequently get along fine. They didn't act like they got very mad.

Plants 50 Acres Daily.

Then west a ways to Earl Leonard's. He and his boy were unhooking their five cylinder Jackson. Earl had a new hen coop there and we scrutinized that and then Dick found a grown-up go-jimmy, made out of the wheels of an old Ford. He worked the boys to push him while he guided it around the yard. It was quite a machine with spring seat and all. The worst trouble was the engine was gone. Even at that, all the rest of the day, Dick was pestering me to build him one when we get home. Then the girl took a picture of Dick on a pony, and we chatted a minute about the four-row corn planter and how they plant fifty acres a day, and we were off again.

This time we stopped at John Prien's. These folks had been looking for me. I wonder sometimes if they don't phone ahead, or give a general ring at my approach. The first thing Dick noticed was the dogs. Three fine puppies and a mother dog or two. John planned on saving one and executing the rest at sunrise. I told him to save the one that sucked the back tit. A method that never fails in picking a pup. Then another dog trotted out from behind the shed that sucked eggs. John had put a poke on her to keep her out of the coop.

A Jig Dancer, Too.

Then Mrs. Prien came. We joked and talked, and then she would stop him, and he would stop her, always with the same reprimand, "Be careful, don't say that, he'll put it in the paper." Finally we were having such a good time laughing they just gave me a blanket restraint, prohibiting anything from going in the paper, and we were free to talk about interesting things such as scandal, or gossip or neighborhood love affairs but as I remember there was none such mentioned. In the house to pay his subscription, and telling me about their little girl Joan, whom they thought was going to go blind, but is getting along fine now. This girl has sort of a sixth sense and when her Dad goes away she can tell where he is and what he is doing and when he will be home. It might be handy to have such a child and it might not. We talked of many other things. Mrs. Prien intimated she could dance a jig. I told her I would dance one if she would, but before I left that had slipped our mind.

I was then shown the horses, which are nice ones, and a pair of grey colts that are extra nice. Then the little white leghorn chickens, which are triple A's. They think the extra quality always pay better. I wonder how long it will be before there will be quintuplet A's.

West to the corner and north and turning in at Mrs. Cochran's. She came to the door, and Dick asked for a drink and we had a nice little chat. She said she took the Quiz and had some nice horses too, but they were out in the pasture. I guess I'll have to call ahead so they can catch up this good stuff. There was not a great deal to mention here but I did notice the washing on the line, and it was as white as the driven snow, and a few bedspreads that someone had spent many a weary hour on. Or are those hours weary?

View of Mira Valley.

South up grade a little and into the yard of Jim Arnold. He and his boy were in the field planting some corn the second time. Here is one of the best views I have seen yet. Nearly all of Mira Valley can be seen, and a beautiful valley it is too. It is said that C. Mortensen said if he could have Mira Valley trade, he would be satisfied. Who wouldn't? From Arnold's place they can see the smoke of Sumter, and they can count 36 houses in sight.

Mrs. Arnold and her daughter Luella came to the door. After visiting, a minute, they said they had a pet they would show us if it hadn't followed their boy to the field. After looking a minute or two, Luella came out of the chicken coop leading a buck sheep by the ear. They had raised him on a bottle from a tiny thing. He was pretty hot, not having been sheared. Dick was put on his back. A few passes were made at him, and we mugged him a few times.

Rambunctious Ram.

Then Mr. Ram decided to ram us and started rambling in our direction. He surely made us scamper like chickens out of a feed barrel. I tried to take his picture but cameras were bad looking machines and deserved ramming too. The fact of Dick having been on his back created an antipathy and the

Raised on a Bottle—Look at Him Now!



Here's a photo taken by George Gowen of the "rambunctious ram" kept as a pet on the Jim Arnold farm in Mira Valley. The Arnold children raised him on a bottle. Mounted on his back is Dick, son of the "roving reporter."

boy was chased to the top of the car. I slammed the barn door in Mr. Buck's face, leaving the women to fight their own battles. Then Luella grabbed his ear, and he was meek as a turtle dove. We were nearly prostrate with laughter. I decided this buck might be a good watch dog, keep chicken thieves away.

Next stop was at Harry Foth's. Everyone had vamoosed as far as we could tell, except some chickens and half grown ducks that waddled around swinging from one leg to the other until I was afraid they would tumble over.

Turned First Furrow.

Back and east into the field over a rough road and into the yard of John Bell. He and his boy Wayne were chopping kindling. Then I arrived, all

work ceased for the nonce, and we perched ourselves on a pile of brick and talked about the times. John is an old timer too, having been better acquainted with my father than with me. John came to the land in '82 I think, and turned the first furrow ever turned on the place across from John Hornickel's. He and Wayne batch it there.

Then Wayne got Dick a drink and showed him a cluster of tiny kittens and I took a squint at the horses, which were not so bad, and away we went. I said Harry Foth was not at home and John said they are nice folks. One never hears them say a thing bad about anyone. Well, that's something.

Billie Lukesh was the next stop. Two cars were parked in the yard, but no inhabitants were in sight. So I took the privilege of squinting around a bit. Four fine horses were in the barn. A sign there read

"Private, Keep In." I noted a nice garden, a yard full of cackling white hens and a big W. Faced bull bellowing on the hill side. A nice place with neat well painted buildings.

Chip Off the Old Block.

Adolf Hellwege was the next victim. He was repairing fence way off yonder. Mrs. Hellwege invited me to sit on the porch while she and her daughter passed the time of day. I was about tuckered out so I gladly sat. They live across the street from 66 school, which makes it handy. They have a big red barn and a nice home, and a spotted colt and a buckskin mare or two in a nearby pasture. Dick had drummed up an acquaintance with their little girl and they were tricycling around and around the house. He makes friends easily. Chip off the old chunk, perhaps. I hated to get up from that easy chair, but duty called. Their girl, Verna Mae, who is a real blond is going to Ord to school next year.

Gus Smith was next. A fine white legged three-year-old had pulled her bridle off and escaped from Gus. He and the boy were having troubles of their own catching her and stopping her. A tractor would give no such trouble. The trouble with tractors is to start them. Gus has several nice horses. I went on, nearly wrecking myself in a washout as we sped east.

Two Peddlers Too Many.

Louie Fuss' place was turned in now. Everett Petty was there selling pills or something. I politely waited until he had unwound and treated the kids with candy, and then I started my harangue. It was really distressing for this nice lady to have two peddlers at once but fate plays peculiar tricks. I deduced she must have a good constitution, for I did not notice her run for the smelling salts.

Everett said, this lady is the best chicken raiser in the country. That is taking in a lot of territory for if there is one characteristic of these Mira Valley folks, it is their big fine flocks of chickens everywhere. Nevertheless, she has raised this year about 800 chickens, all leghorns. She had 230 W. L. hens and picks up three cases of eggs a week. She sells to the hatchery and to other folks also for hatching, and her checks are about \$25.00 a week. That is far more money than the feed costs, she says.

Then two of her fine husky kids, Dean and Mildred caught their two spotted saddle horses and I took their picture. Louie is like his brothers, Mrs. F. said, and has a flair for nice horses. All her four kids are going to drive a car to Ord to school next fall. She gave me a silver-leafed maple tree to take home, and away we went.

Rode Pony to School.

The next stop was at John Skala's. Mrs. Skala was making garden and the girl Evelyn, was there about. They said they had a nice saddle horse too. The girl went after it, and I discovered she is an expert at horsemanship. The horse would paw with its front feet upon command, and rear, and stop when the girl starts to fall from her back. Evelyn rode this pony five miles to No. 9 school the last two years. Then their dog would roll over and over upon command, and also speak.

I was shown the yard next, and they have a pretty place there on the hillside. A modern house, "with flowers round the door," and a daughter that's neither so bashful, or yet so brazen. One that's friendly and bright and the kind we all are so glad to meet. She is going to school in Ord next year and thinks she will take the normal training course.

Back to the road and east over a hill and into the yard of Beryl Miller. Two bright-looking little boys, Don and Dale danced with glee on the step as I drove in. I asked for their father. He was planting corn. Then for the mother. She was running the tractor in a north field. These boys did their best as hosts and that was better than some do. They even started a friendly fight for pastime, but about then their father came.

Has Dear John Tractor.

He was a friendly man and said he had bought some stuff at my sale eight years ago. Said he has a Dear John tractor and the wife has no more trouble running it than she does a car. That the older boy is short for his age, and in the eighth grade, that the nice six year old bald faced horse is really ten.

We hurried on toward home to arrive in time to attend the alumni banquet. A boon friend of mine was to make a speech. I wanted to be there to cheer him. The last time I made a speech no one

cheered, except when somebody threw a tomato. And when I finally unwound the crowd had all left or had fallen asleep. If I had just had some encouragement, I might have quit quicker, and that is the secret of most good speeches, if there is any such thing.

July 4, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet

By GEORGE GOWEN

"The Roving Reporter"

As I stopped at the elevator a minute, Frank Johnson asked Dick if he is the fellow who is getting his picture in the paper and running for office. I told Frank, "No, I'm the fellow who is running. But I haven't figured out which office to run for yet." He told me he had held a lot of offices in his day, and found those without any pay the easiest to get. Then I asked if he knew whether the governor was paid or not.

And then Ed Christensen drove up and told me that his brother Fred Christensen of Arcadia owns a Holstein bull in partnership along with a couple other fellows by the name of Fenster and Kingston, that is the biggest bull in the county. I'll be over and get a picture some of these days, I told Ed.

Through town and west again around a bridge they are still saving and south and west and south again and on a serpentine road through the canyon past some wild canaries and a nail keg mail box and south and west again and then the Davis Creek churches and south again, stopping first at Bert Rich's.

Mrs. Rich said she thought I had forgotten them in these parts. On the hill west from the house I saw a lady scarecrow and a turkey gobbler strutting around and around. Dick and I sauntered up that way and he asked what the gobbler was doing there. I answered, that stuck up old fellow is the bookkeeper.

Turkeys Profitable.

Mrs. Rich has forty little poults with a few old turkey hens, the latter incarcerated in boxes. Then she has six more hens setting and seventy eggs in an incubator. She thinks she makes more money with turkeys than she does with chickens. For several years she has raised turkeys, trying to keep them back on the alfalfa most of the time. The coyotes and crows have bothered quite a little this year.

On south again and turning in at Chas. Mrsny's. Mrs. Mrsny came to the door and we talked a minute. A lot of boxes were on the side of the barn where they raised pigeons, and she says they get enough for a pie now and then. Then Chas. came to the yard and we chatted a few minutes. He asked if I was looking for news, and I said by all means. Then he said he had shot a coyote this morning while he was after a chicken. Chas. said, "I am a good shot, having practiced with a rifle since a boy." That he always buys his new hunting license before the old one expires. That once, a few years ago his field south of the house grew 80 bushels to the acre, but not last year.

Commission On Grease?

The next stop was at the old Sample place where now Ed Jefferies resides. He and two of his boys were repairing his tractor. Of course I gave them a little advice and told him he should grease here and there and after a few minutes he asked me if I got a commission from the oil station. Ed has a fine family of 7 boys and one girl and I'll warrant not a one too many of that kind of children either.

I asked him if he and his family could fill all that big labyrinth of a house and he said "just." Every kid has a room for himself. They can't sleep together. If they do they either play or fight all night and get no sleep. I saw no fighting while I was there.

Then George told me they had no hogs and the best bull in the country, and I told them I was an expert on bulls and also on Mel Bower's accident insurance. I asked Ed about his paper and he said he never paid anything until they stopped it and I said we will see that it is stopped this next week.

Then I asked what he thought about the county fair. He said he hadn't thought. Then scratching his head he said, "If they make it free, and put on a darned good show, we might attend once if we get a crop."

Then he said, "Your boy died about the same time mine did." I said, "Yes." And then in a minute I added, "Pretty bitter medicine." And then he said, "For a long time I'd get out one team and expect the other to be coming." And then I said, "The next day after the funeral Dick (then two) went to the barn and called Billie to breakfast." Then after another minute I said, "No, Ed the funeral is not half of it." We said no more. Just stood there and I thought of the little poem of Guest's Rev. Warren read,

"It takes a heap o' livin' in a house to make a home,"

["?" indicate holes in clipping]

[?] heap o' sun and shadder and [?] sometimes have to roam."

Painter In Family.

Across the road and a little [?] to Iona Leach's. She and [?] boy Buddy were in the field [?]king. Her nice looking daughters, Bernice, Ora and Eva were getting ready to wash. Their washing machine was out of whack, but they had it tinkered in a minute. They ceased their washing efforts and with smiling faces they showed me their front yard and flower garden which they had spent considerable time on. Then into the house to show me some pictures their sister Pearl had painted, and they were very fine. Another picture was made of feathers. One would never dream an artist that could paint such scenes could grow up in those hills.

Laughing and telling me to stop again, I hurried on south and stopped at the corner place where the big round hog house is the most conspicuous building in the countryside. Mac Long and his wife live here with his brother and his wife. I asked about the paper and she said they were too hard up. That they would like to have it but she thought they could get along better without reading than without eating. So that spoiled a sale.

The kids had an iron horse in the front yard and she said that was the best kind to have last year as it didn't eat, and then she said the water ran into the barn until it was no good and they had to keep their horses in the hog house. Then she told about the hail and floods and I asked if it was as bad as last year, and she said, "NO. NO. Anything's better than last year."

Dinner Bell Community.

Back north a mile and turning west and over a hill and into the yard of Roy McGee. Mrs. McGee came to the door and we chatted a minute. She said they had nothing to tell. They have no hogs but do have a dinner bell. Every place I had visited so far that day had a dinner bell. She said Roy lost one of his four horses just as work started this spring and to save buying another, he made his machinery over for three.

I stopped along the road to see Roy a minute. He had made his two-row into a one-row two-row. He had done a pretty good job of it all except one thing, and that was tragic. He had not made a seat. He had to stand up. Then he asked about my brother John, and then said he wished a few minutes ago the Roving Reporter would come along. Asking why, he said there were two big white hens up in the cherry tree picking cherries. But they have flown down now. Well that is something to tell anyway.

West to the corner and south about half a mile and into the yard of Mrs. Chas. Mostek. Her husband being away to the hospital, she and her boy and girls are doing the farming. She and her boy were cultivating at that minute. She said she had nothing to put in the paper. I found out she had one sow with pigs. That she lives just across the road from where Jason Green used to live long years ago.

A Bookwalter here.

Back north to the road and west a few humps and into the yard of Dean Bookwalter. He is a young fellow, (18 years old) and very pleasant, just starting up this year. He is batching and his mother had come to visit him. She seemed to think things didn't look any too neat and was papering his house and straightening out a little. "Making it look more like home," she said. She told me Dean was a little discouraged because some machine or other didn't work just right.

I told her by the time he had farmed as many years as I have it would take more than that to discourage him and that his troubles had just started. He seemed to be a little interested in the paper but not enough to part with a couple dollars, so I said I would send him a sample copy, and away I went.

Back to the road and sensing with my nose a sweet clover field, I looked to the north and saw two large fields of yellow blossoms, suffusing the atmosphere with redolence, until for a minute, I thought I was in Heaven. When I get rich scribbling for the Quiz, I am going to plant my house in the middle of a thousand acres of sweet clover.

Trades For Shotgun.

Herman Desel was next on the list to the west. He came sauntering out of the house, and I could see by the twinkle in his eye he was bubbling over with his usual trading spirit. I asked him as introduction what he would trade for a subscription to the Quiz. He said, "A shot gun." I said, "Bring on the gun." The boy went a-running. After considerable parley, he talking with short choppy sentences, the trade was made. Say H. D., do you need an extra shotgun on your fishing trip?

Herman said he had quit trading horses, but still showed me a spotted one he had traded for twice and asked me what I would give for. They have about seven hundred nice W. L. chickens, and I offered to take a picture of them and he said he didn't want his picture in the paper. He said they were eating the roosters, but I told him 350 would last me a long while.

Then we talked a while longer about finances, and we both could sympathize with each other both telling the other we were broke. Then we argued which was the richest in debts and concluded we were a good pair. Misery loves company, you know. Inquiring about my brother John who used to work in these parts I was off.

West over a young mountain and then north to the old Vol Earnest place where now lives H. C. Stevens. He and his boys, Burton and Glen, were eating dinner. The wife had gone to Aid. They showed me some extra nice red sows they have with a lot of red pigs scampering about. Gilbert Babcock, the son-in-law, lives close by and farms some of the land the same as Burton. He and Gilbert have a working arrangement with Harry that seems to be satisfactory.

Hole Acts As Camera.

Then a peculiar phenomenon was showed to me. On the north side of their granary the end of a board is broken about the size of a half dollar, but irregular, allowing light to peek in. By going inside, on the wall, a miniature picture in silhouette about a foot high is shown upside down of the windmill, house, trees and things to the north. Glen and the dog walked across the yard and they could be seen. The picture can be seen on a cloudy day as well as when the sun shines. When spotted cows move along, the spots can be seen. It shows up better when it is darker inside.

I looked for a mirror or a glass but there was none. The boys deciphered it as being the same idea as a camera. They said some smart fellow tried to fathom it to them once but they couldn't understand his explanation.

Then Harry paid his subscription. I asked if he wanted a receipt. He said, "No, if you don't turn it in someone might write something for the paper about you."

Sok Reads It, Anyway.

On north and east and stopping at John Sok's. He said his brother-in-law takes the Quiz, and he takes the Loup City paper and then they trade. I said, "That's fine, but I don't get any commission that way." He said, "I know it. I'm sorry for you, but that's the way we make our commission."

East another hill or two and stopping at John Lunney's. John and his wife were at aid, but John Jr., was there and showed me the place. They have a lot of White Leghorn chickens and eighteen young

geese and a fine garden. They run a tractor and farm quite a lot of land but not nearly as much as a year or two ago.

Back west and driving in at Jack Hayes'. No one was present, so we stopped at the well and got a drink and I gave a look over the fence. I saw some slick horses, a new tractor, a flock of big fat hogs, a truck load of yellow corn dumped on the ground for them, and a big red barn with a sway back. Jack works for Henry Geweke and I do not know whether Jack takes the paper or not. One in a hundred if he doesn't and it is one of the essentials that brings life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That's the kind of a sales talk I put up, H. D.

Then east again and arriving at the old Ed Houtby place. Walter Linke lives here with his mother and sister. He is a bright chap, small like his father, of whom I and my folks were old time friends. I went to Omaha with his father, Oswald, a few months before he died. He told me of his sickness, of his early life in Germany, of coming to America, of politics there and here, and it was all so interesting I shall never forget it.

Sorry Went to Germany.

Walter was getting ready to go to the field to put up hay but tarried a minute to visit. I asked about his uncle in Germany and Walter said in all his letters until the last year or so his uncle said he was sorry he ever went back. The last few letters have been censored and say Hitler is all right. Walter added, "They have to like it I guess. Like we do here with the A. A. A." Then he told me about the big munition plant explosion in Berlin. His uncle lives near there and his mother knows just where the plant is located.

Wouldn't Wake Baby.

Again turning east and across the road to Ross Leonard's. His wife came smiling to the door. She was a vivacious young lady with auburn hair, and I knew I had seen her somewhere. Finally she said she used to live in North Loup and her name was Roberts. I asked her what they had for news and she said nothing except a tiny 18 months baby named Janis Grey and she was asleep and Mrs. R. would not wake her. She had 200 little chickens about three weeks old and have only lost four.

East again and this time at the place of Jack McCarville. He was in the field but came to the house soon leaving his 15-year-old boy running the two row. He said the boy would be disappointed because he wanted to show me a nice pony he has. I promised to stop again if I came that way.

Mrs. McCarville has been gone to a hospital for six months and was more than glad to get home again. Jack said, "Mother, can't we think of something we can get advertised in the paper?" but they couldn't seem to. They surely are pleasant people.

Then east again over a hill and to the house of Ign. Gizinski. He seemed to be in the field but his young looking wife came to the door and also announced they had nothing to tell the world about. "You have a fine looking baby peeking out the window," I said. She laughed and told me his name was Eldon. We tapped on the screen at him as we left and turned back west again.

37 Pigs Too Many.

This time back a mile or two and driving in at the old Trump place where Vere Leonard inhabits. His wife and two pretty kids, Lester and Carrol came to the door. All they had to tell about was that they had five sows that just got through with the overproduction of 37 pigs.

Vere was in the field so I drove around there and chatted with him a minute or two. He said he had too many pigs and wondered what to do with them. They were all nice ones and it seemed like a crime to kill them. "Give 'em the cholera," I suggested.

Vere is a pleasant fellow and posted on all the world happenings, like prize fights, prohibition, politics, roads, and not at all uninteresting. He did not seem to be in any hurry to go go-deviling across the field and I didn't blame him. Good friends must part sooner or later.

He told me that the land south from the hill to the north drains to Davis Creek, and North side to Mira Valley. That the head of Davis Creek was about 100 rods to our west. That the 66 school house we could see to the north sits on the great divide. A raindrop that falls on the north side runs into Mira Creek and on the south side trickles into Davis Creek.

Fixing Hoe for Wife,

To the west around a corner to the farm of Ralph Atkinson. He and Ed Burrows were fixing a wheel hoe for Ed to borrow, so (they said) Ed's wife could use it. I asked Ed if he had anything to see at his place and he said he had a nice spud patch and seemed to want me to come. "It is only a mile and a half," he begged. So I told him I'd soon be over and he hurried off.

Ralph showed me a nice little colt he has. He said his pasture is killed out but not so badly as some. They raise chickens too, by the hundreds, and their house is "powerfully tiny." He hoped to have a bigger one some day. So say nearly all of us.

So we started trekking back south to Ed Burrows'. Up a hill and wandering around the turn-row of a few cornfields, over a dozen or more corduroy washed ditches, snaking our way until I tell Dick I believe we are lost. I could still see Ed's tracks in the dust, however and kept going. Suddenly I came on a spud patch in a little draw of about 1½ acres. He had checked them. He put three "taters" in each hill, marking the land with a corn planter first. He said he saved seed that way and believed he was going to get a big yield. He cultivated them both ways.

Has Chinese Chow.

Into his yard and there spying a red chow dog which Ed said was a pedigreed one. That breed is of Chinese origin, and the only dog that has a black tongue and mouth. Quite an advantage, to be sure.

Upon my arrival Ed said, "How do you like the road?" I do not swear so I didn't answer. He told me that was the reason he wanted me to come. Three-fourths of the time it is impossible to go to Ord to trade, and that is where he wants to go. His only road out is to Loup City. He thinks in a country that is some sixty years old, they ought to at least furnish a road to the county seat.

Made Own Windmill.

The first thing I noticed was a big home-made windmill. Ed said he made it last summer to keep his mind off his drouth troubles. The propeller was like an aeroplane only bigger, made out of a 2x6x16. A tower was built out of some ash poles and on top of this was set a differential of a car. Where one wheel goes the propeller was fastened, the other wheel was locked.

Then the drive shaft was run down to another rear end on the ground on the wheels of which he placed his belts, (either side or both). With a fairly stiff wind he can run a grinder and saw wood. He said he sawed up a big pile last winter. He also runs the washing machine but the worst part of it is, it seems like when his wife wants to wash the wind will not blow. And if his wife is like mine, and she makes up her mind to wash, no arguments can defer action. She must wash then should the heavens fall.

He said he had seen another mill where the mechanic placed a transmission where one wheel is, with a line shaft, and then have three speeds. We talked for several minutes, after I took a picture of his wind power. I found his and my schooling quite analogous. Three years in college and back to the farm. We still have hopes our education might come in handy.

Calling it a day, we started our sinuous trail back through a few cornfields homeward. Into Mira Valley at Henry Geweke's we sped east along the proposed new highway. As we were flying along I noticed a strange sight in Bremer's hay field. We slammed on the brakes and disembarked.

New Kind of Sweep.

The Bremer boys had made a hay sweep that beat anything for sweeping hay I ever have seen. We use to think the tractor was the thing, but this has the tractor beat in every way.

They had taken an old Buick car, stripped the body, and fastened a sweep close on the back. Then the differential is turned over so there were three speeds backward and one ahead. In that way the machine is guided with the back wheels. The steering wheel, clutch and brake were turned around and away they went, pulled from the middle, guided from the rear.

I climbed on and took a ride. Going to the field empty he traveled thirty-five miles an hour or more. He came back with the load in second gear and at about ten to twenty miles per. Bill said the engine was not working exactly right or he could go faster. At that he was going plenty fast enough for the man on the stack, who continually yelled for smaller loads and not so often.

Bill said if this worked he might make a few to sell. I couldn't imagine what more a fellow would want in way of demonstration.

July 11, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet

By GEORGE GOWEN

"The Roving Reporter"

Driving out Mira Valley way around the bridge they are still saving, slowly past a road gang and on to the Arcadia road and north and to the west, making the first stop at Fern Johnston's.

Mrs. Johnston was feeding some little chickens in a tin garage with the assistance of her tiny daughter, Joyce, whose hair was all finger waved into nice little ringlets. Mrs. J. said they had some big gold fish but they hid to the bottom of the tank. Then she said the barn out there was built the year the place was homesteaded long ago. I peeked into it. It is used now to milk the cows in, is 12x20 feet and quite a barn yet. One nearly has to duck to get in the door.

I stopped at the edge of the road to see Fern. He has some nice horses, and has made a three-row two-row. He said he thinks some of this new grass we see around was blown in with the winds this spring.

The next place was Lavern Aldrich's. Mrs. A. came to the door with a dandy little baby boy by the name of Richard. She told me my sister-in-law worked there once; that for the first few months the baby cried nights and slept day times; that her husband was Dear Johning in the field, that she is a sister of Oscar Travis; and they had to have a few flowers around the door which I had already spied. Then she said "You may be Senator someday, who knows?" and I left. I suppose there is a remote chance, but I had not thought of it before.

On west up a little grade alongside a bountiful wheat field the heads so heavy they are drooping, I turn in to Geo. Wozniak's. Everyone was absent except a friendly black dog. The place was neat, with a dinner bell, and had been planted on the edge of a pasture of sharp hills.

George Kirby was go-deviling and I chatted with him at the edge of the road. He said he is a brother to Morris Kirby and they look so much alike the people in town get them mixed all the time. When they are together they are accused of being twins but are three years different. I stopped at the house and Mrs. K. has some nice Leghorn chickens. The old ones are brown L., the young ones white. She likes the brown ones better as the crows and coyotes do not see them so easily, but she couldn't get the brown ones this year. She also said she thought they ought to have the fair, and that they would go if they did.

Across the road to the east Geo. Chipps lives. He was gone so Mrs. K. said and he is a batch and works with his father.

So I turned to the west and stopped at the father's, Levi Chipps'. His wife had a few tiny Drown Leghorn chickens on the porch. They are about the prettiest little chickens that were ever invented. Brown, fluffy balls, with light brown stripes, and look for all the world like little prairie chickens. Mrs. C. said Levi was close in the field so his grandson and I walked out there.

This grandson's name is Harold, a two-year-old with dark eyes and tan complexion a fat, good-natured little fellow and had his pockets bulging with valuables. Sort of a favorite of Levi, who nicknamed him Brownie.

Levi and I talked a few minutes and he asked if I was Bill Gowen's kid and I said yes, and he said he knew Bill well and Will Wetzel too, who use to work for my father and who just died the other day. We had a friendly visit before I left. His small grain and corn look wonderful to me. One year in

forty someone said. He said the land there is still called Mira Valley but drains into Dane Creek. It is no wonder Mira Creek boils at North Loup when it rains out west.

Sherman Huff was the next stop. The whole place looked abandoned, but through the window of the kitchen door I noticed an old coat and a stove. I left my card, that is an old piece of paper with my name on it and hurried on.

I met Lew Hansen go-deviling and, chatted there a minute. He and his brother Carl batch it. I asked Lew why he didn't get acquainted with some of the merry widows around. He said there are none around. That they are all picked up in a hurry in these parts. I suggested that he saunter over to Mira Valley, but then he would run into Bill Heckler, and that would foil any matrimonial chances there.

I told him he has some nice corn and then he asked if I was the Roving Editor and then I asked if he had anything to write about at his place and he said, "No, not a damned thing." He has a dog that nearly ate me alive when I stopped and when I left too, but that wouldn't have mattered if he had.

Ernest Coats was the next victim. He was asleep but was awakened and he showed me his cattle, and bull, and spic and span barn, and milk house and lily pool fraught with pollywogs, a red bird dog, and an old gun. Then I stayed to dinner, after meeting his son-in-law, Cass Cornell, who farms and works in partnership there.

The next stop was at Anton Lebruska's. Fred Skala seemed to be helping him, and they were sitting on the porch, their legs jack-knifed and their backs to the wall, resting after dinner. Another agent was giving them thunder, but I chiseled in, gave my song and dance, and left.

Anton was a friendly duffer and said a cyclone had been along scattering his hay rack asunder, hither and yon. The barn door was over by the windmill and the hog house ajar, but otherwise all looked pretty good. His oats and barley were simply wonderful. He said he liked the Quiz but his shoes were worn out and he was going barefoot. He thought he better buy a pair of shoes first when he got the money if he ever did.

The next place to the east was Mrs. Mary Graul. She and her boys Will and Emil live here in a nearly new white house along Dane Creek among the tall trees. Will came out of the house and chatted a while. He said the large cottonwoods have been falling over and dying. We wondered if it was not because of the feed yard built there.

Then he showed me a couple of nice little colts, and said they still have a few hogs, but that is the trouble. They have had too many the last few years. That is one reason they are so hard up, but that was a joke. I'd like to be hard up like they are.

Across the road to the south and nearly driving by the place without seeing it. Bill Hansen said that would have been all right. I asked him as he was hitching up some nice horses if he took the Quiz. He said "NO. I wouldn't take such a bum paper." I asked how he knew it was bum, "Oh, I see the neighbors' paper once in a while. Then I suggested selling another paper to him and he said that one is worse. He very unemotionally defamed the Quiz at great length, but I deducted he was just trying to worry me and that his wife took the paper and he read it.

Nevertheless he proved to be quite pleasant and we went traipsing off to see some nice chickens and some Chinese elms about eight years old that are way higher than our heads. He did this only with the consideration I pay for all the damages if the team ran away. They have one of the nicest windbreaks I have seen yet, including cherry trees red with cherries. He also has some old corn in his crib.

I turned into Emil Kokes' next. I drove by a virtual forest planted slam bang to the north of a low white house. It was quite cozy there, and they never would realize "the north wind doth blow."

No one was present. I could see a few Chinese geese and a few more Chinese goslings, and a quondam piano setting out beside the shop. Now I have seen quondam engines galore, and a few quondam horses and barns and one or two quondam men, but this is the first quondam piano. I plunked it a few times and hurried on. As I drove out I saw Emil go-deviling with a Fordson tractor.

To the highway, around the corner to the north and noticing the name Frank Johns on the mail box. Mrs. Johns was feeding her chickens and told me they had nothing at all worth mentioning. She said she was sorry and I told her they were surely unfortunate on that score, for right now was once in her

life she might get a little free advertising in the best county paper in the state, barring none. I might even put a picture in the paper too if she wished. Sadly she could think of nothing.

Across the gravel and a very little north to Frank Jobst's. Frank was tractoring in a field to the south. Two fields had been put together and Mrs. J said there was about 195 acres there of corn. And all of it level too. She said they had one pig, that it made no difference to them if there was a fair or not, that Frank did all his work with a tractor; that the few horses he has are loaned around the country. They have some wonderful large rustling cottonwoods there and some tiny kittens.

On north up the gravel a little ways and turning in at Ed Verstraete's. A dog named Peanuts was in the porch and nearly tore the door off to get out so he could eat me alive. I pushed hard on the door so he couldn't get out for his meal until a nice looking girl by the name of Eleanore came and quelled him.

Peanuts having given up that I was a highwayman and having laid down eyeing me suspiciously with his tongue out, Miss Eleanore told me they had raised some elk and deer on that place for John Rogers. But what didn't die were executed, so I was cheated out of a feature story there. I should have come quicker or the Elk died later. Miss Eleanore said not to put her name in the paper at all, just leave them out. Well I have. I am just telling about the Elk "what ain't and Peanuts what am."

North past the Brace school house. Climbing up on a little knoll to a house, I overlooked land to the west that was black and level and fertile as lays out doors and through which winds a little creek by the name of Dane. No trees guard off the elements at this place.

Mrs. Stanley Kordik and a couple fine looking children came to the door. A toy stacker was on the porch, one that took someone a few hours to build, and one that an older boy than the one I saw had made. Mrs. K. said Stanley was the artist.

She said this is Chas. Bals' place. I asked her if she was of the same nationality as Chas., and she said, "No we are Bohemians," and I told her that was nothing to be ashamed of. A cyclone had been along scattering the garage about the place and banging one hunk of it against the bay window. As a result the garage and window both were slightly riddled. She has some Buff ducks and some Buff ducklets. I asked her what she raised them for. She said to eat. I asked then how they got the feathers off. That once when we tried to dress a duck we finally had to eat feathers and all, and she then said the Buff ducks dress like a hen, and are no trouble.

The next place was Ejvind Laursen. Mrs. L. was preparing to wash out under the shade of the old apple tree. I asked her if they took the Quiz. She said no they borrowed it. I told her I wished I could sell it to her and she said she wished I could, but they haven't the money now. When they harvest the big grain crop, if it don't hail etc., etc., they'll take.

Then she showed me some fine Barred Rock blood tested chickens that are nice ones, and I noticed several youngsters that were nicer yet playing around the door.

And then I got a whiff of some alfalfa hay that was stacked too green. I like the smell as well as the cattle like the tobacco-colored feed that is in the making.

North and around the corner and up a little hill to one of the best improved farms I have seen yet. On the elevator was the name CHAS. BALS. Chas. and I are good friends, and I rode to Omaha once with Hector Van Daele, Chas.'s partner who lives on the place. I had never seen their place before although both these men had told me much about it.

Mrs. V. D. eyed me askance and put down clad restrictions on putting anything in the paper about them. Afraid of me. I assured her I would try to say nothing offensive or nothing to mortify them, but she was suspicious. She finally said I could take a picture if I would see her uncle, Mr. Bals, before I published it.

So when I arrived in town I hunted up Mr. Bals and he said, write anything you wish and took me up to his home to look up a picture that might be better than the one I took. He discovered all his good pictures were in Europe and I concluded not to go there for one. He also showed me his home in Europe and told me several stories about his experiences that will make good ones some time.

Then he said he has not any cattle in the yard now, that they farm about 400 acres besides a few sections he rents and that have some hogs but not as many as usual. They have an elevator, corn

cribs, barns, shops, two wells and cisterns, two houses and two hired men besides Mr. Van Daele. It is a pretty place, nicely located on the hillside and the house surrounded by many trees. Joe Shoemaker is the hired man but has to quit soon so as to have an operation.

W. J. (Joe) Klat was next. He was in the garden which was in front of a large white house. He seems to be a fine horseman, a horseman who has fine animals and sells them too, when he gets money enough. He said he raised the nice sorrel team that Les Leonard has and he sold them.

Joe showed me a spotted mare that was not only spotted but big as well and then we went to the field and there Joe, Jr., was two-rowing with four nice ones. I took a fancy to a roan mare but Joe liked the grey better. He said he could get \$200.00 for the roan. I took a picture of the four horses with Joe and Joe, Jr., near and hurried on.

I turned in at Mrs. Roy Adams' place next. Her heart was still wrung from her husband's death. She said she was just living here now, and fate would have to take care of her. I told her that it was hard business, and the last rites and shock of the death were only a small part of the grief in such cases. She also said her husband had not died from heart trouble but from a clot of blood on the lung.

Thinking this a day's work, I deserted my efforts, toured into town and stopped at the Quiz office. There the crew were preparing to print the paper and something had gone wrong with the press. E. C. said "No one has more troubles than the printer." I asked if they have more than the farmers. He thought so. Well, I said, you don't get hailed out anyway. I tarried there until I got a first edition and scampered home, passing Joe Barta on the road home also.

July 18, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet

By GEORGE GOWEN

"The Roving Reporter"

Twelve Dollars a day.

Flying north on the highway to the corner and west and then north again at the Olean school house. There on the lawn was Chas. and Delmer Bridge getting ready to plow corn with ten head of good horses and mules. I concluded I was not the last man to go to work that morning, but perhaps the next to the last.

Anyway I visited with them a minute and Delmer asked how I got my farming done running around the country so much. "Heck, Delmer," his father scolded. "He would be foolish to farm when he can make \$12.00 a day working for the Ord paper."

Driving on north a field or two I came upon the domicile, of Win. Schauers jr. Their young son had gone into the duckling business and demonstrated how the fluffy things swim. Mrs. S. walked out into the yard and told me the place belonged to the County but the County board forgot about it when it came to repairing the buildings.

She said the granary leaked grain out the bottom, and rain into the top, that the cow shed was being scattered by the four winds for the lack of repairs, and the garage was falling apart. She also said if I would give the County Board hell about it and that as a result they repaired the buildings, she would pay six months subscription to the Quiz.

H. D., there's something to work for. Win. has six Clydesdale horses that all look alike and are nice ones.

He Made the Uncle Sam.

On north and spying a few lakes to the east I turned in to the yard of Frank Pilinowski. He was not at home but a man by the name of Rozeski with a truck was loading ear corn out of the crib. In the same crib was some 30,000 pounds of pop corn. Mr. R. and I visited a minute.

Frank has a tiny house there, some nice sorrel colts, two potato diggers, a lot of other machinery and a trailer with a tiny house built on it.

Back south and west and stopping at the side of the road where Chas. Urban was go-digging. He had some mighty nice corn there and I could well see he is a good farmer. He told me that the last rain, or the one before the last, poured so hard that the entire bottom to the north was covered.

He had an expertly built and painted Uncle Sam that he had made, a pretty yard all mowed slick with flowers around, a large corn crib with some corn in it and everything in tip top repair. Mrs. U. said Jim Misko owned the place and was very nice about furnishing repairs. But why wouldn't he furnish a few repairs for folks that take such good care of his property? One of the neatest farmyards I have seen. She said, "We like to have a pretty yard as well as city folks."

Like a Raging Lion.

Devilla Fish was go-digging and I waited for him at the end of the field. His boy was running a tractor there too, and both were having fear they might get stuck in the mud. These folks have been having their troubles with flood waters. I stopped at the house. Richard had a nice black pony, and about the yard was one of the nicest pair of colts I have seen yet.

Henry VanSlyke was the next man. He too was go-digging in a dark green looking field of pop corn. He said he had nothing to tell about his place. That the farm belonged to Gilroy's and it was, there the old irrigation ditch started, or at least run straight across the field. He also said that his landlord was going to paint all the buildings aluminum color this fall.

Across a little bridge and turning in at Leo Klinger's. Mrs. Klinger came to the door and told me Leo was in the field west of the house. She said the cats and the floods had got her chickens. They had three dogs, one smooth white one, one curly black one and one sheared like a raging lion.

I stopped a minute and renewed acquaintance with Leo. We talked of crops mostly and hail. He said his father insured. Thirty minutes after he signed up the hail came and pounded his small grain into the ground.

Save the Ducks.

The next stop was at Mrs. Long's. She proved to be an interesting talker, and told me she is a sister of the Psota boys. The flood had come along here also and moved a lot of dirt hither and yon. It drowned a bunch of her multi-colored chickens. She did not say about losing any of their many little white ducks that were scampering about. She said her boys thought \$1,000.00 would not pay the damages.

She said they raised Black Angus cattle some of which were purebreds and the fellow who tested them said it was the best herd he had tested yet. She said there was a mix-up in her corn-hog check and she had not received any money yet. She thought she should charge 10c each for everyone who went to see their cattle.

Speaking about the ducks. She said the speeding cars on the highway would always slow up so as not to kill a duck, but would not for a chicken or a rabbit. Many times she would hear the brakes squeak on a car to discover it was slowed up so as not to kill the waddlers that happened to be on the highway.

The Huff Dam.

The next place on the road was that of Ed Penas. Back south in the grove of tall trees which sits so closely by the highway. Mrs. Penas came to the door. She said they borrowed the Quiz but that was not very satisfactory, for sometimes they did not get the paper at all, and frequently when they did they had already heard the news.

She was a nice looking young lady with a reserved smile that came a little slowly, and I was sure I had either seen someone who looked like her before, or someone looked like I had seen her before.

After quizzing about her relatives I concluded it was she and Mrs. Joe Bonnie who were doubles. She said Mrs. Bonnie is her cousin and they had long been close friends.

Back off the highway and after going up a terrible road that had been washed into a thousand tiny ditches, we circumnavigated the house and came to a stop at George Whitfords. George was gone

working in town. They only lived at that place. They have a couple nice kids there and a dog that looks like a half breed coyote and scowled at me like one too.

Back of their house I noticed the big Huff dam, built to stop the water to make a lake to make it rain. Well, it rained. Sure a good thing the government didn't build any more of them. It had been full and ran over.

Fine Trailer Hitch.

Back down the rough road to the highway and west again to the yard of Howard Huff. Mrs. Huff was trying to find some lettuce in the garden and her little tow-headed son Dannie was assisting. Dick and he went off to see a little car which Dannie said he would take \$9.00 for and which Dick determined for me to buy. Should have. It would have just taken part of a day's wages.

Mrs. Huff chatted a few minutes until Howard came in from the field. Then I sauntered to the barn where I saw a small flock of the nicest black faced sheep I have seen in quite a spell. Howard farms with a rubber tired tractor that he and another fellow have in partnership. He likes the rubber tires much better than the lugs.

Emil Sedlacek was next. His house was in the center of a grove of large trees. He says in the afternoon, it is all shade, around there. He was just getting ready for dinner, but took time to come and talk a minute. He is a fine appearing young fellow.

He has a splendid garden, luxuriant potatoes, and tall sweet corn in full bloom of tassels. Then in the barn I noticed a four-wheel trailer with a hitch he had made that never whipped he said. It worked so nice one or two fellows thought he should get it patented. He too takes the Quiz.

Fighting Cats.

Up a little grade and into the yard of I. C. Clark. The first thing I noticed was the statue of the head of a woman mounted on a wire rack. Around this vines were supposed to entwine. Upon inquiry I. C. said he was a hauler and found this woman's head in some junk and saved it.

Hauling is his business and he hauls for the Quiz. Sometimes he gets a dozen papers. Once in a while he saves things out of the junk he gets, such as old tires, papers, and statues of women. He resurrected a lot of things when he took the contract for cleaning the debris from one of the stores that burned a few years ago.

Then to the house to see four long-haired yellow Persian cats which Mrs. Clark raised when the cars on the highway do not kill them. She used to raise Spitz dogs but had to give that up, because all got killed on the road. Then to the barn to see a couple dandy colts. One was a black and white spotted one and the other a roan. I. C. had a terrible time to hold them for a picture. They were surely nice ones.

Mrs. Clark said the Persian cats were far better fighters than ordinary cats. With that recommendation I ordered one at once. I have too many cats especially at night.

On down the hill to the north, across the bridge and to Raymond Christensen's. He and his boy Harold, and Robert Albers came out of the house. We had not been there but a minute until another agent drove in with a brand new car and attempted to sell it to Raymond. He didn't tackle me. He knew better. I would have tried to trade him quizzes. How shall I trade? Quizzes for cars? This car was worth (or he asked) about \$600. Would you give 300 subscriptions for one? A shiny one? Then let me have it to rove with?

Anyway Harold Christensen, age 12, has made a hobby of collecting rifle shells and Indian arrow heads. The most of the latter he has picked up on the place where he lives. He has some seventy shells all told mounted on a board. He had many other things placed on a table with a sign, "hands off." A nice hobby and a fine collection for a boy that age.

Johnson and Koelling Farm Homes Two Of County's Best, Is Verdict of Quiz Reporter



At the top is shown the pretty bungalow owned by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson, of Davis Creek, which is one of the show places of that neighborhood. Mr. Johnson has served several terms as a member of the county board of supervisors and formerly was chairman.

Below is shown the Carl Koelling home, one of the finest in Mira Valley. Yard, trees, shrubbery, flowers, all are well tended and make this a beautiful and "homy" place, says the Roving Reporter.

On into town and stopping at the court house, and at John Misko's and then to the office where I saw the boss back from his vacation. Down to the picture department to see Howard Jones and finding he has too many pictures for the nonce.

Across the river where the kids were swimming and east toward home. I spied a great grove of hollyhocks flit by as we circled past a curve. Then some poppies and we stopped.

We drove into the yard of Emil Skolil and asked about the many rows of poppies. She grows them for the seeds. She says it is possible to grow a pound of seed on a plant. An ounce to a pod and sometimes there are as many as 16 pods. The biggest plot of poppies I have seen in this country. In fact it is the only one I have seen yet.

On east and stopping at Earl Hanson's where I bought a bull on the boss's time. Mum's the word.

Peanut Acres.

Being assigned to Dick Karre's and Elmer Sautter's in the Horace land, to count acres, I conceived the bright idea of drawing pay from two sources.

Dick lives on the outskirts of Horace. The suburbs in other words. He has a beautiful home on the highway south of the city, and he and his three boys farm great quantities of land. When I found him they were running one-row cultivators. I advised him to get a couple two row machines and two of them then could sit in the shade and play cards.

And when we got around to a certain bridge by a certain wash out, Dick said, "Let's go over here and see Elmer. You have to measure him, too." Elmer had rented a quarter about four miles from home. I told him I heard of another chunk of land eight or ten miles on north he might rent. He had in a patch of peanuts and I told him they had to be measured in with the corn, because they were hog feed. But he was safe anyway for he was about two acres under.

Worth Getting Married For.

These two fellows I concluded are taking on a great responsibility. It looked like they were trying to farm all the land that neighbored them. Elmer had his hired man (always lay it on to him) list his corn and he planted the rows too closely together. He was having a heck of a time to cultivate without tearing out every other row. He was behind with his work. Then I talked a while. That's all right when you are drawing pay from the government. Before I left the preacher came along and talked another few hours. By then it was supper time. He only had a couple hundred acres to cultivate that day, before he started his gig harvest and haying work.

Anyway he had some nice horses and some baby mules and a jack, the first I have seen this year. He also takes the Quiz, and so does Dick. Elmer said he takes it mostly for the advertisements, but it is the best paper in the country.

Elmer told of one paper, not the Quiz, sent to him unsolicited, for a wedding present 13 years ago. It has come ever since without a failure or without a dun. I told him that might be one reason to get married I hadn't thought of.

July 25, 1935

The Ord Quiz

The Work Sheet

By GEORGE GOWEN

"The Roving Reporter"

On His Knees.

Feeling a little reluctant about going to the country roving because everyone would be swamped with work harvesting and cultivating, I reversed my direction and drove to the city of Horace.

My first stop was at the postoffice. Marion Welsh is postmaster, having charge of all outgoing and incoming mails. This is not his only business. He runs a little joint along with it. He sells a few groceries, a little candy, an ice cream cone now and then and a bottle of pop, and many wild west magazines. He has a full line of that literature and says he sells a good many copies especially in the winter. On top of all this, Marion is the city electrician and light man.

From that active place of business I sauntered out on the walk and north a few steps. There in the shade of some nice trees, and the lee of a quondam bank, Delbert Hile was on his knees. Now he was not doing what you are surprised to hear of me about to say of him. He was not proposing, or praying, at least audibly. He might have been praying his job would soon cease.

With a cream station cap tipped to the angle of a buck sargent, he was methodically and speedily nailing egg cases together. John Hoagland was sitting near learning the trade. Delbert was asked what he got out of the violent movements and he answered unemotionally, "The exercise."

Green Tree Club.

John and I sat down on the fender of an old Ford and talked over the assessor's business. John and I both ran for assessor last year. He got the job assessing and I with the Quiz. Neither of us have much to brag about, in the jobs we got or the votes either. He got something like 10 more votes than I did, but the saddening part of it was, there was something like 15 who didn't like either one of us and wrote in a name. Had they not done that it is a problem who would have won. And to make the fight more interesting one of the members of the election board was the leader of the "writing in" movement.

Nevertheless John was one of the few assessors who did not get his schedules either raised or lowered. Besides this remunerative job, John is the elevator man. He gets 3c a bushel for all the grain he handles and one good month last year he made 6c. For some reason he lost heart and does not stay at the elevator unless he is called.

By this time Ben Rux, who is general manager of the Horace Trucking service, and R. F. Moody (Frank) appeared on the scene and we all squatted around watching and enjoying the sight of Delbert as he so expertly nailed the egg cases. I soon discovered that an association by the name of "The Green Tree Club" was gathering for their morning session.

Nix on Washing Feet.

Business of the city was talked over. The first house to the north on the east side of the street Marion Welsh lives. At the next place resides Roy Whiting. His father, who lives up the road to the north, is the section boss.

Across the road to the north on the hill is the nice large white residence of Water Commissioner Frank Moody. He supplies the city with water from his big cistern on the hill and his two wells, one of which is out of commission. That is, the mill is out of commission. He said there was not enough wind for two.

He has no meters, just charging so much a spigot. He keeps his argus eyes on tap at all times and tells the populus whether they can use water or not, or whether they use too much or too little. As he joined the throng John H. asked if he might wash his feet tonight. Frank replied curtly, "No. Not today. Better put it off a while. Not much wind. Dog days now you know."

Then he registered a little disgust at the electrician because when Frank thought a little of connecting a meter with one pump, Marion thought an engine would be better. Frank said he had an engine once and a neighbor borrowed it and when it was returned it wouldn't run, and by the time he got it tinkered so it would run he didn't need it. The wind came up. With a motor to run the pump the Horace people might be able to wash their feet every week.

Had Not Forgotten the Mail.

About that time the mail carrier, Clyde Warford, Scotia, who runs the star route from Scotia, drove to the postoffice and as he slowed up he looked into the back seat, and then without stopping the engine he whirled around and started back. It was the opinion of the unanimous vote of the Green Tree club that Clyde had forgotten his mail when he left headquarters and had to go back after it. This motion was recorded on an egg case by the secretary. This proved to be wrong for Clyde didn't have time to drive clear to Scotia before he returned. He only has a Ford.

Down the street south from the City Water Department Iver Peterson lives. Iver operates the big garage and gas station of the metropolis. He sells gas for what it is worth, but puts his signs up like the other fellows. In other words, you don't always believe everything that is in print.

The next house south, still on the side hill, is the place of Glen Johnson. Some member of the club said he is a G-man. Then he said that meant Government man. Anyway Glen works with Win. Welsh on the road, and I am coming to Billie soon.

Glen has long been a noted ball player. He and his boy both have for many years been considered experts in that line. But baseball has this last year been on the wane in this town, because of the simple and unadulterated reason that some inconsiderate soul plowed up the ball diamond and planted corn there. So Glen took up fishing and says he likes that better.

Traded Shoes.

The story goes Glen caught a 22-pound fish a week ago but the fish got away just before he was landed. Glen knew he weighed 22 pounds because he had scales on his back.

By that time the club was beginning to dissolve. E. M. Applegate came up. I told him I would trade the Quiz for a pair of half soles. "All right," he said. So he unlocked his repair shop and we entered. This establishment is a barber and cobbler shop combined. The tools are interchangeable. He flensed his coat and shirt and I discovered he was wearing a heavy suit of wool underwear. Naturally, heaving a pant, I remarked about it. He explained to me as if I was a kid and anyone should know it, that these woolens were cool, keeping the cool air in and the hot out. I asked him if he didn't have an extra suit he might lend me as at that moment I was really quite distressed with the heat.

Then he couldn't find his knife. I suggested he use a razor. He nearly smashed his thumb with the hammer and ceased the work to look for an awl. I asked him if he was going to do a good job on the shoes and he took a few minutes to show me the fine leather he was using. I told him if he didn't do a good job I could throw the shoes away and he said if the paper wasn't good he could do the same with it. He hunted up a can of mixed nails and started to work. Shingle nails clinch better than small ones. He drove about one a minute and I begin to think I might spend a lot of my valuable time right there in that shop. I complained if I just had another pair of shoes I would go on canvassing. So he pulled off his shoes and loaned them to me.

Another G—Man.

The church where the exciting elections are held is next south of Glen Johnson's. Then the city theatre and dance hall that has the foundation wrecked and the windows knocked out. Then the garage 'still going south', then the big department store belonging to Earl Hile. He has a fine business there and whenever I happen along he scampers around with his hair slicked back in a smooth pompadore, his head leading his thin body in a wild scramble to get everyone happy and on their way, his eyes in a serious mood as if the store was on fire and he was looking for a mislaid bucket.

West of the store around the corner Johnnie Earl runs the blacksmith shop and although a former resident of Valley county, he wasn't interested in the least in the paper. And further up the track lives Frank Pawloski who "is working on the railroad" and already takes the paper.

On down the street to the south, by the tracks lives the ex-banker, Jim Leth and he too now is a G--man. That is he works for the government, so the club said. with an office at Greeley, having something to do with the administration of the C. W. A.

Next in line is Carl Jensen, father of Pete and Yoc. He is old and stooped but still a friendly old Dane and on the retired list.

The next house on south is John Hoagland, of which I have mentioned already and then the city public schools, from which Frank Moody extracts the toll of \$5.00 a month for water, and they don't wash their feet there either.

Works Too Hard on Road.

Across the street lives Win. (Billie) Welsh who farms a little and is the chief of the road gang. Most any time one will see him and his cohorts going to work or coming from or working, making the roads and by-roads smooth like the kitchen floor for us unappreciative duffers. He and his gang have had plenty trouble this year. They no more than get a washed out culvert fixed than another rain would tear it out again.

Billie became over-heated the other day. The club made fun of Glen J. (deputy) by telling him they saw no sweat on his shirt. And then the club asked how it happened and Glen joked, "we were working under a bridge and there was a crack in the planks letting a six inch streak of sun in." Anyway Billie must be satisfying the people for he gets the office whenever he runs. Never have I heard anyone say but what he is a mighty nice fellow and he is the biggest sort of a chump to work so hard for the public that he keels over.

Lige Applegate lives next to the north. I am in his boots right now. He is 76 years old and looks and speaks 15 years younger. He is witty and quick at retort as a fraternity brother and as smart but don't think so.

Knew the Clatter.

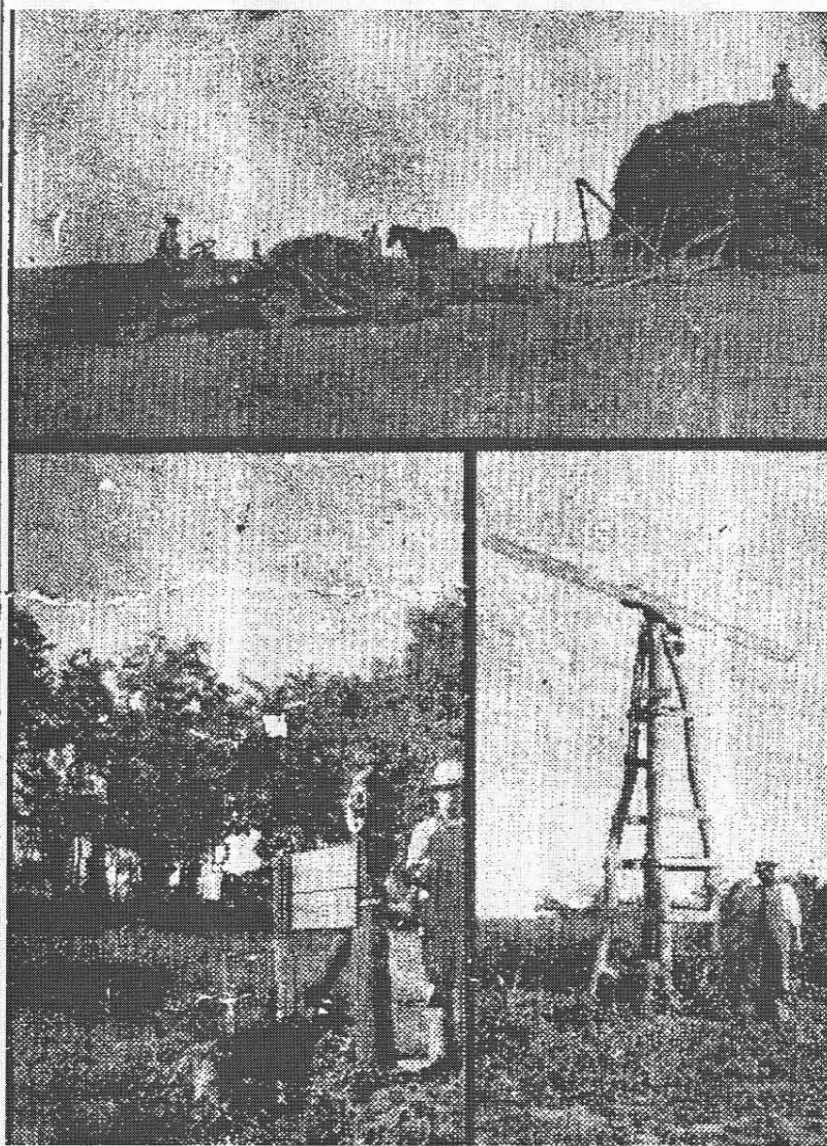
Climbing up hill to the Burlington station I found the general freight and passenger superintendent busy behind a paper with his feet on the desk. It was no less than Martin Hile. I think the Hile family have a majority of the town.

He said, "How do you happen to be wearing Lige's shoes?" He knew them by the clatter. He told me how they happened to be so big. Lige normally wears a 7. He tried on an 8. They felt so good on his feet he bought a 9.

Then I happened to think. I had been wandering around town with Lige's shoes with no thought of returning.

Without question he was in the shop, my shoes repaired but too small for him to wear, and in that way he was incarcerated.

Roving Reporter Shows Evidence That Valley County Farmers Are Inventive



To prove that Valley county farm people are of an inventive nature the Roving Reporter has sent in the above pictures. At the top is the hay sweep made by the Bremer boys out of an old car. The boys move hay around on this sweep at a speed of 35 miles per hour.

Bottom, left, shows Chas. Brennick and his mail box. The box is hung on a cable 80 rods long, stretched between the Brennick house and the road. Whenever they want their mail (providing there is any in the box) they just turn a crank and the box comes to their doorstep.

Bottom, right, shows Ed Burrows and his Chow dog standing beside a home-made power mill which Ed manufactured.

We talked a few minutes, Martin and I, telling each other a few jokes. He was going to get up a debate last year between John H. and I over the assessor business. Both of us were ready with profuse briefs but I guess Martin couldn't find a hall big enough to hold the crowd.

I gave Martin a sales talk about the Quiz and spread the sheet before him, explaining the good points and telling about the many pictures. I even told him we might put his in sometime. He grabbed up the paper, swung up his feet and read the whole Work Sheet and more too while I waited. While I waited I read a dozen R. R. magazines and a half a dozen shipping contracts. I didn't worry any about my time (I was drawing pay) but I was a little afraid Lige might want his shoes.

Nearly Lost My Sample.

I had a peck of trouble salvaging the paper because he found it so interesting, but I finally succeeded. I expressed my regrets in keeping him from his devoirs so long and hurried on.

I found the club had adjourned and Delbert weary from his box nailing. He was sitting in the barber chair talking over big things with Lige. Lige was rasping the soles of my shoes and about to apply the paint. I was relieved to find I had not kept him waiting. After hunting his toothbrush, the jet tint was applied, and his tools put up on the bench. We exchanged foot gear. We all stepped to the street. Lige locked his joint.

It was about train time. Delbert is the chief train man for his brother. He grabbed a couple cans of cream and rolled them across lots to the depot.

I was tired and weary from my toil, working the town, and left for home, west, over the hills and far away.

Feature Articles

Bert Sell is a Good Fighter127

June 1934129

April 4, 1935130

May 30?, 1935.....133

February 1, 1939135

Why I Changed to A Tractor136

<no date>

Peoples Standard, Loup City

BERT SELL IS A GOOD FIGHTER BUT IS NOT QUITE GOOD ENOUGH

By Geo. G. Gowen, North Loup

Bert Sell of Arcadia, who was one of the big shots in the brawl at Loup City on June 14th is out of the hospital and back on the job again, a little the worse for wear physically, but still going strong in spirit. On one of the first days out of convalescence, I found him with a cold pack under his hat, the side of his face partially paralyzed, and a hitch in his "get-a-long." In the rear of the Sell Implement Shop, he related the events in detail.

It happens that Sell's socialistic tendencies began several years ago, when trying to clean up what he thought to be skullduggery in local politics. Later his ideas became more entrenched by watching the farmers whom he had loaned over \$20,000.00 at various times, become so hard up that they could not repay. Within the last year he has become so hard up that they could not repay. Within the last year he has become more roiled at the fact that, he said, "it had been discovered that the committee in charge of measuring the wheat allotment acres had been spending several hours at the river swimming and charging the time up to the government." There was something more about joy riding and charging the gasoline to the government, but that is another story.

Now it further happens that there had been a little friction on June 13th at the poultry packing plant at Loup City. The girls there wanted more pay and the working conditions improved. If the conditions were as bad as Bert had heard that they were they needed improving "all right all right," but Mr. Sell told me that those allegations, as far as he knew, might or might not have been true.

On the morning of the 14th Parl Rounds, brother of the sheriff of Valley County, called Bert and asked him to come over to the office as he had something to tell him. Bert went at once. Parl said that he had been informed to tell Bert that yesterday there had been a little trouble at Loup City and a few had gone from Arcadia in Bert's truck. Further Parl was instructed to tell Bert not to go down to Loup City on the fourteenth, and if he did that he would get into serious trouble. Now Bert is a little like the rest of us. If we are told not to do something, that is the very thing that we would like to try to do and further, trouble of this kind is Bert's métier.

With his mind made up to show someone that this is a free country and that he could go where he wished. Bert stomped back to his garage and told the boys to get a truck and fill it with anyone who was interested in seeing justice expounded. The truck was made ready and some 34 men crawled in. On the way, Bert called a halt and explained that they were on a peaceable mission and wanted it definitely understood that no one had any weapons. Everyone avowed that all they had with them was their empty pockets and their sound mentality.

Then there was quite a lot more about Bert going to the Sherman County sheriff Thrailkill's office and asking just why he should not come to Loup City and how the sheriff gave Bert a cussing, and how Bert kept his peace of mind while the sheriff virtually shoved him out of the court house, later the sheriff apologized to Bert and everything was lovely between the two for awhile. Then there was a meeting in the court house yard, and speeches by Mother Bloor, McDonald and others, and then final climaxing talk by Bert himself, telling about being ordered not to come to Loup City and many other points of interest to the crowd but not to the politicians in charge of the land. The crowd was becoming larger every minute. Then a committee of 25 was elected (including Bert) to investigate the picking plant and report. The sheriff was invited to go along and accepted.

Not only the committee of 25 went on the investigation trip, but much of the crowd went also. Upon arriving at the picking plant, Bert discovered that there was a bunch of some 25 big huskys or ruffians there whom he had not seen before, one or two of which had black jacks in their pockets. Only one man of this group did he know, but discovered later that these men were truckers for the

packing plant. The manager of the plant would only allow the members of the committee into the office for the conference, but the 25 before mentioned men crowded in too. Even at that, only one small fight and the blowing of the fire whistle are the thing of importance to relate. The manager conceded to the strikers everything they asked for except the raise in wages according to Bert, and that could not be done on account of the code.

Then a colored boy sold the sheriff a communist paper out of a grip that the sheriff thought was filled with bombs. Then more speeches and songs.

Bert was with the crowd and sauntered over to lean on a cannon, but when he got there and was preparing to lean, he found the same group of big fellows standing about him that he saw at the picking plant. These ruffians began to gather around, according to Bert, and began to swear at and threaten him until, strange as it may seem, Bert became more interested in their talk than in the speeches. They told him to get out of town and he told them that he would not do it, and "we have a sheriff and judge authorized for such work and I'll not go otherwise."

One replied, "You will not need any sheriff or judge either before long," and according to Bert, fists were shook in his face from all sides and they threatened to kill him. Another said, "We will kill that man sitting by the lady to." That man happened to be Orville Sell, son of Bert, and the lady was Mother Bloor, although the threatener did not know their names.

According to Sell, he grabbed a man that he knew by the shoulders and pleaded, "Let's don't start anything rough." The man began to shove. Others also began shoving toward Bert.

"I saw the sheriff call the town marshal to the side and they spoke a word to each other," said Bert, "Then the latter hiked around the end of the court house and disappeared and the sheriff disappeared inside. The fire whistle blew. I saw several black jacks. The fight was on. I was struck at but I ducked and was missed. I looked across the crowd and saw a man hit Orville. He went down on his knees. I thought that their threat to kill him had been made good. I started to him but before I got there Orville had risen to his feet and had knocked two of the ruffnecks down. Another man came up. I hit him in the cheek and I must have hit true to the mark for I never saw a man fall nicer. I saw another fellow strike at me with a club, I ducked, but I was hit over the eyes. Had I not ducked I probably would have been hit over the temple. My knees became weak. I fell. I felt several more blows on my body. I passed out and did not wake up until the next day in the hospital at Loup City.

Nine indictments were filed against us. One was that my own son, who had been shot in the foot previously, struck me with his crutch. This we can prove was not true. Seven of us were convicted of causing a riot. When the judge sentenced my boy he said, in effect, "My boy, I knew your father and he was quite a fighter and you act like you know the game. Let me suggest that while you lay in jail, instead of reading communism, that you read "The Man Without a Country." He was kept in jail several days on two meals a day, with no visitors, nothing to read or no medical attention for his sore foot."

This about concludes the story of Mr. Sell. I thanked him and started to leave. In the office there was quite a group of men, some of which were wearing red shirts. I was given some literature as I bid my adieu.

June 1934

North Loup Farmer Scoffs At '94 Drouth As Fields Wither

Written by George Gowen

NORTH LOUP, Neb.—A man said on the street that, all of his life he had heard his dad tell about the drouth in '94, but that now we have a story to tell our kids that beats that one. Judging from the reports of the old timers, this year bids to be the worst yet in the history of the country.

In 1894, there were rains in the spring so that the pastures started, and the corn sprouted. After a nice start, the hot winds came, and in a few days everything was burned to a crisp. At that the wild hay grew and was cut. The pastures ripened on the ground (which is unusual for this country) so that there was good winter pasture. Cattle and horses, turned out in the hills to live or die, came through in the spring in surprisingly good shape.

Only Two Good Rains.

We have had but two rains within a year that were really beneficial. The last one in December and the other in July before. There has been small rains between but none that amounted to much. Old timers say that never before have they seen a year but that the pastures would grow in June. This year they look just like winter, and fire would run any place where the grass is tall enough. The new grass has never started.

Old timers further add that they never saw a time before when the weeds would not grow in the plowed fields. Fields that have been plowed six weeks or longer are as clear from weeds as the day the dirt was turned over. Even the nettles are not growing. A few Russian thistles are thriving.

This is principally a stock country. We all plan on our feed lasting until the grass that comes in May. There is the quandary. What shall we do with the stock? Many are planning on selling their stock as soon as possible, but the price is so cheap on thin cattle that the farmers hang on thinking that each day will bring rain and grass. Most farmers have quit work and hired hands are laid off. Many cattle have gone to the sand hills that normally should stay here and others are feeding hay that should be held for winter. Others, who are too hard up to pay pasture bills or buy the high priced hay are pasturing the road sides, the small grain fields and alfalfa fields, and one man I know is cutting down trees to feed his sheep.

Small Grain Had No Chance.

The small grain has never become tall enough to pasture to any advantage. A very small rain in the spring sprouted and started it. I do not know of a field that will be cut.

Quite a little of the listed corn came up. It was planted deeper, where there was a little moisture. Some of those fields look pretty fair and would make a crop yet if it would only rain. In the mornings it looks bright but wilts afternoons. Some of the weaker stalks are dying. Much of the planted corn never sprouted. The kernel lays in the dry dirt as sound as it ever was, and will grow when it rains, but this is getting pretty late.

The first cutting of alfalfa was very light. In most fields, the hay never grew tall enough to rake. The second cutting will be worse. It will soon be time for it to bloom again. The wild hay is made by getting a good start in May and June. There will not be any now no matter how much it rains, is the consensus of opinion.

Most of us plan to plant a forage crop of cane, or some such thing if it rains. Many are planting it anyway, but others feel that the seed is as well off in the bag when the ground is as dry and as hot as it is. The seed house here has had the biggest sale of seed in its history. More than that, the seed is very high priced. Now would be the time for some seed loans. It will make many people scratch to raise the money.

Clouds Beguiling.

Nearly every evening a cloud comes up in the west. We are all watching, hopefully, for every sign. So far, the clouds have resulted only in a blow and a sprinkle. The wind has blown nearly every day (many times there was a tempest), and it has blown from every direction including the east. The barometer has been low but all signs up to date have failed. The usual expression is, "It tries, but it just can't do it." Time drags.

Everyone jokes about the situation and tries to act as if it is funny, but back of it all is deep worry and disappointment. What will happen to us they say. Many are planning on selling everything they can that eats, and hope that they can grow enough to save their horses and a few milk cows. Many fear they cannot do that.

One man who had a pure bred herd of cattle of long standing has already sold on the market all but a few heifers and is not sure he can feed them. Another man who lives in the hills, keeps about fifty sheep, fifty cattle, and a half a dozen horses. He never sells grain, just trying to raise feed for his stock. His pasture has not started and nothing is growing for winter feed. He told me that he could not even keep a milk cow on what he has grown up to date. His stock is mortgaged so that if he sells some there will be no money for feed.

Hope U. S. Work Lasts.

Another man keeps about twenty milk cows and has over four hundred acres, part of which is very good land. He said that he has not two months feed ahead if it does not rain, and he plans on selling nearly all of his cows. Surely this will put the finishing touches to many of us. We are all hoping that the government work holds out.

A good "old soaker" yet would partly save the day. We could get some corn and fodder, in the form of cane, etc. But it would take more than a sprinkle, or more than an inch of rain.

Very little of the garden seed ever sprouted, and what did sprout did not live to do any good. Many potatoes were planted. The crop last year was very poor and so was the seed, so consequently imported seed was used at \$2.50 a bushel. Much of this never grew, and instead, dried up in the ground. What potatoes did grow, have nothing but vines.

There is one crop that has not failed us besides the thistles. It is the flies. Many of us think that we never saw the flies so bad. My kids have taken advantage of the situation by catching them for their baby ducks, and thereby saving the mash.

April 4, 1935

The Ord Quiz

Police Dog Trained By Ben Eberhart Climbs Ladder, Sits On Chair and Does Other "Circus Dog" Tricks.

Maiden Valley Farmer Is Not Professional Trainer But 'Ted' Almost a Pro Dog.

BY GEORGE G. GOWEN.

When Homer asked me to take the Roving Reporter job he said there is not a place you go but what will have something of pride worth writing up, and it is your job to stand around and find out what it is. And when Ed Lee told me about Ben Eberhart's dog I thought "There's an easy one", and I said "Let's go and see him."

So we climbed in the car and were off. Ben was far in the field discing, but delighted, he started for the house. He called a few times. The dog was chasing a rabbit. The thoughts of an educated dog chasing rabbits did not coincide. In a few minutes a very ordinary looking wellfed, greyish-brown police dog arrived. He was evidently a one-man dog.

First a bushel fruit basket was placed by the kitchen door and then a hammer and a pail at the barn door. "Now," Ben said to us, starting to the center of the yard, his cap dropping off in his haste, "let us go out here as

if nothing had happened." But the dog had picked up the cap and brought it along. Ben said the dog would always bring it to the end of the field whenever the hat was blown from his head.

Then Ben ordered the dog to go get the basket, which he brought in his mouth, and then upon orders he fetched the hammer and the pail. Ben said the dog would carry the pail with feed in it.

Then a tall ladder was placed very nearly perpendicular against the granary. With a stick in his mouth the dog climbed the ladder, jumped to the roof, walked back and forth along the ridge and down the ladder again. To come down, the ladder had to be sloped more.

Standing in the middle of the yard Ben told his pet to take this stick and climb on the chicken coop. This was done immediately, but that was not entirely satisfactory. The dog had to go and sit on top the ventilator about a foot square.

Still staying in the middle of the yard, Ben said to him seriously, rubbing his nose, "Ted, Mama is out of wood. Take her a stick." So the dog trotted off to the wood pile, picked up a stick and moseyed to the house, opening the door with his toe nail, and depositing the stick in the wood box. A bit of food was his reward that time.

While the dog was in the house Ben threw his old cap to the barn, and upon the dog's return Ben said to him, "I have lost my hat out at the barn. Go and find it." So the dog trotted off, smelling hither and yon and returned with the cap.

Then Ben leaned over and the dog jumped on his back, and then Ben pulling the old cap over his ears to keep from getting scratched, the dog jumped to Ben's head and perched there.

At that point we were lead to a cultivator. The wheel was less than two inches wide, but the dog, upon command, jumped upon this wheel and perched himself there.

Then to a two-by-six sixteen feet long nailed to a fence. The dog walked across that, on the narrow edge.

"Just one more trick," Ben yelled running to the house. Out he came with a round-backed kitchen chair and set it on a solid place. Holding to the chair with his foot and hands to keep it from tipping over, the dog was told to jump upon it. Into the seat first and then to the back, and while we stood in amazement the dog clung and balanced himself on the smooth round back. He remained there a few seconds until he was told to jump down. The prize trick, we maintained.

One thing that makes these tricks of Ted more difficult, such as standing on the back of a chair, is that he is a large heavy dog.

"Won't he sit up, and roll over and speak?" I queried. "Oh yes," Ben answered, a little disgusted, as if that was just child's play. The dog was put through a few of those simple accomplishments.

This was the end of the demonstration. I was to the point now I could believe most anything about the dog, and I know Ben is not the sort of a fellow to exaggerate. He told me many more incidents of how he puts the dog to work.

At one time Ben's boy was plowing on the other side of the farm out of sight. He was working a colt that the men only wanted to use a half a day at a time. So about 9:30 Ben would harness a fresh horse, give the dog the rope, and he would lead the horse to the boy. The boy would change horses and the dog would lead the colt



home. This trick was done every day for a week. Ben was a little suspicious we did not believe this and added he could prove it by the boy and the neighbors.

The dog is equally good at working with stock. A year or so ago Ben had a carload of lambs that had to be driven up the road to another field. He said many times passersby remarked as to how good the dog worked.

Ben can tie a note to the dog's collar and send him either to the house or to the boy working in another field. He can give the dog a hammer in his mouth and he will take it either place, but the wife has to tie the hammer to the collar to get it returned. The dog will not quite take the tool to the field for Mrs. Eberhart.

I asked Ben what he would take for the dog. He did not answer my question but said, "I have been asked what I would take to train a dog for someone else. I never set a price because I could not charge enough to make it pay."

He continued, "I believe the police dog is the easiest to train, but there is a lot of difference in them." He further said, "If I was only a dog trainer, I would teach him quite a few more things."

This is a purebred police dog and was purchased from McGimis & Ferguson six years ago when he was a puppy. The next time I train a dog I am going to train two of them," he told us. "Then I will teach them some real tricks."

May 30?, 1935

The Ord Quiz

Guns! And more guns.

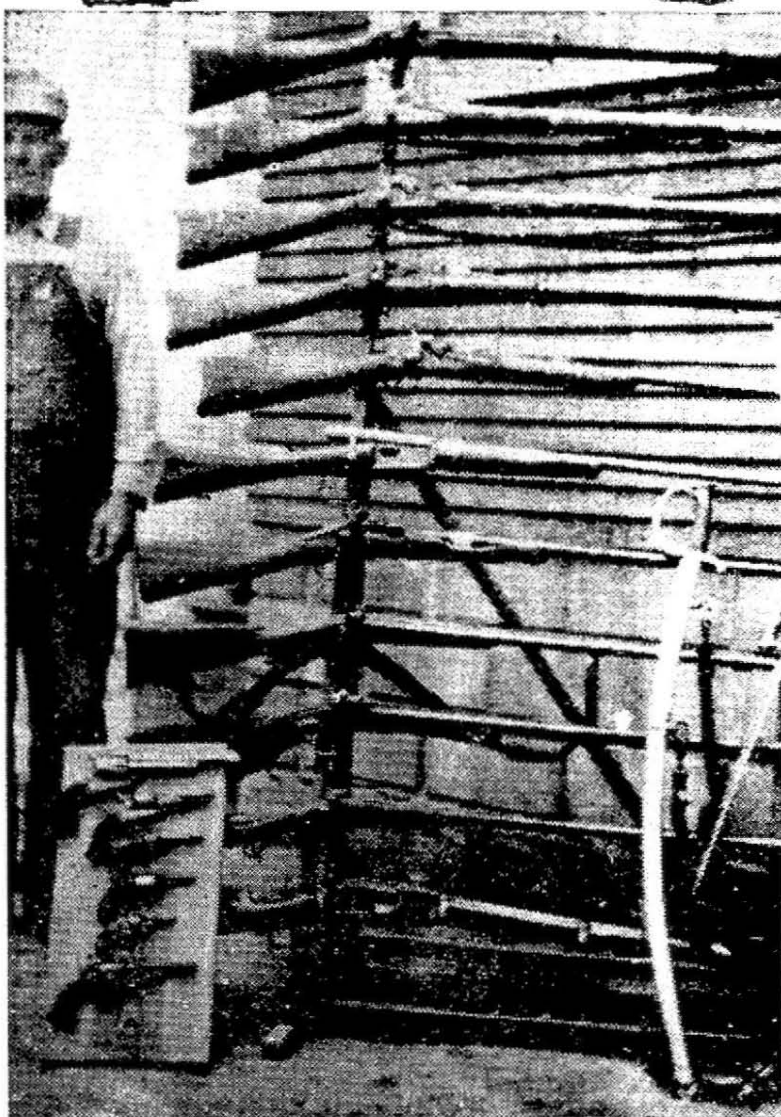
Such is the hobby and proud possessions of George Bartz living, east of the river, eight miles north of North Loup. I turned up the hill from the valley road to his brown bungalow house that sets so conspicuously on the west slope and can be seen from the highway.

George was disking in the field with his big tractor but was glad to stop and hurry to the house to take some of his collection to the yard so that a picture could be taken.

He has a sort of miniature museum in one room on the second floor. His collection is predominantly guns, but also includes three old spinning wheels, an old copper kettle, bullets, a civil war uniform, a couple swords, army buckles, a few Indian relics, and quite a smattering of other equipment. Among his arrow heads is a steel one found by George's cousin in So. Dakota.

There are forty-three rifles and shot guns all told, besides quite a number of gun stocks and barrels. One that is marked 1862 seems to be the oldest one that he knows for sure about. Few of these guns does Geo. know the actual history of except for his accurate and expert knowledge of the different makes of guns in general. One gun was brought from Germany by old man Kriewald many years ago. He had hunted in the Black Forest with it before bringing it to Valley county. It has killed deer in this country as well as in the old.

George Bartz Has Interesting Hobby, Collecting Old Firearms and Bullets



---Photo by the Roving Reporter

George Bartz and Part of His Collection.

Above is pictured a small part of the interesting collection of rifles, shotguns and pistols that can be seen at Mr. Bartz's farm near North Loup. The bottom pistol is the one with the notch. The seventh from the top is the oldest rifle.

George has a collection of revolvers also, one of which has a notch in the handle. All he knows of this gun is that it came out of the sand hills and that he got it of Glen Johnson of Horace. It is the lowest one on the rack and the only one to have a notch.

"How did you happen to start collecting guns?" I inquired.

"Well, once in a sportsman's magazine I saw a picture of a man who had a collection of half a dozen old guns. I thought that would be a nice thing, so I started a collection."

"And how do you get them?" I asked.

"Pretty hard sometimes, especially keepsakes or heirlooms. A few of these guns have been loaned to me so to speak. I put a little plate on the handle telling the owner and a little history, and promise to return the gun if it is wanted. One of my best ones was picked up at a sale for a quarter.

"Frank Miller of Scotia, who is interested in Indian relics, has found me one or two and I bought one at Ord at Kokes' Hardware.

I have not the means to give very much for a gun that is only for my small museum, but I have bought a few of them. Julius Schoning has an old gun that was carried in the Boer war by his father. I would like to have it in this collection, but he will not part with it and I do not blame him. I have found two old ones this last month."

I know of a man who has two old guns that he keeps on the back porch where the rain and snow beats in. He will not sell because they were his father's, still is not interested enough to properly care for them. It nearly makes my heart ache to get hold of them, shine them up and preserve them. He may let me have them yet."

Part of George's enjoyment lies in fixing and repairing these old fire arms. Some of these guns were nearly wrecks when he got them. After a little renovating by -George's deft hands, they look like new again, and would shoot too if he just had the shells.

And that is one more small feature of this museum. George has a collection of shells, some of which are mounted on a board.

—George Gowen.

February 1, 1939

The Ord Quiz

Abney's English Pointer is Nebraska's Best

"The trophy to the best shooting dog bred and owned in Nebraska was won by Patty-Lou, pure bred English pointer belonging to Lyle Abney, of North Loup, and handled by Don Barber, of Omaha."—Omaha World-Herald.

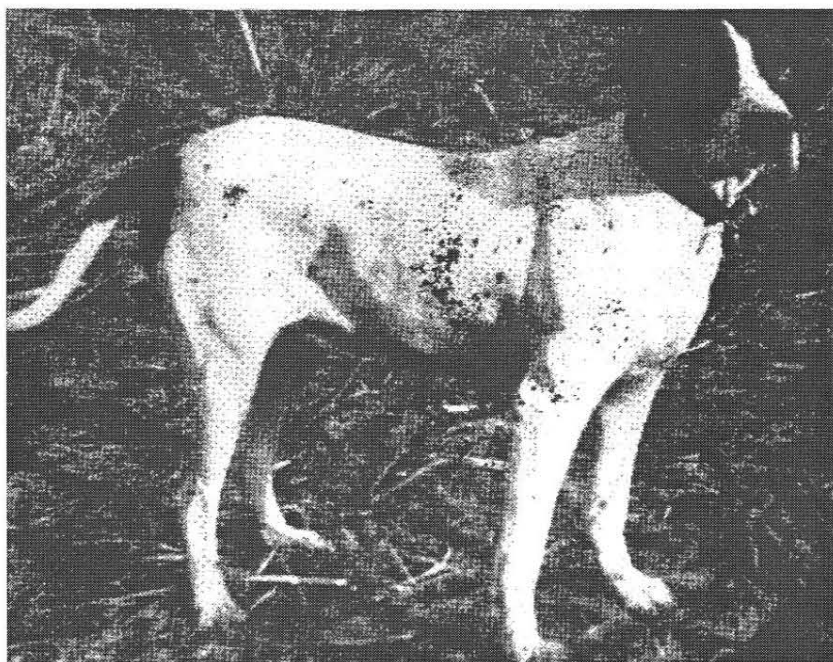
This brief description of Patty-Lou's victory in the shooting dog trials at Omaha is not all the story, either.

A few years ago a man near Omaha had an English pointer bitch and told Mr. Abney, who has a farm near Sumter, that if he would keep her until she whelped and raise the pups he would give Lyle his pick of the litter. Lyle took the bitch under that bargain and consequently got his pup, which he named Patty-Lou, for nothing. Her subsequent success proves that Lyle knows how to pick the right pup from a litter.

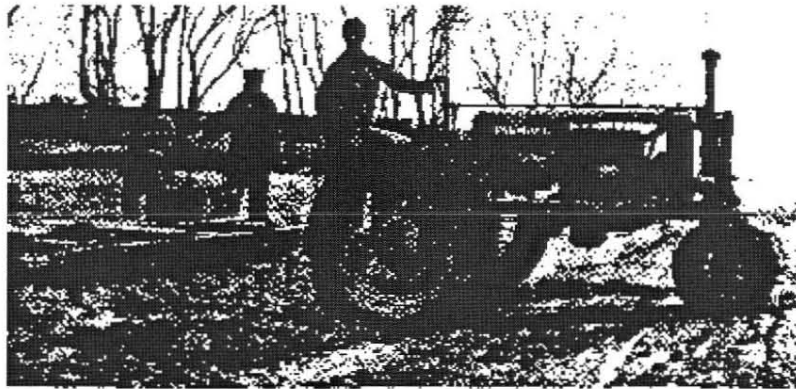
In 1937 at the shooting dog trials near Omaha, Patty-Lou won second prize in the puppy class. This year, in the field trials sponsored by the Missouri Valley Hunt club and held on pheasants near Ashland, Patty-Lou was the best Nebraska-bred dog in the meet. She outclassed anything on the grounds for fine hunting and obedience, said the judges, Ruth Stewart, a writer for the World-Herald, and Archie Welch, of Milwaukee.

Patty-Lou not only is a fine hunter and an excellent pet but also she raised six pups last year that Mr. Abney sold for \$25 each, which beats farming, her owner says. One of her puppies, six months old, won second in this year's puppy trials at Ashland, proving that Patty-Lou's fine nose is transmitted to her descendants.

Floyd Megrue, formerly of Scotia but now living at Tekamah, had a hand in training Patty-Lou, whose picture appears above.



WHY I CHANGED



Mr. George G. Gowen, of North Loup, Nebr., preparing to drag roads with his Farmall tractor.

TO A TRACTOR

By GEORGE G. GOWEN, North Loup, Nebraska

SEVEN years ago I started farming. I purchased seven horses and mules. They consisted of one good team that were stout and fast walkers; a second team of two- and three-year-old mules; a third team of old horses that were supposed to be good for a few years yet; and a seventh horse, a pretty grey four-year-old mare which I discovered could only be worked where there was no rattle. I planned not to work the two-year-old mule that year.

Besides, I bought feed for the season, and machinery. My cows produced enough income to pay a hired man. Otherwise, I spent all my money, and when fall came I was borrowing a little from the bank.

The good team was too fast for the others. One of the old team was lazy and the other balky at hard work. Finally, in despair, I sold the balky one for \$10 and worked the two-year-old mule. Horses, during the working season when this mare failed me, were high and hard to find.

The lazy mare nearly aggravated me to death. When working six, as I tried to do most of the time, she would eternally loaf and, in spite of all I could do I could not make her do her share. I tried a whip, but every time I would use it the fast team would jump and keep ahead enough so old Nell was still behind. I attempted holding the center team back. They were strong on the bit as well as the tugs, and every night my arms would ache from the pull until I could hardly sleep. I tried more severe bits, but that only made them fret. It might be said I didn't have good horses. No doubt that was true, but one seldom gets six horses that work together perfectly.

The hitching up of these six was another problem. The grey mare and the mules were a little wild. I never could turn them loose out of the barn when preparing to hitch, or they might escape. My water system was awkward, in that I had to lead the horses several rods to the house to drink. So a system was arranged with the family. I went ahead with the good team, watering them, hooking them to the machine, and then tying them to an anchor I had fixed for the purpose. The wife led the mules, the five-year-old boy led the grey mare, and the four-year-old girl led the old mare. Even she had pep enough to run back to the barn if she was not held.

The wife would help hitch them together. She then would stand in front until I had the lines securely in hand and had yelled, "Ready. Let 'em go." And away we went. This same performance took place every morning and noon that I worked the six, and that was most of the time. Later in the season I employed help, and between us we let the mules run away until we had to split them with one of the good team to work them at all.

This was not quite all. I turned, these steeds in the pasture at night. This pasture consisted largely of one big hill. I had to run the herd in afoot every morning from the other side of the pasture over the hill. Those mules felt so good that by the time I had the bunch tied in the barn, fed and harnessed, I felt as if I had done a day's work, and I had. Many a time have those mules made a dash for the back of the pasture, just as I nearly had them in the gate, and many a time I have had to enlist the family to help me corral them.

Another rather minor matter was the watering of my outfit. I remarked to my wife, "I never saw a man in my life take more time to drink his beer than it took these horses to sip their drink before work." Nothing is quite so distracting as to wait for six horses to take turns and fight over the last swig of water.

When hot weather came, I would sit at the end of the field on a little knoll and let the horses puff. There I would gaze over the landscape. To the south, my neighbor had a Farmall that never stopped to puff. Every day it went back and forth without stopping. One hot day when I cultivated about eight acres, with a two-row cultivator, my neighbor started to work when the sun was rising and finished a forty-acre patch. And that was a time when corn was growing about six inches a day. More than that, when it came to mowing alfalfa, he would mow as much as my hired man and myself together, and sometimes more. I figured the savings on a hired man would pay for the fuel, for then we were paying \$2.50 to \$3.50 a day for help.

In the fall I was talking to my neighbor again. He had kept track of his expense for fuel for his tractor. He farmed about the same number of acres as I did (about 160). He had spent about \$160.00. Then I estimated my feed bill, and it cost me more by quite a little. This might not always be true, depending on prices.

That happened to be a second year for my friend's tractor. Up to date, he had spent practically nothing for repairs, so that winter he had a complete overhaul job done, including new sleeves and pistons. His bill was less than \$80.00. Practically a new tractor for less than a good horse would cost, should one become disabled. What brought the fact more dearly to mind was another friend of mine who had a very nice mare (worth \$150.00) die with the colic. And she died after he had spent \$30.00 for repeated calls of a veterinary.

To make matters worse, I dried out that year. My money was spent and I had no feed for my horses for the following season. I was in a quandary, to be sure. I was nearly of the notion to sell out and go to work by the month again. I happened to fall to talking with a very good friend, O. R. Hill, who then sold Farmalls. He offered to sell me a tractor and outfit, everything I thought I would need, for about \$1500.00, and I could pay, as I remember, one-third down, one-third in the fall, and one-third the following fall.

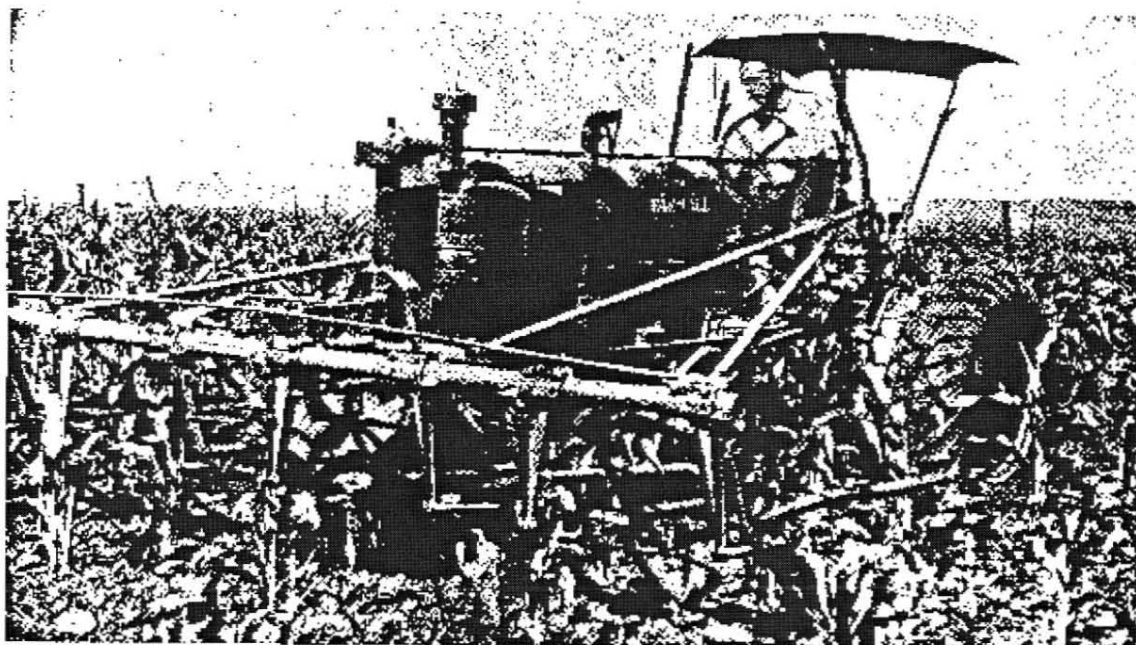
I studied over the proposition for several weeks. I was advised by many friends that it was the height of foolishness, and it would break me sure. I did not tell them I was already broke. I asked another friend in an oil station if I could get fuel for my car and tractor, and pay in the fall. He said I could. That was better than I could do buying grain. He said he would do even better than that—he would deliver the fuel to my place.

I sold enough horse machinery and horses (including the mules for \$300.00) to more than make the down payment. I kept one team and they had an easy time of it. They ran in the pasture, sometimes for a week, without being hitched or being fed grain. They kept fat as moles all the time. When I needed four horses I would borrow a team of the neighbor, and, in return, he borrowed mine.

The tractor did even better than I hoped for it. I could do my work much easier than I ever did with my horses, and without near the strain on my religion. The savings on hired help went a long ways toward paying the fuel bill. I had more time for chores, and a little for rest, which I vouch I did not have with the horses. My two horses only took one stall in my little barn, thereby leaving more room for the cows. And the two could be easily kept away from the feed racks and were not fighting everything all the time.

I grew a crop that year. I sold enough to pay my second installment and the fuel bill. The latter was something less than \$200.00 for both the car and tractor.

PRESIDENT OF U.S. C.C. USES FARMALLS



(Photo from Wide World)
Harper Sibley, new head of the United States Chamber of Commerce, although a banker by profession, owns a 4,000-acre ranch in California, a 350-acre farm near Rochester, N. Y., and is the largest individual landowner in Illinois. His corn farm at Sibley, Ill., is the largest in the world. Mr. Sibley is shown here at work on his farm at Sibley, cultivating four rows of corn with one of his many Farmalls.

The stunt of getting the tractor ready to go to the field was practically nil compared with the horses. I told one or two men I believed I could get the tractor ready to go to work in as short a time as it took my horses to drink. Of course, these men did not believe me, but still I think it was true when I remember how slow my horses were at that trick. When I was anxious to get a good start in the morning, I would grease and refuel the night before, sometimes after dark.

I never got behind with my work again but once. I would just work a little later for a few evenings, or eat a lunch the kids would bring out at noon. The "once" happened to be one Fourth of July when my sister and her husband came from another state to visit us. When they had left, after a four-day stay, I realized I should have been cultivating corn. It did not stop growing because I stopped work. The next morning I arose early and worked late that night. I finished cultivating fifty acres. As hot a day as it was, four horses would have done well to have covered ten. The corn was breaking some, but I finished the field anyway. That night it rained.

The feed argument has often been presented to me; that is, about growing your own fuel, etc. I usually feed cattle and never yet have had too much corn and hay. I like to hold a little feed over, and it would have been nice if I had held over a lot this last year. And more, all winter and fall, or two-thirds of the time, when most of one's horses are a nuisance, eating their heads off waiting for the summer's work, the tractor eats nothing.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY

OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)

McCORMICK-DEERING FARM OPERATING EQUIPMENT

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR TRUCKS

608 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE

CHICAGO, U.S.A.

HARVESTING MACHINES
MATERIALS EQUIPMENT
TRACTORS
MACHINES
MACHINES
MACHINES
MACHINES
MACHINES
MACHINES
MACHINES

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

MOTOR TRUCKS
TRACTORS
MACHINES
MACHINES
MACHINES
MACHINES
MACHINES
MACHINES
MACHINES
MACHINES

March 19, 1935.

FOR MR.
YOUR LETTER
RECEIVED

Mr. George G. Cowan,
North Loup, Nebr.

Dear Sir:

We have yours of March 11th, stating that \$15.00 would be acceptable for the material you recently submitted, and we are accordingly asking that a voucher for this amount be sent you. This should reach you in about ten days.

Very truly yours,

Arnold J. Barker

P.

REPRODUCED BY THE COMPANY, PHOTOCOPYED BY THE
NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND THE NATIONAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Care of County Board

<No date on clipping CB34>	145
May 31, 1934	146
June 7, 1934	146
June 19, 1934?	147
June 19, 1934	148
June 26, 1934	148
July 5, 1934?	149
July 13, 1934	150
July 26, 1934	150
July 27, 1934	151
August 2, 1934	152
August 9, 1934	152
August 16, 1934	153
August 30, 1934	154
September 6, 1934	155
September 13, 1934	156
September 20, 1934	157
September 27, 1934	158
October 4, 1934	159
October 11, 1934	160
October 19, 1934	161
October 25, 1934	162
November 2, 1934	163
November 8, 1934	164
November 15, 1934	165
November 22, 1934	166
November 29, 1934	167
December 6, 1934	168
December 13, 1934	169
December 20, 1934	170
December 27, 1934	171
January 4, 1935	172
January 11, 1935	173

January 18, 1935	174
January 24, 1935	175
January 31, 1935	176
February 7, 1935	177
February 14, 1935	179
February 21, 1935	180
February 28, 1935	181
March 5, 1935	183
March 7, 1935	184
March 14, 1935	186
March 21, 1935	187
March 28, 1935	189
April 11, 1935	190
April 20, 1935	192
April 24, 1935	193
May 2?, 1935	195
May 9, 1935	197
May 16, 1935	199
May 23, 1935?	201
May 30, 1935	202
July 4, 1935?	204
July 11, 1935?	205
July 25, 1935	207
August 1, 1935	208
August 8, 1935	210
August 15, 1935	211
August 22, 1935	213
<No date on clipping. CB35>	215
January 2, 1936	216
January 9, 1936	218
January 16, 1936	220
January 23, 1936	222
March 19, 1936?	224
July 2, 1936?	225
July 9, 1936?	226
September 3, 1936	227
September 10, 1936	229

September 17, 1936.....	230
September 24, 1936.....	231
October 1, 1936.....	233
October 8, 1936.....	234
November 19, 1936	236
November 26, 1936	238
December 17, 1936.....	239
December 24, 1936.....	241
<No date on clipping. CB36-1>.....	243
<No date on clipping.CB36-2>	245
January 14, 1937.....	246
March 4, 1937	248
March 11, 1937	249
March 18, 1937	251
March 25, 1937	252
April 1, 1937.....	254
April 7, 1937.....	255
April 14, 1937.....	257
April 21, 1937	258
April 28, 1937	260
May 5, 1937	261
May 12, 1937	263
May 19, 1937	264
May 26, 1937	266
June 2, 1937.....	267
June 9, 1937.....	269
June 16, 1937.....	270
June 23, 1937.....	272
August 11, 1937.....	274
August 18, 1937.....	275
September 8, 1937.....	277
October 6, 1937.....	278
October 13, 1937	280
October 20, 1937	281
October 27, 1937	284
November 3, 1937	285
November 10, 1937	287

November 17, 1937.....	288
December 8, 1937.....	289
<No date on clipping. CB37-1>.....	291
<No date on clipping. CB37-2>.....	293
<No date on clipping. CB37-3>.....	295
<No date CB 2>.....	297
<No date CB 3>.....	299
<No date CB 4>.....	300
<No date CB 5>.....	302
<No date CB 6>.....	303
<No date CB 7>.....	305
<No date CB 8>.....	307
<No date CB 9>.....	308
<No date CB 10>.....	310
<No date CB 11>.....	311
<No date CB 12>.....	313
<No date CB 13>.....	315
<No date CB 14>.....	316

<No date on clipping CB34>

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

Furtively I step into the old town hall to vote. I say furtively, because I am a little ashamed of my going so far to vote with no axes to grind. So many do not go at all. I scanned the sample ballot. The democratic ticket is much longer. There is one fellow there that I would like to vote for. I glance at the republican ballot. It looks better. A few more familiar names. I would like to vote the democratic ticket and help John out, but I hesitate. He might not get it anyway. My one vote, in all likelihood, would not elect or defeat. Further, I might want a political job sometime. It would not look well if they found that I faltered in the time of need. I step to the desk. Five men take a part in handing me a republican ticket. They knew me of old. They do not have to ask. I proceed to the booth.

Five names for U.S. Senator. I had met Bob Simmons when he was congressman. He was a pleasant fellow and noticed by a pin in my lapel, that I too had attended the U. of N. Then he helped Uncle Tom get his pension. I will sure vote for him.

For Governor. Five names. A friend of mine knew Griswold in the army. Said he was a good sport. Another man said he is a snob. Sorensen was a good Attorney General. Oh I don't care, much. I glance at the other three names. I never heard of them. Scratch Sorensen. He may not get it anyway.

Five for Lieutenant Governor. Webster sounds like a good fellow. Noah Webster was a bright chap. Wrote a book once I think. Scratch him. Someone is waiting for the booth.

Five for Secretary of State. Never heard of any of them. Second person waiting for the booth, now. Still going down the list. Start to count. Pass forty-five names in a row. Not a man I heard of. Here is County Commissioner will vote for Walker. He stopped to see me one day, sure was a nice looking fellow. Said he would work the road over here, and repair the bridge, if he got elected.

Then the non-political ballot. Look it over. To heck with them. I think of what our hired man used to say, "if they can't tell their party I'll not vote at all. I might veto for a democrat." Well, I'm not that narrow. I'll vote for Taylor. He came from Saint Paul, where my mother used to teach school.

Still another person waiting at the booth. Why don't they have more booths? Do you suppose they all know how I am voting? I hand back my ballot. Just five marks on that long piece of paper. The election committee of five took care of it, and wrote my name in the book, and entered republican after it. Next year I am going to see if I cannot get a job on the election board. Easy money. Three dollars a day to sit around and joke in these hard times is a pip.

I left. I hope none of the clerks recognize my ballot. I hope none of my creditors find out that I drove eight miles to perform that duty.

George G.

Loyalist, November 9, 1934

George Gowen, who writes glib letters, on most any subject, once made some wise cracks about wishing he could earn some easy money by being on the election board. George votes in Greeley county and maybe things were slow over there, but if he had been on the election board Tuesday, he might have come to the conclusion that it was no picnic day.

May 31, 1934

The Ord Quiz

**CARE OF
COUNTY BOARD**

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

Have been thinking that I had better write to you for several days about this new deal. We used to feel that death and taxes were beyond escape, but thanks to the powers that be, I am going to get out of paying taxes this year. I do not know whether my final summons will be extended a year or not. Perhaps if we would write a letter to Wallace, he would fix that up too.

You see, Jake, my taxes, due to the county treasurer are about \$200.00. On the other hand the federal fellows remit about \$250.00, to pay us for not working and (mum's the word) I did not intend to raise so many pigs, anyway. Now that is more than the republicans ever did. You see the republicans loaned us money and the new dealers just gave it to us. The democrats are smarter. They know how hard it is to collect.

Sincerely,
George G.

P. S. Just happened to think. Sold my hogs the other day. They weighed 6,000 pounds. My check was \$180.00. The processing tax was \$150.00. If there is enough left after I pay that mortgage I will try to pay you that five spot I borrowed last summer.

P. S. S. Do you suppose we better write to Wallace about that death extension business or will we be here long enough anyway?

June 7, 1934

The Ord Quiz

**CARE OF
COUNTY BOARD**

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

I heard yesterday that Clarence Davis has his hat in the ring for Congress. I would like to ask you a favor. Couldn't you say a kindly word about me to him? You see, Jake, I want a soft job. It would not matter if what you said was true or not. Do not forget to tell him that I have always been right politically. Tell him that if he will promise me a job I shall write a rhapsody about him. Irvy Sheldon, who is a crack weather prognosticator says that every day that passes is just one day nearer the next rain.

By the way, what has happened to those fellows who have been saying that we do not need irrigation in this country?

Did you hear of the bumpkin who dropped into church last week and when the collection was taken, he tossed a phony half dollar into the platter? I do not think we should condemn him entirely, for he told me that he hated to do it but that it was the last and only cent he had and he felt that he should give something for the foreign missions. His heart was right, anyway.

The story is reported that for a few days after the bullheads were dumped into the bayou, the banks were lined with fishermen, and big catches were reported by everyone. I suggest that they just rent a big tank and let the anglers fish from there. That would save a good deal of road work going to and from the bayou, and also save the trouble of fishing after all the fish had been caught. It seems silly to have to catch the fish the second time, but you see when a fellow is fishing he is not only supplying the larder but is also relieving the unemployment situation.

Very sincerely,
Geo. G.

June 19, 1934?

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

We all turned out to the drouth relief meeting at the school house. The discussion led to parley. One man offered to take ten dollars paid in advance, for all the benefits that he would receive. Another, going one better, offered to take one dollar. No one accepted. Nevertheless, we all filled out and sent in the blanks, although I dare say, that in no other district around North Loup are there fewer farm mortgages than here. At another drouth meeting south of town, where the special phobia for nearly everyone is that interest that is forever due, the men assembled on the steps of the school house and held their symposium. The conclusion arrived at was that there was nothing but chicanery in the deal. As a result no one signed the blanks and none were sent in. If the government shows the same prompt and speedy action in this relief that has been shown in some other government affairs (approval of irrigation projects, or farm loans for example) it will be "dog eat dog" before any benefit arrives.

Now that we are on the subject of government operations, let me add another point. One who lives down this way applied to the Federal Land Bank for a loan on his farm. In the course of time the loan was approved but the applicant died before the money had even arrived, we all felt that there had been ample cause for the administrator to go into the dither that he did.

And now the drouth revives the talk that the world is coming to an end. Clyde Barrett said, "it will be all right if they take us all. I would sure hate to be one of the few that are left." If present conditions continue, it will not be a flood anyway. The water is still running down the old North Loup river yet. Some people are afraid that the end will come before we get our irrigation project approved.

Sincerely,
Geo. G.

June 19, 1934

The Ord Quiz

**CARE OF
COUNTY BOARD**

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

I have a penchant for garden planting. I work hard, with much enthusiasm, placing the seeds row by row. My ardor wanes at that. I despise hoeing the weeds on the hot June days, and as a result my gardens are usually ephemeral.

I have finally found, however, my ideal for such things. It is a lily pool. All that is involved is the planting, the turning on of the water and the freeing of the fan-tails. The rest of the time I just look on. No weeds to pull, no beans to pick, no bugs to spray. And the best part of it is that the whole garden is drouth resisting.

Sometimes I think that our little hamlet should be rechristened Cranford. It was a startler to me when I was told that there are some fifty or sixty widows living within our boundaries besides a dozen or more old maids. Cranford was a town, you remember, in the story, where there were nothing but women. <Two lines covered by article pasted on top of them.> -up of <...> situation was not so bad. It gives us something different to talk about down here besides the drouth and high taxes, and that helps a little.

Earl Smith, our drayman has moved to the hills. We are sort a lonesome without him. For years his merry banter and happy laugh have been as characteristic in our streets as the town whistle. His equestrian arguments, convictions and possessions have regaled us all. I have not seen him in weeks. He thinks so much of old dobbin that not even a car graces his demesne. He has the benison of all us bums who nest in and around the oil station. We miss him in his recluse home.

Mrs. Van Thomas is the great grandmother to twenty-eight children, seven of which were born the last year.

Sincerely,

George G. Gowen

June 26, 1934

The Ord Quiz

**CARE OF
COUNTY BOARD**

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

We were invited to the hospitality of Mrs. G. G. Clement and Clare last week. Those spreading elms and tall conifers around their beautiful home are a living memento to the efforts of a man whose life's work is done. Those trees remind me of huge umbrellas erected for the protection against the blazing sun and blasting winds of which there is no dearth in this country. Some unappreciative duffer will slay these old sentinels of a half a century in twenty minutes to supply fuel

for the furnace. Then he may plant a small tree in its place. His excuse will be that it was the wrong kind of a tree.

Stopping at George's, we found him drawing a picture of the drouth. I hope to see it complete sometime. The picture that he drew for the S. D. Baptist sixtieth anniversary is a piece of art worth seeing. A covered wagon is depicted. Having just forded the river, it is trekking toward the west. Not a tree, or a dwelling or a cow can be seen on the thousand hills ahead. A black cloud is threatening from the southwest and a streak of lightning is popping there too. It is only an illustration of the stories that I was rocked to sleep by some thirty years ago. My folks came into this country in a similar mode, many years ago. I never tire of looking at that picture, and I am afraid that I will not get as much out of the sermon as I should as long as that canvas hangs back of the pulpit.

If I could sketch like that I would lose all interest in farming. Drawing pictures, surely is, as good a pastime as baseball, bridge, stamps, flowers, horses, fine cars or writing letters to the county board that they never answer, and as profitable.

Very respectfully,
Geo. G.

July 5, 1934?

The Ord Quiz

<no date, pasted between June 26, 1934 and July 13, 1934>

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

That article in the paper last week lambasting us republicans and lauding the democrats tweaked my curiosity. It was signed as A. F. The person whom I thought at first was the author has the initials of W. M. By no combinations, backward or forward could I make A. F. apply to her. Finally I decided that it was Amel Foth. I couldn't believe that Amel would say such things about us noble republicans but strange things will happen occasionally. That being settled in my mind, I was informed by the frau that Amel spelt his name Emil. Emil being disposed of I then concluded that it must be Anual Fraser who wrote the treatise.

I am sorry that it was not I instead of Haskell who was in on the argument. It looked like Anual had a little the edge. First man has no chance. Haskell might stage a comeback. At that it looks like the loafer in the oil station was about right. He said that the Lord must be on the side of the republicans because when Hoover was president we at least had some rain.

Frank Kucera says, "All of my life I have heard my father tell about the drouth in '94. Now we have a story that beats that to tell our kids."

The new telephone directory is out. There seems to be a dearth of advertisers, except for the undertakers. Three of them are asking us for our trade. Perhaps they think that there will be a lot of business the coming year. Starvation perhaps. But as far as I am concerned, if I starve there will be no money left for the undertakers. Jake, would you arrange for the county to pay them if worse comes to worse? Then there are the wife and kids. Well, probably I'll last the longest, I'm the biggest.

Hoping for the best,
Geo. G

July 13, 1934

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

A few of your constituents were chaffing on the street corner about the brawl at Loup City. We all concluded that the whole affair was an outrage, in a land where all men are created free and equal. I did not want to bicker. We parted with the conclusion that everything must be done to suppress any such affairs in our staid old Valley County.

I guess that I must be dumb. Even after that curb invective, there were a few points that I did not have settled clearly in my cranium. The old adage of "all men are created free and equal" lingered. Jake, look up in your supervisor's library why one kid should inherit a good farm, or a factory, or a million dollars, and the next boy whose father was not so crafty, or so lucky, inherits nothing. Neither boy had anything to say about how much property his father was able to gather together.

Another point that was a little shady up in my torpid noodle is why one man, or a group of men shall be able to control, by mere act of ownership, the necessities of life, (such as oil, wheat, water power, clothing etc.) and keep them from the hungry mobs, merely because of his own whim, or for speculation. He may say, "pay the price or starve," and our laws protect him.

And then Jake, I wish you would investigate a little among your colleagues and see if you can decipher why it is that we have such surplusage on the one hand and so many hungry people on the other. Another little point, that bothers me now and then is that the guests at the Boston Tea Party were called acrid names, like Reds and Bolsheviks, by the ruling powers. Pat Henry was a revolter against the king, and if George Washington had not been such a good scrapper, he and a quite a few other smart men would have been tried and hung at sunrise. We are all glad that they had nerve enough to tell the sovereign, who was unjustly treating them, to go to h ---.

Very respectfully,

Geo. G.

July 26, 1934

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

The drouth is laid at the feet of many people and many things. As example:

The President, of course, is blamed and the star victim.

The Democrats in general are quite a little responsible. In 1894 they were in power. We should have known better.

Others lay the blame on the administration, saying that this is punishment for killing the innocent little pigs and taking the land out of production when already the mobs were becoming gaunt.

Another says that our dearth of moisture is because of the lack of snow in the mountains.

Some high powered scientists claim that it does not rain because we have drained so many swamps and marshes over the land.

One sanctimonious soul divines the idea that the drouth at North Loup is on account of the dances held here almost every night. These fandangos, she claims, are wild and furious, and our scourging is only the wrath of the Lord.

And then another propounds the theory that North Loup is dryer than the surrounding country because we do not sell beer here. Just what the connection is between beer and rain, I cannot fathom, unless it is the wrath of the devil.

Then there is quite a group that feel and pronounce that the world is fast approaching the end. The tremor last spring was a forerunner of the fatal day. This old earth is moving at a too fast and furious pace and must be checked. In place of a flood that the rainbow is ever reminder of, we are drying up, little by little, like cutting off the pup's tail.

Many other notorious explanations are expounded. Now Jake, if all of us could just decide on the one person that is responsible, I think that we better hang him at sunrise.

Respectfully,
Geo. G.

July 27, 1934

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

It is getting to be about time to sort out our sows for fall farrowing. The question arises as to what constitutes the fecundity of a good sow. We use to think that the sow that would raise ten pigs was the one to keep. Honors have been given to men who would raise a ton of pork in six months from one mother hog. How times have changed. Now we should sort out and save the sow that farrows three pigs and then lays on two of them. Make one blade grow where two grew before.

Here is a little curb philosophy. Banks were being discussed. One man said in reference to borrowing, "Many of us do not feel very sorry when banks are robbed. That is about the only way to get any money out of them and get it in circulation."

Another added, "It seems impossible to stop these bank robberies. I think we had better repeal the law." Sounds like a prohibitionist.

Then another genius piped up, "I have found that Russian thistles are about the only things that do well on a dry year except the interest on the mortgage."

The fourth concluded, "There are quite a few people that have to be taken care of in the lean years as well as the good. Bankers, mortgagees, commission men, politicians for example."

Such persiflage, I will not tell more of it as the banter soon lead to prevarications and more, you being a political wheel horse, those remarks might hurt your feelings.

Changing the subject a little, let me ask you a personal question. What is there about the supervisor's job that causes so many men to throw their hat in the ring? Is it the pay or is it the honor.

Respectfully,
Geo. G.

P. S. The flunking out on the hog contracts by the government isn't making any more votes for the democrats or for the committee members either.

August 2, 1934

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

Someone said: "It gets a little hotter every day. Just preparing us for eternity." For one reason it would be too bad to have a rain just now. It would spoil a good story for the kiddies. A year of years. Never before have we seen one like it. We hope never again. Forty years ago, July 26 and 27, was that terrible wind that burnt 'em up. Pyrotechnics, in other words. That year was bountiful by the side of this. Farming here is all right, but there are too many skips. Most of us live on the money from next year's crop. And now the quarrel over who is to blame for not getting the ditch. While we burn. And while the FTRA piddle around at work that many think is useless.

If all along the line, the so-called statesmen were as frugal about spending public money, as they are about helping our indigent souls, the taxes would not be oppressive. For example, Five dollars a month for a man to live on. Seventeen cents a day. A bottle of milk and a loaf of bread. One and two thirds cents for luxuries such as rent, clothes, ice cream, beer. That's all he deserves. Serves him right. He should not have invested in Skinner stock. One man works and gets sixteen-fifty a month for himself and family of four. That is, in groceries. He says that he must join the nudists and pay his rent when prosperity comes, just around the corner. Five dollars a month for house rent is the limit. Yes we will in North Loup. And furnish the water--and groceries too perhaps. It is different in Ord. Put 'em in box cars. They are good enough. One addle-headed duffer suggested that the supervisors rent the stock yards. That would be cheaper. It is hard medicine for us who have to "live and let live", isn't Jake.

I saw a pauper going home with an armful of groceries the other day. He had a loaf of bread baked in another city. I presume that he had some Wisconsin cheese, too. He was whistling a merry round - de-lay. Such minor troubles as drouth, debts, taxes, interest were not worrying him. Blessed be nothing.

This letter is hardly worth sending. All piffle. Just screeds from a hillbilly. Don't forget, Jake, that we still pretend to have a town down here and we are your liegemen. So many forget the home town when they get to the city.

Very respectfully,
Geo. G.

August 9, 1934

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Oscar and I trekked to Grand Island to the sale last Wednesday. Things look a little better down there. Some farmers will get fodder. The little patches that have been irrigated are bright. Those amethyst fields of alfalfa that we passed so frequently, that are being left for seed, suffused an aroma

that would be a treat for the Gods. When I am rich I am going to have an alfalfa field go to seed in front of the house every year.

At Saint Paul we refilled with a little more push. These fellows at the station were a jocular pair, entertaining us while they worked at the radiator, windshield and lights. Behind their lot was a huge forest of sunflowers, and near it was tethered a small black goat, which I presumed was their mascot. They announced that they were going to get a nother goat. Then they would have a unit and could get \$2.50 a month for feed. They planned to turn their goats in the sunflower patch and have 100 percent profit. A mammoth load of hay went rolling south. "Right out of your country", they said. "One load goes one way and the next load goes back," and sure enough in less than ten minutes we passed a truck load of hay going north. Good business for the truckers.

When I arrived home I stopped at the blacksmith shop for a repair. I have thought many times that Paul and his father were the busiest men in town. Now they are nearly idle. No one is working and consequently no breakage, and all of this besides the usual curtailment of the times. Chris said, "All the time I hear about helping the farmers. I think that it is about time now that they do something for the blacksmiths and mechanics." When I asked the price, in a moment of profligacy I said, "Too cheap. Just keep the change."

George G.

August 16, 1934

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

Someone told Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Hill told my mother and my mother relayed it to me that someone by the name of Johnson north of Horace had some home grown apples for sale but that they would not deliver them. Horace being only a few miles distant we backed out the car and trekked over there. The farm was a few miles farther than we had expected, but as long as we were started we kept going.

Upon our arrival we found the people very hospitable with nothing special to do but to visit and fish. It apparently was too hot weather to fish. As soon as I had sprung a few of my old gags, we were the best of friends. After a half an hour's chat, they told me they could not possibly spare any apples, but that there was a farmer just a few miles over yonder that might have some. A few miles is nothing in their lives.

So to the yonder place we went, crawling through a couple of sand pits on the way. We found that these people had none of the much sought apples for sale either. After another half hour's visit, they told us of another place a mile or two in the offing, where there might be apples. No one had telephones, that luxury having been dispensed with a couple years before. There was nothing to do but to plow over there through that before mentioned sand and inquire.

This we did. We arrived at a farmstead, planted in a little coulee, surrounded by a grove of trees. The house was a one-story drab affair that had never been painted, and should have been transformed into a chicken coop years before to keep up with modernity. A few old machines, piles of boards and thin horses floreated the front and back yard. Ducks, chickens, cats and dogs arrayed themselves on the doorstep.

I knocked at the door. I was greeted by one of those old fashioned cameo-typed girls, bedecked in a modern voile. She was one of the kind you read about so often in the stories, but so seldom see, one

that makes you intuitively want to “linger longer”, and when in passing, as McIntyre says, you just can’t help but turn and look back.

I asked her about the apples and she told me pleasantly that her folks were not home but she had heard her father say that there were none in the country that there are lots of trees but no apples. We chatted a minute or so about the crops which we each knew before hand were nil and I left. I could not help but wonder who the lucky chap might be who would some day inveigle her to the alter, and if she would look so chic, fresh and unwrinkled five years afterwards. Five years of life on a farm, working eighteen hours a day with garden, chickens, hired help and kids will usually make the best of them look as if they had been drawn through a knot hole. I further pondered over the idea of how such creatures can blossom out of such land of sand, wind, drouth and despair. Strange things do happen.

We returned home. The speedometer registered forty miles and not a single apple.

George G.

August 30, 1934

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

I wish these agriculture fellows would cease their clatter about us keeping farm accounts. A person might gather from the arguments propounded, that that and that only would bring us prosperity.

I started a farm account record once. I took my inventory on December 31st and spent most of New Years Day getting the trial balance. Then I figured the profit and loss and found something like fifteen hundred dollars profit. I excitedly proclaimed the glad news to the wife. She was a little bewildered at the announcement but even at that I forthwith went and traded for a new car, using my old one, that was all mine, for the down payment, and the remaining eighty per cent to be paid later when I sold my hogs.

When I took my inventory, December 31st, the hogs were worth about, six cents. Corn was worth forty. I had to buy a quite a little more feed to make those pigs salable, but all of that was very simple, when a fellow is making as much as I was. The difficulty of it all was that those fellows who had the corn to sell, boosted the price to fifty cents when they found that I had to have it, and it seemed to me that the packers just had their eye on my bunch of hogs, and when I was forced to move them, the price was knocked down to three and a half. I had to sell a team and a couple of the milk cows to make the payment on the car.

When the hogs were all hauled off, I took down my records again. I spent a half a day wrangling with those figures, going up and down the columns, when I should have been hard at work in the field. I finally came to the conclusion that we were spending too much money. That the money was going out faster than it was coming in. Someone told me once that that was the reason banks failed. It might also apply to farming. There were all of our farm expenses in black and white. My books showed that the farm was profitable, but still I owed the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker and the automobile salesman.

“Mother,” I said. “Listen, I make money every year. The book says so. No other way out of it. Right here in black and white and still we are behind. We spend too much. Either we must cut down on our expenses or quit keeping track.”

We quit keeping track. We had better luck. We took our money on hand as an indicator of our prosperity.

Now the government sent out dandy little account books and insists that we keep them written up. By doing so, we can tell to the penny what our profit is at any minute, on any project, tract or endeavor. We will know how much profit there is in feeding eighty-five cent corn to five cent hogs, in raising crops in drouth years, if Old Charley is getting the heaves, if Old Cherry is going to have a bull or a heifer calf or if the bank account is in the red or black.

That is all fine, but the heck of it all is that most of it I rather not know.

September 6, 1934

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

My sister, in California, writes that there is a movement there (they have lots of ideas in California) to the effect that the government shall pay every person over sixty years of age two hundred dollars a month. She says that the idea is gaining strength fast and everyone seems to be in favor of it as soon as the proposition is explained to them. There is only one requirement, and that is that the recipient spend the money. In that way we would soon start the circulation of the lucre in the place of soaking it away in the mattress or in the bank to make temptation for the bandits. As soon as this money has become well on its way in the typhoon, prosperity will dawn for all of us.

I am beginning to be converted to the idea myself. My wife's parents are both over sixty and so is my mother. I wish the measure would soon be adopted for not one of the three are of any too good health at the writing. Further, all three of these folks are none too exacting with me. They are the nicest folks to borrow money from I ever saw. They will loan me their last dollar and nearly starve before they ask me to pay them back. Then I would plan to rent my mother a room for about forty per and charge her a dollar for a bottle of milk. Great Guns, Jake, think of the possibilities!

And then think of how some of these old folks who are getting a dollar and twenty a week to live on would act. They would sure tell someone where to go in short order. And in place of five dollars a month rent, we might get enough to pay our taxes.

I presume that I better mention how this money is to be raised, although we all know that that is a minor matter now days it is argued that we put on a sales tax of very small denomination. That would be all right. One more little tax on top of all of the others would not be noticed. Of course if there was too much "hollar" about that, we could just have Morgenthau issue some more bonds. No one objects to that way of paying.

George G.

September 13, 1934

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

Mrs. Grey had gone to bed and gone to sleep. She was suddenly awakened by the mice in her cupboard. "They must be having a democratic convention there," she thought. She glanced at the clock. It was eleven thirty, and Art, her husband, was not home yet. He had gone from the garage to help a wrecked car into town.

"I've about had my fill of mice for one night," she pondered, sitting up. She stretched, arose and padded to the kitchen. She spread butter on a couple slices of bread, and then proceeded to find the poison. She did not find it at first on top of the cupboard where she thought she had placed it a year before. She struck a match, climbed on a chair and stirred the junk around that was there. Just as the light was going out she picked up a can on the very front of the shelf. "Here it is," she murmured. "Who would put it there? Someone might get ahold of it by mistake."

She opened the can and spread a thin layer on each slice. Then she sprinkled a little sugar on top and placed a very thin slice of cheese on one making a sandwich. Leaving this on the shelf and placing the can on the top, she marched back to bed. "We will just serve them a little lunch at their next convention" she said to herself. She was soon sound asleep again.

In a short time Art came home. He had worked hard ever since supper repairing the wreck so that the tourists could go merrily on their way in the morning. He was hungry. He looked into the cupboard. He saw the sandwich and at once proceeded to eat it and did eat it. "Pretty good sandwich at that," he thought to himself. A little peculiar taste to it. Perhaps some newfangled salad dressing. Anything will go now days for salad dressing or sandwich spread." He thought kind thoughts of his wife for fixing the lunch for him. He crawled into bed. He reached over kissing her and whispered, "pretty nice of you dear, to fix the sandwich for me." She hardly awakened. He was very tired. He was soon sound asleep.

In the course of a few moments she raised up in bed with a start "Art, What did you say?" Art only grunted. He was sleeping soundly. She sprang from the bed and ran to the cupboard. She knew now what he had said. She grabbed a bottle of milk. She ran back to the bed and shook him violently. She screamed, "Wake up Art, Art, Wake up. You have eaten the rat poison. There was rat poison in that sandwich. Drink this milk."

Art was awake by this time enough to be mad. The idea of waking him up just as soon as he had fallen asleep. He rolled over. "Sposen I did. I am not a rat anyway. Too late to worry now. Leave me alone. I want to sleep."

"Drink this milk while I call the doctor," she ordered.

He grabbed the bottle. "Let the doctor rest," he stormed. "Too late now to worry anyway. I want to sleep while I can." He downed the milk. He was still hungry.

The wife was in despair. He had gone to sleep again. He was not such a bad fellow for the most part, but when he laid down orders about himself he meant it. He did very much as he pleased and expected other people to allow him to do it. Further, he was always grouchy when his sleep was disturbed. She did not dare to call the doctor against Art's wishes. If she did he might kick the doctor out of the house.

Not a wink more did she sleep that night. Every breath that Art took, she would imagine was the last or the beginning of a convulsion. She thought of her explanation to the sheriff. She thought of the funeral, the administrators, the pall bearers, the kids and the property. "He will waken soon and

in his misery he will wish he had told me to call for help sooner. What a cruel man he is to sleep there while I stay awake and worry about his life."

She rose at daybreak. She as well get up as to lie there awake. She would straighten the house a little so it would look better when the crowd came. There was one thing that she vowed she would do. She would bury that poison and moreover, never leave any spread on bread around where Art might eat it, or anyone else, either.

Automatically she opened the cupboard. The sandwich was gone. The can of poison was on the top shelf where she had laid it. She picked it up. She proceeded to read the label. Instead of poison it read Denver Mud.

She walked to the bedroom and laid down. Soon she was sound asleep. About eight, Art awoke and dressed. "Guess I will not awaken her. Just go up town to breakfast. It isn't worrying her much now about me eating that poison. I guess I was a little mean to her last night. But what a fool idea to wake a fellow up for."

He leaned over and kissed her and left.

Geo. G. Gowen.

September 20, 1934

The Ord Quiz

<Marked September 6, 1934, but assuming date, since September 20, 1934 is missing>

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

Yesterday, after the rain, soon after dinner, I decided to sow my rye. I started my tractor, when I happened to think that I should call Claud. And he told me that he was going to town. I hurried to the house, leaving the engine idle. "It will only take a minute," I thought.

I unhooked the receiver to find out if the wire was clear. No. Someone was talking. I rubbered a minute. I concluded that it was Mrs. Allen talking to her mother about chickens. "She is pretty long winded," I remembered, "but perhaps she will do better this time. They talked yesterday at great length. Not so much to say today perhaps."

I hung up the receiver. I went for a drink. I robbed the cookie jar. I returned to the phone. Still talking. This time about the kids. Johnnie has the colic. "Too many green apples," I deducted. I picked up the paper and read while they clattered on. I read the whole paper with one hand. I became disgusted by this time. I banged up the receiver: I picked up a wild west story. I sat down and read a hundred pages. I returned to the phone. They were still talking. It was about the new teacher now. I wished one of those wild cowboys were here that I was just reading about.

I had become more disgusted and nearly mad by this time. I vowed that I would stay by the ship and call Claud if it took all day and all night. I pulled an easy chair to the phone. I took a supine position, propping the receiver to my ear. I resolved to rest while I had a chance and I was very tired. More so than I thought.

Suddenly the thing buzzed in my ear. I had fallen asleep at the switch. Someone else was listening and rang in ahead of me. Such impudence.

This time they rang Davis. "Probably one of Mary's many beaux calling," I deciphered. "I must pay close attention now." It was he dated her for a dance. That was all. That was more like people should use the phone. They said good-bye sweetly. I heard the receiver click. I counted them for curiosity.

Nine hung up besides mine. There are eleven phones on the line. Who do you suppose was absent? Broadcasting. Practice in public speaking.

The bell buzzed again. I was too late. I shouldn't have counted. This time it was Mrs. Smith talking to her daughter, I thought then it was hopeless. My wife reprimanded me for swearing in the phone. Much worse to swear there than elsewhere. I reclined again in the chair. I read another story. I went for another drink. (Of water). I ate another cookie. I read another story. And on they chattered.

At that moment my boy came into the house. He is a bright lad. Takes after his Dad they say. I hailed him. "Sit down here and rubber," I ordered. "And the minute they cease their onslaught of the land, ring Claud and call me." I then laid down on the cot and napped again.

Soon my boy yelled. I went to the phone. "Hello Claud. Hello. Hello." He said that he could hardly hear me, and that my batteries must be low. "Say Claud I have been trying to get you all morning. Did you go to town?" He answered that he had gone and had returned. "Say Claud. Well, by the way. Oh h___, I have plum forgotten what I was going to ask you. Goodbye."

I moped to the barn and turned off the tractor. It was chore time. I decided to sow the rye the next day. My boy tagged along. "Daddy," he said. "I sure stopped them didn't I? I went out and grounded the line for a few minutes." That boy of mine is a genius.

George G.

September 27, 1934

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

For the most part, my wife and I are as happy, loving and congenial as two little turtle doves, but I have concluded that even in the most tranquil seas of connubial bliss, there is an occasional rift. As a result of a slight tiff in our household I am writing this epistle, or screed, not because I think that it is particularly enlightening, but solely to vent an upset disposition.

It happened like this. I sat down to the table and brought forth the typewriter. A voice from the bedroom rang out, "Don't go to stringing papers around today. I am going to have club tomorrow."

"Can't help it," I remarked. "I must write this strip today or Leggett will fire me."

"You can help it," she fired back. "Take this rug out and beat it and do a good job too."

After the rug was walloped thoroughly, I returned to the house and again sat down to the typewriter. She was sweeping under the bed. "Great guns woman what are you doing under there? Do you imagine that those demure club ladies will grovel on the floor just to see if you have cleaned under there?"

"Say George, I haven't time to argue with you. Go and clean the porch."

After I had cleaned the porch, I again sought out the typewriter. The house was nothing short of a potpourri. "Heavens, Mother. What's the use? What would you think if I would run and clean the barn every time I think someone is coming."

"I will bet that it would need it," she snapped, "but as long as it would take you a week you would probably let it go. Here is a bushel basket full of your old letters. Sort them out and do it now."

That being done, I was commanded to wash the windows, and then mow the lawn, and then repair the front gate, and then patch the screen door. For dinner we ate bread and milk. "Now before you leave, nail up that curtain and put up your old typewriter."

"But what will Leggett say?" I pleaded.

"You heard what I said didn't you," she returned.

When she was cleaning behind the pictures, I played hooky and escaped to the river. I didn't catch any fish, but life was more peaceful.

The next morning early, her two sisters and her mother came, and they all labored dynamically until noon. Reluctantly we all sat down to an ort for dinner. After the repast, they began scurrying to put the finishing touches to the display when the phone rang, and the news was broadcast that a veteran member of the club had died, and that the organization would not meet today. Rela xing, my wife sank in a deep chair exhausted.

"It has been an absolute waste of effort," I exclaimed. "You should have club now even if they all died."

"George!" she reprimanded.

"I am not saying that I wish all the club was dead, but if this good lady was determined to go to her reward, I can't see why she could not have done it yesterday and then I could have written a good strip and saved you all this work. Too bad. Too bad."

"Yes. It is too bad," she agreed. "And I don't believe a one of them has seen our new wall paper yet." Now Jake I will try to do better next time, but things have been in such a turmoil here that you will have to excuse me.

Respectfully,
Geo. G.

October 4, 1934

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

The report comes from Rus Vincent in Arkansas as to how he captured a big black snake. It happened that the unfortunate snake crawled through a knot hole into the hen coop and s swallowed an egg. After swallowing the morsel he endeavored to return home through the same passage that he entered, but the egg not having been digested, expanded his stomach until he could only go part way. As he lay there pondering what to do, he discovered an other egg close by, and forthwith swallowed that, also. At this point Rus appeared on the scene and found. Mr. Snake in a terrible quandary and unable to go either ahead or back. Sometimes wonder if these politicians are not like the snake after starting some of their high faluting ideas.

Many people have remarked that they think that I should have started my 5 1/2 year old boy to school this fall. After giving the proposition a good deal of my kind of thinking, I concluded that, by holding him back (if when the time came I was unable to keep him from playing football) he would be one of the bigger kids, and perhaps it would be the other fellow's boy who would get his liver cracked.

I never see the Koelling boys or Doug Barber and his boys but what I think of the Tall Cedars of Lebanon.

I cannot see why we could not use implement repairs for currency. They are not any heavier than the money it takes to buy them. Further, that would save the expense of the government in printing more money and they could use the savings to plant more trees with so that it will rain more.

Jake, I think that we better whisper to our republican henchmen not to say too much about how well the government corn loans have turned out. The democrats will probably proclaim it to the welkins anyway, at great length.

I can hardly wait until the government gets those trees planted, so that it will rain, and more, so that it will split that north and south wind. And these ponds too! Jake, do you know where I can buy some ducks? We had a nice rain the other day. Do you suppose that program of these rain makers has started to operate already?

Jake, I want to apologize for not coming to the young men's Republican club meeting. The fact of the matter is that I was not feeling well that evening, but that would not have kept me away, only I sensed the idea from one of the emirs of the organization that they were not going to lambaste the democrats or do any mud slinging, and under those conditions I hardly thought it would be worth while.

George G.

October 11, 1934

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

Gus Wetzel, our local truck gardener and democrat of long standing tells this incident and there is no jest about it either. It happened that Bob Simmons was "politicking" as Ed Lee would say it, and approached our friend Gus with an out reached hand and pleasant smile, in the vain hope of winning his vote, which, if accomplished would be nothing short of a miracle. After a short visit and a few puns, Gus thought of an idea that he hoped might embarrass our congressman and send him on his way attempting to capture votes in other fields.

"I will tell you what I will do, Bob," offered Gus soberly. "I will vote for you next time if you will put a tariff on onions."

"All right Gus," Bob answered promptly making a little memorandum in his notebook. "The tariff will be there." They shook hands and laughingly separated, Gus not giving the affair another thought.

"And sure enough," added Gus, "when the new tariff bill came out, there was a higher schedule on onions."

"Pretty nice of him, wasn't it," I remarked delighted, for you know Jake, I am supposed to be a republican.

"I guess so," slowly continued Gus. "He did as he said he would all right. But the heck of it all was, that never before or since have I had to sell my onions as cheaply as I did that year."

Then I didn't know what to say for I was raised on the theory that the tariff was the dispenser of all good. Finally to break the monotony, I asked, "Did you vote for him?"

"You bet I did. And so did the wife. I would have voted for him if the prices of onions had gone to ten cents a bushel. And that is not all, I believe I will vote for him again next year."

Roy Hudson and I feel terribly sorry for you fellows on the other side of the river. You have been working so long and hard, and spending no end of money on transcontinental tours to Washington and back, trying to get the government to put you in an irrigation plant, and all in vain, because to an outsider your project does not look any nearer than a year ago. I hate to tell you, but you just don't know how to do it.

Not for a minute do I want you to get the idea that Roy and I are chesty but we have an irrigation plant well under way right now and the government is writing the checks. Still in another way we are smarter than you fellows. We have not gone to any expense for an elaborate survey. That is all a waste of time and money anyway. We may do that later, but at any rate, we know that when the water comes up we can tell where the levels are. For the love of Mike, Jake, don't tell anyone that I didn't vote for Roosevelt or they might stop work over here.

Respectfully,
Geo. G.

October 19, 1934

The Ord Quiz

**CARE OF
COUNTY BOARD**

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

From all appearances the government feels that a man with no one depending on him does not experience any pain from hunger and cold. At least there is no provision for these single fellows to get work on the F. E. R. A. I am not sure one of them would get as hungry as a family consisting of a man, wife and two kids, but he might get one-fourth as hungry.

Perhaps the powers that be have been reading the ideas of Hitler and Mussolini. They feel these single fellows should get married and into the production game. The idea of more kids might be two fold. In the first place, the more kids there are the more mouths there are to eat the surpluses which we farmers are so burdened with. But in order for the kids to eat, their dads must have money. So we will just put them to work on dams and planting trees, so it will rain more so we can grow more and bigger crops so we can have more surpluses so we can have more processing taxes so as to more reduce these surpluses so these bountiful crops we do grow with the increased rainfall, will bring bigger prices so the few fellows who are still burdened with more than ten units can pay more taxes so as to pay more salaries to more government employees so they can be kept more busy reducing the surpluses and also put more men with more kids to work building more dams and planting more trees so it will rain more so that,--Halt. I went a little too far but the brake wouldn't work on the typewriter. That is one plan.

The second reason is easier comprehended. At a larger production of kids, we will have a better supply of cannon fodder in the case of war, so the munitions manufacturers can eke out a better living and can have more money to buy more Packards with and keep the automobile industry paying more dividends, and so the munitions manufacturers can hire better lobbyists to better influence our noble congressmen into the fact that the better thing for us to do is to patriotically declare war and sell more Liberty Bonds to buy more munitions so as to shoot more canons at more of the before mentioned kids. If this is not perfectly clear, Jake, please let me know.

I have been wondering if the time would come when there will be a processing tax on kids.

Respectfully,
George G.

October 25, 1934

The Ord Quiz

**CARE OF
COUNTY BOARD**

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

While W. T. Hutchins and I were trekking westward from Lakeside toward Alliance a few weeks ago, we discovered in front of us a car with a 47 - license plate. Curiosity impelled us to hurry on and as W. T. pulled up alongside I poked my head out of the window and waved a glad hello to someone from home. The passengers happened to be five beautiful ladies. It was not until that moment it dawned on me there was not a face there that was familiar, and the abashment was mutual. They returned my salutations however by reluctantly waving in return as W. T. and I sped on, leaving them to wonder what sort of crazy galoots we were. Perhaps they thought, "just a couple of drunks."

We drove to Harrison the first day. Every place, the land spoke of a dry hot summer, desolate and God-forsaken, of empty bins and gaunt cattle. We journeyed on west to Douglas, Wyo., and back, south and east along the Platte. Irrigation begins west of Torrington and from there east until we turned north at Gothenburg, compared with our barren fields, their land looks like the Garden of Eden. Besides that we were told that they only have half a crop. Everywhere there are beets and hay and potatoes and men by the dozens working on every farm. At Cozad, the stacks of hay look like cities of thatched-roof houses or in the distance like hay that is cocked instead of stacked. This land yields five or six tons of hay per acre and it is selling \$15.00 per ton. Many of the men are paying off their mortgages this year.

What is more than this they do not have a river that is any better than ours not a valley that will, irrigate any nicer. And then the democrats have the nerve to come to our county this year and ask for votes, after turning our proposition down, and in the place of it spending millions of dollars in building mosquito holes and planting trees to make it rain. My grandmother used to tell me of the rainmakers, but it was not the government then.

There is one thing more that I cannot quite understand. That is why the irrigationists picked a man to represent them at Washington of the Republican faith. There are plenty of good democrats. There are Munn and Norman of Ord and then there are Clem and Julia Meyers of North Loup that are all democratic wheel horses and they could have at least spoken the same language as Farley and Ickes.

A very dear aunt of mine wrote me the other day from Lincoln and concluding her letter said, "Yes I really prefer the Lord to Wallace and trust him a million times more." Jake, just why do you suppose she said that?

Respectfully,
Geo. G.

November 2, 1934

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

In a few days it will all be over. Politics is a funny thing. It is true that one of you will have to take a trouncing. Very frequently a man is beaten, not because he is not a good man, but because the opponent is a little more popular? As far as I am concerned, Chas. is a nice fellow, but I have heard many awful things about him lately. And come to think about it, I have heard a few eye-openers about you too. No place but politics are such skeletons dug up. For every grievance, the constituent thinks to himself, "We will show him when election comes." If you are determined to get into politics, you must expect the inevitable. Luck to both of you.

Here is a little advice. A little friendly counsel in the event that you make the grade. Just try, Jake, to run the county business on the same honest and frugal basis that you have always run your own. If you can talk those other bozos that work with you into that notion, we taxpayers will not need to worry much. Also, with the money that you do give away, try to get us our share.

The grand old man of my district in Greeley county, Commissioner Teilmann, will soon be retired. Never has this district had a commissioner who has done more for us than he. Going into office with the funds far in the rear, he has pulled us out of the mire of insolvency, and at the same time built us highways that we never dreamed of before. He always has funds on hand to repair the roads and bridges in the case of emergency while his two colleagues have continually floundered with red ink and warrants. It haunts me a little to think of our condition before the Danish commission took the helm and the possibilities that may eventuate in the hands of a new man. And Teilmann is a democrat at that.

The story is told of him, soon after he took office, in hiring a tree removed from the center of the road. Upon the completion of the work a bill was presented for fifty-seven dollars. That price would have been a customary charge. The answer to the bill was only a laugh from the doughty commissioner. The workmen offered to take fifty. Finally, after considerable parley, a fair price was paid on the basis of the time put in and the clerk was instructed to give the man a check for seven dollars.

I cannot help but feel, that if our government business all along the line, (Federal, State, County, School and Precinct) was run as a good successful business man would run his own business, our taxes would not be oppressive.

Respectfully,
Geo. G.

P. S. In Douglas, Wyo., I noticed a place of business familiar to olden days. I entered. It was a bar and as far as I could see, it was the same as days of old. The same, not only in appearance, but the bar was lined with men, two of which were about equal to three sheets in the wind. I suppose that was nobody's business but their own, if they were not like the fellow who owes me \$50.00. He was a fine fellow in most ways, but it came to the point he either had to give up drinking or quit paying rent. I finally had the sheriff move him and his family into the street, and then the county paid the rent. I suppose that was none of mine, or his family's, or the county's business if he wanted to drink.

I was surprised at the remark of a friend of mine. At his lunches he frequently takes beer. We were returning from Omaha, and a few minutes before, had seen a trucker take a long drag at a bottle before starting a haul.

"How are you going to vote on the prohibition amendment," I asked.

"Against it," he exclaimed. "Things are bad enough now, without making them any worse."

November 8, 1934

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

The Ord quiz said something about voting intelligently in their last paper. That seemed like a sort of a waste of ink until I started to read the ads in the paper. Everyone says the man advertised is the best choice and the best equipped, whether he is democrat or republican. When I finished, the last of the many pages of the edition, I heaved a sigh, and felt a little like I wished I could just make one mark in the circle and have it over with. Then I wondered if the Quiz was joking. And to make it worse John Bremer and Allie Pierce were soliciting votes together at North Loup a few days before election. John seemed to be the spokesman, and Allie was seconding the notion. They even asked me to vote for them and I vote in Greeley county and at the same moment each handed me their card. Now if Brox had have been there we might have had an auction.

While Irvy Sheldon and I were visiting the other day, we discovered why he belongs to the democratic party and why I belong to the republican. Both of us have the same reason and I shall defy anyone to produce a better one, unless it is to get a job. The reason we both have for belonging to the respective parties is because our Dads did. But a good job might, override all precedents, and childhood training.

I saw a little item in the paper the other day as to how a man became separated from his wife at the World's Fair and could not find her. After looking vainly for some time, he decided upon an other plan of search. He climbed on a tower, and with a field glass, scanned the crowd, not for his wife, but for her hat. He was not sure he would recognize her but he was sure he would know her hat, having seen her wear it for so many years. Jake, there is a lady who goes to our church and sits right ahead of my pew, --but I didn't know she went to the world's fair.

There must be some peculiar twang or cadence to my speech. I have tried repeatedly at different phones and different cities to call a number without Mr. or Mrs. Gillespie knowing who I am. I have the first time yet for them not to answer pleasantly, and in some manner, address me, as George. Just to show me that my impersonation has failed again, I presume.

Someone referred to these letters as George's brainstorms.

Very Respectfully,
Geo. G.

November 15, 1934

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

At the kind hospitality of Mr. Leggett, a group of us more or less important fellows (I was one of the less) ate dinner with Senator Morris. I have always been an admirer of our veteran Senator and his talk to us that evening was well delivered and informational. However, there were a few things that evening that were not entirely conventional. I was not where I could see his table manners without stretching my neck, but I am sure he grabbed a fork of salad at the improper moment and I was almost positive he performed the atrocity of eating the lettuce leaf. I presume we shouldn't hold that against him when it comes to voting, for I imagine he is not accustomed to mingling with elite society like we folks.

I was a little worried that a scandal might be started about Mrs. Rood and myself, as we went together to the banquet and the address, but she said not to get excited, "They will just think I am your mother."

Arriving in Omaha about one thirty the other night, and while walking to a hotel, Arnold and I found ourselves, standing on tip toes in front of a tavern, peering through the lattice windows at the antics of the amorous and sinuous strumpets. A small orchestra squeaked doleful music. These women danced, drank and made love with the tavern's trade. Occasionally, as an extra impetus of their fervor, they would perform elaborate pelvic contortions. Celebrating the repeal of the amendment, I presume. As we stood there enjoying the shock to our modesty of long training, along come Everett Boettger. We asked him how he happened to be hanging around a place like that and he had some feeble excuse about looking for someone, and something more about having been on the street all evening. He said more yet about us fellows explaining our presence, but you know, Jake, we are like Caesar's wife, beyond reproach. It sure looks bad for Everett. Mums the word, for if his wife found it out, that would be his last trip to Omaha.

Someone asked me if the election turned out to suit me. I told him, "I guess so. I voted for one man that was elected." Ed Kokes and I were at a loss to know what the Senate Chamber in the new State House could be used for and then it dawned on us it would be a fine office for Arthur Mullen. I do not know as it is any worse for Mullen to be our political boss than for Simmons, at that. A cattle feeder on the train told me that he was going to feed hogs. Asking why not cattle he said, "No the government has gone into the cattle feeding business. I can't compete against them." Hugh Clement said now the democrats are reelected, we are guaranteed two more years of prosperity. An elevator man at Millerton seemed anxious to talk politics. I asked what the people there thought of the new deal. He said that some of the fellows who were the worst off are getting better, and are feeling worse. Like the sick baby. It is a good sign when they get cross. And in the spick and span office was the sign,

KWITCHURBELIAKEN.

Yours truly,

Geo. G

November 22, 1934

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

"The requirement of a good juror in the olden days, when juries were originated," so H. H. Foster use to tell us kids in law college, "was to look around the country and find twelve men who knew the most about the case. Now days, to be a good juror, the lawyers inquire around and try to find a man who knows the least about anything. Perhaps that is one reason I was subpoenaed to Greeley last week for jury service.

Two men seemed to be the main spokes in this typhoon of court. One was the veteran county attorney, Mr. Howard. I told a friend juror, I believed that Howard and I were the only republicans in Greeley county, but my friend scratched his head and replied he believed he had heard of one other. In spite of that, Mr. Howard is so popular with his constituents, so many kind deeds has he done, and so conscientious is his soul that even the best lawyers in the county do not endanger his foothold. His informal ways, his freedom from pomp and swank, his unfailing joviality, only make him the more amusing and likable. Several times, while sitting in the jury chair, trying to ponder over the evidence, I had to cover my face to keep from bursting into laughter at his unique manne risms. The best part of it was, Mr. Howard was winning friends all the time even if he might be losing the case. Someone said of him, "He doesn't want to put anyone in jail."

The other spoke, was the silver-haired benign Judge Clements. He was the monarch of the court who reigned supreme. Often have I seen judges languish in their soft swivel chairs, reclining backward until I wondered if the sandman was creeping upon them. Not so with Judge Clements. He sits taut, listening intently to every word, even in cases that appear for all the world like a sham battle. And in giving his decisions, he explains his reasons with short treatises on the law involved that are masterpieces in themselves.

We jurors did not have to decide a single thing. Nine cases, that had been hanging fire for months waiting for a jury, were settled in three days without our aid. Judge Clements said our time was not wasted, for our presence there, ready to serve and decide the evidence as presented had a strong influence toward settlement. As he said these words, I looked over the jurors, and I will have to admit they were a hard looking outfit (myself excepted of course).

Another point was rather mystifying. Frequently the judge or county attorney would make some remark about saving expense, about excusing the jury because they are so high-priced, about settling cases out of court so not to cost so much, about getting men out of jail or on bond to save the county feeding them, and the like. These remarks all seemed so in-consistent with the way the federal fellows are spending money on building mud holes, on tree planting, on cattle feeding, and on relieving surpluses.

I was going to write a few lines about our organized FERA workers here at North Loup, but I shall have to postpone that until next week. I think the organization will keep until that time.

Respectfully,
Geo. Gowen

November 29, 1934

<Assumed date>

The Ord Quiz

**CARE OF
COUNTY BOARD**

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

Abe Lincoln said something to the effect that the Lord must love the poor people for he made so many of them. That thought seems reasonable enough, but from the profuse vocabulary displayed by some of the FERAers one would gather they might not love the Lord in return.

These FERAers are paid with script, upon which is listed the articles they may purchase at the stores. Only things necessary to sustenance of life are supposed to be listed. Now Jake I wish you would make a recommendation to the designers of this script to have some provisions for these FERAers to get tonsorial work done. Some of these fellows are beginning to resemble Edgar Howard and William Jennings Bryan already, and soon will be tripping themselves on their whiskers. I do not know as this trimming business is absolutely necessary to sustain life, but it might save the government having to finance a divorce suit among their employees, and then there should be a little mercy for us taxpayers. We have to look at those Harry Chins.

We have a very progressive FERA down here. The members have organized themselves into a union and already have held one or more protest meetings. The report is afloat; the organization meets frequently in secret session and lays plans for concerted action. At one meeting some of the strikers refused to make over old clothes, and demanded new ones. Upon another occasion one woman whose husband is more or less a spokesman demanded some new shoes for her kids, with the threat if the shoes were not forth coming her husband would not work any more. I can see nothing wrong with that action. The right to strike, and of collective bargaining has been the main protection of the laboring man throughout our history. Picketing has not been resorted to yet.

I have been trying to drum up some scheme whereby I could work for the government. One single fellow sold his cattle and horses to his brother and is now working out a feed loan. In the spring he can buy his stock back. Another fellow purchased a few pigs and is now working for their feed. Goats have come into a great demand lately so as to make more units. One FERAer has a bunch of coon dogs. Do you suppose he is getting a feed loan on them? Every idea that I have heard of has some hitch that bars me from work. It is not that I am not poor enough, I have many debts. So as a result, all I can find to do now days is to write letters to you.

The reasons why I would like to join the FERA are many. One grocer has made the remark the FERAers live the best of anyone who trade there. And if I belonged I would get invited to the FERA dances held here regularly. And then there is the point of freedom from worry over feeding the kids.

I asked a neighbor why he didn't get a feed loan for his hungry stock. He didn't want to he said for there had to be someone left to pay taxes. Something was said about big families and I remarked that I didn't know what I would do if my family increased like Dionne's. The answer was that I would be in somewhat the same trouble as the government.

The promptness of supplying aid to the distressed has been a marvel to all of us. The marvel is the distressed can hold out as long as they do. We have one lady down here who is without means. She has lived here for many years, but for the last year or two she has been sojourning in another county, with relatives. The question arises whether the other county, the relatives or Valley county shall support her. It is an interesting scrap, requiring much correspondence and time, and perhaps a suit at law. The controversy is causing a great deal of pondering exercise and contention, which would be pleasant to relate, but the point I am getting at is, I am afraid in the melee, you supervisors have

forgotten all about the poor hungry lady. Perhaps it would be a good idea if you fellows would have the county engineer figure out just how long a distressed person can live under these conditions.

Yours respectfully,
George G.

December 6, 1934

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

"How much do you get for writing those letters for the paper and telling all those lies?" John Bremer asked me with fire in his eyes.

"Lies," I asked meekly. When did I tell a lie? I always try to be --especially careful about . . .

"You said I asked you to vote for me, and I never asked anyone to vote for me. I did not want anyone to prevaricate by saying they would vote for me and then not do it. And about the auction ---."

"My mistake. I apologize," regaining my spirit a little. "For some reason I got the idea when you and Pierce simultaneously handed me your card, the request was at least implied.

And then I renew our friendship of many years (even Bremer and my Dad were bosom friends) by whispering to him confidentially that he and Pierce, both being such good fellows, split the ticket and a dark horse won.

I use to have an uncle who was very polite and who was a past master as an epicurean. Whenever he was asked if he was fond of this or that he would say. "I like everything in the food line. I only have my preferences." Now I am quit a lot like that about politicians. I love them all, but occasionally I have my preferences. And if I told a lie about Mr. Bremer, or anyone else, there isn't a truck in the county that would hold my sorrow.

The loyalty of North Loupers to one another was not only demonstrated, a year ago, by the local restaurant serving Wisconsin Cheese to the Ord Rotary club, who were at the time on an inspection trip of our local cheese factory, but last week, the P. T. A., of which our local baker and his wife are ardent members, served at their luncheon imported bread. Perhaps they were trying to take the conceit out of our baker a little and show him he is not the only man in the land who is in the bakery business.

John Bremer is not the only person with a hostile countenance. An unusually tall, gaunt, freshly shaven, voluble FERA-er stopped me Friday and he too asked me with squinting eyes and sharp nose what I got for writing those letters to Uncle Jake. He said many things, and a few impressed me more than the others, such as being mad, where I got that stuff, making me prove my statements, and something more about a swat in the nose. The last phrase I remember very distinct although he has not demonstrated yet. Uncle Jake, do you suppose I will have to write you a few names so as to have proof for my last week's letter?

Yours respectfully,
George G.

December 13, 1934

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

When I said last week that the tall FERAer stared at me with pointed nose, I presume technically the phrase was incorrect, but practically speaking, it was too true to be comforting. As I stood there in a dither, my back in a corner, my knees knocking together, my eyes looking upward into his scowling countenance, his hands gesturing carelessly about my face, his mouth emitting phrases about hitting me in the snoot, I gathered the impression his sharp nose that was constantly pointing toward me had something to do with the affair my mistake.

When Leggett asked if he might print some of my letters to you in the paper I told him I would consent under one condition, and that was if I made any mistakes grammatically or orthographically, the copy desk might correct them and make them better, but under no conditions should they make them worse. The editors seemed slightly piqued over that statement and as a result print them just as I write them, so if there are any mistakes, it is all my fault and not theirs. Some error seems to occur regularly, such as looking with a pointed nose, Judge Clements sits taut instead of sat taut, or the court reigned supreme in place of the monarch that reigned supreme, or when I use the word "that", or the word "very" too much. I know better in most cases, but too dumb to notice the errors until the paper comes out. I know well what Mrs. Rood meant, when speaking of such oversights, "shaming me to death."

In the "Something Different" column last week, when telling about drums, the author mentioned being "very very short on ideas." There is the crux of writing a column, I have a whole week to write a letter, and must drop it in the mailbox Saturday morning on the way to church. I spend six and one-half days and nights thinking of what to write, and Saturday morning while the frau preens, and puts the finishing touches of cerise to her nose (or is it to her lips) I write the letter. It is no trick to write it. The trick is to think of it, and that is especially difficult when one considers the equipment I have to work with.

Robt. Ripley has enough "Believe it or Nots" drawn to last for the next fifty years. I cannot say that, but as an experiment, and to see if I could, I attempted to write to you every day. That is not unreasonable I thought, for I use to do nearly that well when writing to my wife before we were married, and we wrote voluminously too. Now days I drop a card if I think of it and say, "all is well." Never the less, I kept up the letter business to you for thirty days, and then grew lazy. As a result I have letters written ahead for the next six months, although some of them are not overly enlightening. Now if the author of Something Different wants someone to pinch hit for her, --but her strips are so much better than mine, I am afraid that would never do.

And then to show what a bright fellow I am. Occasionally the letters I think are especially clever, do not seem to register at all. On the other hand, a letter I hesitate about sending will create all manner of stir. Sometimes I wonder if it is not my darned ignorance that is so amusing. I have thought it might be a good idea to sort out the bummiest letters I have of the thirty days scribbles, forward them, and perhaps I might have better luck.

Resp.

Geo. G

December 20, 1934

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

"I am beginning to think you and Arnold shipping cattle on the same day is more than a coincident," quoth Agent I. J. Thelin, as we were signing the contracts. "I hardly believe it is safe for you two to go together."

Arnold and I agreed it would be worth fifty cents a hundred to be able to ship cattle the same day.

And then I. J. commented on how the railroads had been operating the entire year so they could be used when it stormed. And more about when this branch is abandoned and the truckers are all that is left the price would automatically raise along with the taxes. But the railroad did not give as good service, in that we did not arrive in South Omaha until after two-thirty, at which time all those sinuous girls don their wraps and leave the taverns dim and quiet.

Along with the many other enjoyments incident to going to Omaha with Arnold or Oscar, they always have a keen sense of knowing exactly where to eat. They not only make it a point of filling their paunches at that particular meal, but also remember to have a few shekels jingling in their pockets for the next.

At noon Arnold escorted me to a restaurant where I think a hundred men were dining. The place was foaming over with patronage. We had to wait for a seat. When our dinners were served (Arnold took the spare ribs and I took the round) I wondered if there could be any meat left off the critter for the next man. The trimmings were in proportion. I couldn't finish my meal. Arnold did, but I took special notice he did not call for an extra piece of pie.

An old saloon counter was used to pay on. While we stood there, picking our teeth, marveling at the seething business, a couple of men asked the cashier about some whiskey. He reached under the counter unabashed, picked up a quart, explained its age and good quality, and sold it to them for \$1.25. I have a faint recollection 3.2 beer is all that is legal to sell, but I must be wrong.

In the evening we were at North Omaha at supper time and I was taken to a place where we could have all we could eat for 27c, the only restriction being one meat order and one pie order. Extra dishes of vegetables, sauces, salads, pastries, coffee with no extra charge. So gluttonous was I that I could not eat all I took.

We attended a worthless show in the evening. I told Arnold I felt burnt to pay a quarter to let someone try to make me weep. I have had enough sadness lately, feeding cattle and hogs, without the hypothetical. And those clinches. It wouldn't have been so bad if we had not been only the kibitzers.

The party dresses worn by the actresses hark back to when my mother was sweet sixteen. If one of the gowns had been donned just before the party, and the wearer would make a chase about the room, I am sure the trouble of dust mopping might be dispensed with. I finally concluded these dresses were either about four feet too long, or the suspenders had slipped. At any rate, if the ladies would cut a hunk off from the train and cape it over the shoulders, we modest fellows would be more at ease.

On the train coming home we saw a very beautiful woman with a fur coat. It was pretty cold that night and Arnold said the fur coat looked better to him than the woman. Right there is the trouble with Arnold. He is too practical.

Very respectfully,
Geo. G.

December 27, 1934

The Ord Quiz

**CARE OF
COUNTY BOARD**

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

The pet goat belonging to Wilber Zangger, slipped up, unbeknown to it's master, as goats are so prone to do, and in place of "eating three red shirts right off the line" swigged down a pan of Prestone that Wilber had drained from his car while it was being repaired. The goat probably thought he was getting a rare treat drinking some home brew that had been carelessly mislaid.

Many a time had Wilber, "got mad and said he wished the darned old goat was dead" and had threatened many a time, "to take him to the railroad track, and tie him there upon his back". This goat had the happy faculty of adventure, and especially of investigating the top of every car that was driven into the yard. Not of driving the cars, but of driving away happy visitors in anything but a happy disposition.

"When down the track came the express," carrying the grim reaper "there lay the goat, you know the rest, sing any old song but not goodbye, this darned old goat to wise to die; he had a scheme up his brain, coughed up those shirts and flagged the train." The goat of Wilber's did his part all right, according to tradition but it is known now there are more good uses to Prestone than merely keeping cars from freezing.

Inasmuch as the FERA managers are having difficulty in providing work for their many workers, I suggest the North Loup River bridge be moved and put in line of the road where it should have been put in the first place. It is now located several rods north, and as a result causes a slackening in the present hurricane of traffic.

No one ever gave a very plausible explanation for the location, except that the bridge sits all in Valley county and as that county was the one who footed the bill, it should have bridge all on its own land.

This one project ought to keep the FERA busy for quite a spell before the movement of the bridge takes place a temporary grade and crossing should be made.

As all the work should be hand labor, and it all comes for nothing a few FERAers might be made busy anytime by knocking out rivets. A few more workers might be supplied with hip boots and put to lugging the steel beams down stream. Then a few other fellows might be yanking out the piling or piers (by hand, of course) and that alone would take considerable time. This is just 1 suggestion however and the details could be worked out by the county engineer.

No one gives a whoop which county the bridge sits on. There would be no interferences in form of injunctions, and when the counties are consolidated, as some people are suggesting, Greeley and Valley may be one anyway.

Speaking about the consolidation of counties, I suggest Valley and Greeley consolidate and name it Val Greel county. We would have to have North Loup as county seat as a compromise for the inevitable fight that would arise between Greeley and Ord. Then put the FERA to work moving the court houses. The county officers that would have to move down here would just about fill the twelve vacant houses we have now.

January 4, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

"Christmas is serious business for the women folks, but a darned sight more serious for the men in times like these," said Dad to his wife when the subject was approached. "Sometimes I wish Christmas was never invented."

The wife was a little aghast at the brainstorm, and told Dad he should be ashamed of himself. She further commented that she had been worrying quite a little over it too and thought perhaps they might get through the session this year without so very much expense.

"There is your mother," she continued. "We can give her a pair of stockings I bought last year that were too small for me. I think we can send Uncle John a cake. That will not cost anything. We can buy Jackie a pair of overshoes. He will have them anyway. And Jane a new coat. Hers is about outgrown. Then as good measure, Mrs. Smith has nearly a year's papers piled up in the basement. She said I could have the funnies for the kids. They will be delighted with them."

"The shoes and the coat ought not cost over \$7.50, answered Dad. "We will just sell that heifer calf to pay the expenses."

"Then there is Uncle Ed and Aunt Mary," continued Mother again. "I can make her a pillow case like the one I received at the club party. I have the goods and I can make her one on the sewing machine without costing anything. I think it is the prettiest thing. But I do not know what to send Uncle Ed."

"We might send him that new Thesaurus dictionary I bought in Omaha," offered Dad gaining a little in spirit, "If I thought I would ever get another. I have been wanting one for a long time and I hate to part with it. Perhaps there would be enough calf money to send for a new one."

Everything went off in fine shape. The calf sold and brought about eight dollars. The overshoes and coat were purchased. The cake was baked at the proper time and the frosting embellished with walnuts, a treat the family indulged in.

On the morning of the 22nd, the packages were to be mailed. Mother was attempting to sew the pillow case, on the machine, while Dad was wrapping up the presents. "Hurry up Mother," he said. "We must get the bundles to the mail box soon."

The machine had stopped. Dad turned and she said sobbing, "I cannot make this pillow on the machine, and with my rheumatism I cannot sew by hand." She arose, stepped to the couch, picked up the pillow she had received at the club party and wrapped it. "I did not want to send this," she continued "Mrs. Jones gave it to me and we are such good friends."

Dad started to the mail box. The wife called, "Here is an order all made out for another Thesaurus. Just put the dollar bill you have left from the calf money in the envelope."

"Ah let it go for now," Dad replied. "I have got along for thirty years without that book. I guess I can stand it a little longer. The fact of the matter is that dollar bill is sort a shattered since I met that Salvation Army lady the other day."

In making up the list of things the FERAer is allowed to purchase, the powers that be seemed to have overlooked a few essentials. One is the contributions to the church.

Of course the church would be glad to have the FERAers attend meetings anyway, but I am prophesying a few pennies dropped into the platter would not be refused, and as long as the government is supplying the other necessities, I cannot see why they back up on the salvation part.

Another thing that seems to have been sadly neglected, is the funds incidental to the kidding parties. Someone said the FERAers are the only ones who can afford to have new children in these hazardous times. That is not entirely true for I have heard of a few kids being born or expected outside the circle. The Pathfinder reports that families on relief rolls, living at public expense show a birth rate of 10 to 50 percent higher than normal. Surely the stork business is a necessary adjunct to the continuance of the race, and should be listed on the script.

Yours truly,
George G.

January 11, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

The word comes from Texas, that some bandits escaped with the police car, kidnapping three policemen, who were later freed without injury. There is nothing about all this to excite comment except to show what exceedingly nice fellows some of these bandits are.

I am afraid the police would not be so polite. Had they had the chance, I will warrant they would have shut these nice bandits up, grilled them, threw them in jail, put uncomfortable handcuffs on them, dragged them into court, perhaps given them a sentence or hung them, and caused them all sorts of inconvenience. No doubt these nice bank bandits were harking back to their early childhood training and were acting on the good old principal of the Golden Rule. More than that the Good Book says "Bring a child up in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

The law against bank robbing should be repealed and the bank robbers licensed. By licensing them, we will increase our tax revenues, which could be used for schools, 4-H clubs, roads, county fairs, bridges, pavings, viaducts, and testing cows for tuberculosis eradication, thereby helping the farmer.

The scheme would not only supply a new source of employment as bank robbers but would supply further employment in the form of night watchmen, bank guards, deputy Sheriffs and tax collectors, to say nothing of the boom it would make to the speedy car and the poverty stricken munitions industries.

It might be further added we may as well license the bank robbers, for it has been proven beyond a doubt the law against bank hold-ups cannot be enforced (if a person wants to rob a bank he will rob it anyway) and we may as well get a little revenue out of it.

Congress should pass on the measure as soon as possible after they convene so as to quickly get the wheels of progress moving and prosperity dawning. From all appearances, this prosperity business is yet around the corner.

As soon as the bill is railroaded through Congress both houses, the president should sign it with at least six revolvers, shooting the signatures with a dotted line. These revolvers should be used for souvenirs and presented to notorious bandits, who have done so much toward making this law possible.

Then the President's wife should make a speech over the radio and tell the nation that in this new and enlightened age, our young folks; including girls, should learn to rob banks in moderation, and conduct themselves properly.

Then if the Ord Business Men want to put a little extra impetus into Saturday's business and draw a real crowd from far and near in place of the scattering few that now attend, all they would have to do

is to arrange for a lively machine gun bank hold-up. Proper advertising in the Quiz if you wish would bring untold results. Reserved seats might even be arranged.

Uncle Jake, I think we better wire our congressman at once.

The Cook's Calendar arrived the other day. It is a very fine little book and most women would be highly delighted over it. Not so with my wife, for she has the gout already. Perhaps from cooking and eating the recipes from last year's book.

Respectfully,
George G.

Dr. Blessing says he never enjoys coffee as well as he does at home where he can pour the amber liquid into his saucer, blow it till it is cool enough to drink and then drink it from the saucer.

January 18, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

We read an article the other day of how the husband of a young married couple had a fairly good job as newspaper reporter and about three thousand dollars. Against the advice of their friends who proclaimed their foolishness at great length, these young folks decided to give up their job and spend their three thousand dollars savings taking a trip around the world.

This they did and had a wonderful time. They spent a number of weeks in China, and happened to be there when Japan was invading Manchuria and Shanghai. They earned a few dollars reporting the war. The trip took about a year, and when they landed home again in New York and paid one month's rent in advance, they had something like seventeen dollars left. They were lucky in getting a job similar to the one they had left and have a chance to write their memoirs for a profit. My wife and I fell to talking this over. Six years ago we had something like three thousand dollars and at one time later we thought we had even more property. We moved on to this farm and worked like nailers. We practiced thrift and frugality to the best of our knowledge, pinching, saving, working, scheming. We experienced the death of a favorite boy, depression, bank failure, and many crop failures. We followed advice of bankers, life insurance companies, and savings and loans, laying up for a rainy day.

Today the three thousand is gone. The life insurance has been dropped. The savings are of little value. Should we sell out we would do well to pay our debts. I ask, "Which is the smarter? The young married couple who frivolously spent their money on a trip around the world, or we who attempted to follow the advice of the staid?"

The old rules of Poor Richard's Almanac and thrift are seemingly exploded. With few exceptions the man who has lived as he went along and went a-Maying in the Maytime, is ahead.

"But," I told my wife, "We have some memoirs, too, from our experiences," and she replied, "Huh! I guess we have. They cost us plenty but who would pay for them?"

On a trip to Omaha a few weeks ago, while stopping for a lunch a man a few seats down the counter was drinking coffee in the good old fashioned way, by first pouring the steaming liquid on his plate, then placing his elbows on the table, next raising the dish to his mouth, and finally blowing the foam and steam back before each ingoing swig.

No epicurean, or "etiquarian" either has yet devised a scheme that will quite put the fine flavor to coffee that is obtained by drinking it from a plate, and I maintain that conventionality has gone a step too far when it insists we sip the delicious beverage from a dinky little cup.

When counting the scores at a bridge party of late, which I did not attend, the story is told how a local lady, whose name has always been beyond reproach, announced she had the big score, and how she was a little astounded to have a man sitting next to her disbelieve her allegation by taking her card and figuring the scores over the second time. Luckily the lady was good at addition as well as playing bridge, and retained her rank as first place.

Geo. G. Gowen

January 24, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

The recent annual meeting of the Farmer's Grain and Supply Co., recalls to my mind the fact that I used to own some F. G. & S. Co., stock but I traded it for a baby. The very unwelcome stork (we had the fool idea then it would be smart not to have any kids) visited our house one night some eleven years ago, and left the nicest, brown-eyed, active, little boy that ever lived, and we named him for his granddad who was also a goer. We did not have the money to pay the doctor, and could hardly bear the thoughts of giving up this nuisance of a youngster who had already won our hearts, even if he did cry nights and sleep day times. So I took my F. G. & S. Co., stock in hand and over to O. R. Hill I trotted. I sold the stock to him for \$25.00. Gripping firmly the check I then hurried to Dr. Hemphill's office and endorsed it to him. Whistling a merry tune, I left the office, happy in the thoughts that then I knew the baby was ours.

Many people might think I made a poor trade. The boy cost us much more to keep than the stock would have, but I never spent a cent on him I ever regretted, and the dividends in pleasure and pride from the little fellow for seven seasons was 1,000 percent a year and many times more.

When he rolled off the bed the first time was a dividend; his first step, word, and tune were all dividends; when he painted the barn with grease--that was a dividend; his first trip to school was a dividend; a little prize he won in a spelling contest was a dividend; when the neighbor where he stayed that night, told him he had a new little, blue-eyed brother at his house and he replied, "That's nothing. I have seen 'em before," that was a dividend; those long walks up in Bartz pasture looking at birds, were dividends; the proud bringing of bouquets of bluebells to his mother was a dividend; his visits to see me in the field were dividends, and every night his farewell kiss as we tucked him into bed, was a dividend. In fact it was one continual, big, amusing, enjoyable dividend, living my boyhood over again.

And that night in the hospital when the grim reaper had snatched him from us, I still was not sorry I had made the trade. I told my wife, sobbing on my arm, as I brushed her hair back, that I was glad the Good Lord had consented for us to keep this lad for a companion as long as he had.

The Supreme Court has ruled unconstitutional the oil code on the NRA movement and soon will consider the gold policy of the administration. All of this is of some worry to the powers that be but the report is that what is really worrying them most is the possibility that the Supreme Court may

declare unconstitutional the AAA and the crop reduction plan. Some think that it is very likely that this will be thrown out for it violates a rule that the government is passing out its funds to some privileged classes and not to everyone.

I am not smart enough to give a learned discussion of it all, but I am smart enough to know that I hope they do not throw it out before I get my next check, constitutional or unconstitutional. Over here in Greeley county we have not even received our second one yet. Perhaps the government feels we are naturally inclined to spend our money too quickly, and by holding up the checks the money will last just a little bit longer.

Mr. Leggett tells me that a new scheme will be followed in the printing of the county board proceedings. Each of the three papers will publish them, and each will get a third of the pay. Heretofore different ones of the three papers would publish the minutes free of charge, but all felt they could not afford to do it this year.

These papers can hardly afford to print these proceedings for nothing. The county pays for everything else and why not pay for that? There is nothing about the rag chewing of you fellows that is of enough interest to the public to print anyway with the single exception of the pauper list, and that might be printed separately.

More than this, if the Loyalist and the Quiz had to print all that piffle for nothing, perhaps they might not be able to afford this important stuff I write.

January 31, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

As Oscar was driving out of the yard, his wife Lydia yelled, "Be careful what you say for George will put it all in the paper." On the other hand she reasoned as she sauntered back into the house, "it might not be so bad, for that is one way to find out what those fellows are up to while they are away."

Speeding west through Mira Valley picking up Herb and on north to Ord over that disgraceful road in the hills. And I wondered as we hurried along why any of the Mira Valley folks would run the gauntlet of those menacing curves and grades just to trade in the county seat.

On north to Elyria, where some bright kid has increased the population of that city from 100 to 1001 by simply adding one straight black mark on the road sign. On north to Burwell, across the river and north again.

Through and near the Cedar canyons, where my Grandfather Babcock in 1872, along with other daring young fellows drove their ox teams, but not as quickly as we came today. In constant fear of Indians, they felled the cedar and hauled them out to build the first houses, school houses and churches of the county, some of which are still standing.

Sixty miles north from Burwell without a town or a railroad. Miles without seeing a house and the few we do see, old, small and unpainted. I have always felt one should take his trips west and north for when he returns he is better satisfied. Going east one frequently feels discouraged upon the homecoming. I am going to take my wife up there in the sand sometime and show her some of those farmsteads. I am sure she will be more contented with her lot.

More snow at Atkinson and colder. What a difference ninety miles will make. To the sale after dinner, where Weller is the spokesman.

All auction sales are full of pathos. A man and wife sitting together watching their stock go under the hammer. Banker's orders. Favorite horses, their best cows, selling below their worth the couple think, but they are helpless. If it had only rained, or if the hogs hadn't died, or if they just hadn't got sick. Too late now. What will we do next is the burning question. Onto the county, perhaps.

And the little boy, a tear in his eye, sitting on the front row, watching while they sell his pet goat. No feed. The lad, taking his medicine bravely.

A speculator selling the cattle he had bought too high, swallowing the lump in his throat. Another spec, making a few dollars and feeling like throwing his hat. But all emotions suppressed.

Horse buyers watching closely for bargains, and sale managers resorting to all methods of verbal persuasions to get the last nickel.

The parlance at these sale barns is a language unto itself. A "honey" or a "sweetheart" is a favorite term. An "Iowa" horse has only one eye. "A diamond in the rough," is a fine animal but thin. A new expression to me, was when the ring yelled about the horse, "As gentle as a Jew in jail."

A few fellows drunk to mediate their losses perhaps, or to celebrate their profits. And after talking with one man who was a little extra happy, Oscar was reminded of the time he and Herb were in a restaurant at Greeley. While they were eating, a couple of men, pretty well soused, came in, sat down at the bench and ordered a hamburger. When asked if they wanted coffee, one of them, hiccupping replied, taking a bottle out of his pocket and placing it on the table, "No, I am going to drink chicken soup."

"Why do you call it chicken soup?"

"Because after you take two drinks of this, hic, you want to lay."

Returning home again after supper, with a truck load of horses, hoping we had bought bargains. Four hours on the road at night, cooped close in a cab, makes friends fonder, or foes more bitter. We go trekking together too often to be foes.

Now can Lydia and Oscar say I tattled on them?

George G.

February 7, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

To Ord with Nosie Jones aboard Sheldon's oil truck. Stopping at Fred Meyers' to deliver gas, and seeing a dog as large as a bull calf.

Loafing a minute to chin the editor and admiring that slick, good natured, curly brown Chesapeake. Some day I am going to take my Collie and show him off. He has a pedigree too, that resembles a book account, but he is a home-loving soul, and seldom ventures far. My wife says I have a dog complex.

Our errands performed, we embarked for home, leaving the city at the same moment the freight was puffing out. Nothing to do but to race the old steamer, and we suspected the engineer caught the spirit too, for the black horse surely came a-snorting down the track.

They had a little the advantage of us, in cutting across lots, but we sped up to forty and forty-five, and sailed east across the track, near Olean, a good ten seconds ahead. We had it doped out we wanted a definite decision on that lap, and no ties.

Hugh Clement says he never looks back for a train. Just a head. He says he can outrun any train. He also argues that fast driving is safer than slow, for by driving slow one is on the road and in danger of meeting a fool that much longer..

After turning east we looked forward to another interesting lap, to the next crossing, but the train had to stop at Olean to let the motor pass. We won easily.

Well do I recall, once when I was a small boy of eight or ten, how we went to Ord on the train to a celebration. A special was run back to North Loup in the evening to carry us North Loupers home. In my wild hilarity I nearly missed the train, but thanks to Levi Hamilton it waited for me to run madly from the square while the engineer tooted encouragement.

But what I was trying to say, is as we left town, a young fellow named Crawford Mortensen, whose folks were old time friends of my folks, had a new car and for a mile or two out of town he raced the train. The train won easily.

How the crowd on the coach stretched their necks out the windows and looked aghast at the young dare-devil, tearing down the road at thirty miles an hour, and I distinctly remember my folks shaking their heads and sadly remarking how he would kill himself some time with that fast driving.

Now he is one of the big bankers. I have been contemplating for several weeks asking him to loan me a few hundred. My security may be a little weak, but I am just going to remind him of the report put out by the government a short time ago as to how the income of the farmers is the largest this year of many past. For some reason I had not discovered that phase of my operations until I read it in the papers. Surely, Crawford ought to loan me money when the government, which is strictly unbiased, assures him of my condition.

A story, the authenticity of which I cannot vouch, is told on one of the Czars.

They were planning to build the Siberian Railroad. Some sections were parleying over whether to have it go one way, taking in certain towns, and fertile valleys, or whether to build it another route, accommodating other important centers.

Finally the Czar became a little disgusted. The jangling was interfering with his Imperial balls. He grabbed a ruler and laid it so it touched on the map both terminals and taking a pencil he drew a straight mark across country, issuing the ukase, "Make it there."

And there it was made, resulting in the longest straight railroad in the world.

Now Jake, what do you suppose recalled that yarn to my mind? Could our present road building system, and more specifically the proposed highway out Mira Valley west of North Loup, have anything to do with it?

Attending the corn-hog meeting at Scotia, I listened avidly every minute I was awake at the speeches, and I concluded the sweetest sounding words in the English vocabulary are "and in conclusion."

One man, Geo. Holt, tearing up the atmosphere injected a few fire works into the gathering by condemning the whole program, and calling the democrats anything but endearing sobriquets. I couldn't help but about half agree with the wild speaker who was nearly booted out of the hall except that I feel it the democrats are going to pass out their Christmas presents, I am just fool enough to take them, and if the program does turn out to be our salvation. I hope I am not so biased I will not give them the credit.

February 14, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

A little excursion to the city with friend Oscar. He had an errands. So did I. Each went our way to meet at the Postoffice at two and then to the horse sale

Up into the Masonic building fifth floor, to see Home Loan officials, who office in all the luxury and splendor of King Solomon s temple. They loan money for the government to folks in distress, who are losing their homes

Down the elevator and on to flu street again. To the south an into the editorial rooms of the G. I. Independent. A large desk littered with papers. A reporter pounding furiously on a typ ewriter. His rather wide brimmed hat creased tight in the center, pulled hard over one eye. A cigar clinched securely in his teeth pointed up toward the hat. He nodded, his hands still flying. Soon he finished, and working mechanically placed his copy in a basket recinched his belt, rea djusted his hat, relit his cigar, resharpened his pencil, and strolled from the room, more worlds to conquer, more news to write.

Back to the street again. Not yet two. Into the hotel. There a crowd of men watching a n egro porter and a professional man shoot the balls In that game of skill. Called skill. Skill in whether to shoot hard or easy. Regardless of the skill the house wins most of the time.

Must go to the postoffice. There I wait in front watching the folks come and go. A young lady with reddish brown hair, with a hat not quite so red and as large as a cookie pan, laying flat -like on the side of her head drives a new car to the curb, steps out and minces her way sedately up the steps and drops a letter in the slot.

Two more decorous elderly ladies, with freshly marcelled gray hair, striped fur coats, silk stock ings and suede shoes, leading a plump Boston Screwtail, in a harness and blanket, skurry up the steps and down again to mall a letter. On their way to a bridge club, perhaps.

A thin young couple, leading a spindling little boy came hurrying along, The man's whole regalia was smirched with coal dust and his face was blackened. A summer cap. was pulled over his ears, worn out oxfords on his feet and a cast-off coat buttoned about the neck. She was equally dest itute, with cheap cotton stockings, turned over heels, and the added misfortune of having lost an eye. The dregs of the race we say. They too dropped a letter in the box . and Uncle Sam would do the rest, regardless.

Perhaps they were writing Dad, buying the stamp with the first real money they had earned in many months by that load of coal. Perhaps they had no Dad. Perhaps —but here comes Oscar.

We drive to the sale barn.

The sale swarms all the afternoon like a hive of bees. some men buying, some selling. A straight tall man who wears a big wide-brimmed hat , so large the swallows might build their nests under the edge. He has straight black hair, small dark eyes and high cheek bones, buys horses. His step is easy and quick. I am glad I do not live in a day when he might accost me with a scalping knife.

We leave for home. At St. Paul we stop for gasoline and a snack. The short, blond wai tress greets us with a nod and a "hello." She knows everyone, but not too well. and speaks with the whang of a movie actress. She visit with all the truckers, asking how things are at Greeley, Loup City, Taylor, and beyond. I have heard ones speech adds more to his personality than any other one thing. I like to hear her chat and hold my ear taut for every word. On home to find the folks eating supper. We might have eaten at home and saved a quarter but what's a quarter more or less in a man's life time.

Received the following letter from Ed Helbig, who owns the Helbig Oil station at Bu rwell.:
Mr. G. Gowen:

As far as I am concerned you are FIRED as reporter or Quiz roustabout. I caught myself reading your write-ups before I read the North Loup news. Then I wished those dogs had done their duty.

Just wanted you to know some people enjoy you so let the good work go on.

As ever your friend, Ed.

February 21, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

A brand new pair of twin boys have come to live in our community, with their headquarters at John Jenkins'. That is the second pair of twins for our neighborhood in the last year and a half, the first pair living at Bryan Portis'.

Only expecting one youngster, Mrs. Jenkins was a little short of clothes. John told his mother over the phone, (We were all rubbering those days) that one fellow was wearing the other fellow's duds and he didn't know which was which, so he had to scamper to town and get some more. Three boys under twenty-months old. Won't they make things hum in a few years?

Although it will be a huge task for the mother for a few years, I warrant she thinks there is not one too many, and wouldn't have it any other way if she could. Most any couple, if they are of a mind to, can have one kid at a time, but it is only one in a hundred that can have twins. I am envious of John, as I always wanted twins.

Brisbane said that Geo. Putnam is proud of his flying wife, Amelia Earhart, but he (G. P.) said he would be prouder if she had a baby. And so it goes. We never have one to spare if they behave themselves, and if they don't, one would be too many.

Visualize for a minute, a year or two hence, those three little boys sailing their mother's good shoes in the swill pail, robbing the jam jar, wading on muddy days, or teasing dad for a penny. But they will be worth it all.

And ponder another minute over the fact that the Dionne quintuplets are all creeping now. It may not be so bad. Uncle Henry Davis used to say there is no reason to dread a big family. An old hen can scratch for a dozen just as easily as for one.

A veterinarian was around the other day to test my cattle for tuberculosis free of charge to me. If there is anything to the fact that T. B. can be contracted from cattle and we all grant there is, I think I will have to give the devil his dues and say this testing is one of the most worth while undertakings attempted yet by the administration.

Without question the old method of testing cows was nearly a complete failure. The law read if milk was sold the cows from which it came must be tested. It was quite an expense to test a herd, and very often milk was sold from untested cows. One year I tested one cow, to save expense, thinking I would use and sell her milk, and separate the other, but frequently I would forget which pail I milked her in, and later in the year forgot all about trying to keep it separate.

Repeatedly I have heard men complaining about so-and-so who had not had his cows tested, selling milk. Criticism of untold quantities has been heaped upon the officials for not enforcing the law but

none of the belly-achers that I know of have had the nerve to file a complaint themselves. If they did the proof would be difficult.

The scheme of the Federal and state governments, coming at a time when the bovine population is at a low ebb, ought to go a long way toward eliminating that source of the dreaded disease. No one, and more especially a person who has contracted consumption from an unaccountable source, regrets the cost.

I would suggest to the manager of the Rehabilitation program, that he get some of his men started into the chicken business. It takes less capital to start in the chicken business than any other, I will explain the plan of an old negro, which seems quite feasible.

He borrowed a setting hen of one neighbor and a setting of eggs of another. He set the hen, she hatching and raising fifteen nice biddies. When these chicks were grown, the old darky kept the hen until she laid enough eggs to return the ones he borrowed, and then he returned the old hen. His debts were paid and he had a nice flock of chickens for his trouble.

This scheme could be worked out without costing the taxpayers a great deal. But saving of money seems to be minor matter, and presume also, because the idea originated from a Republican, the bosses will just pass it up no matter how good it is.

In gossiping about a neighbor I overheard a man say that that fellow is of so little interest to me that I will not even rubber when hear his ring. Well, I will admit that is getting pretty bad.

Another fellow was having trouble with his phone. He found his difficulty in a faulty ground wire. After repairing it he told me now he could get a little satisfaction when he rubbered.

This column sounds sort a editorial like. I will promise not to do it again, leaving that part to the bosses.

In regard to the anonymous letter I received Saturday morning, I will say that I had no intention of offending anyone, and sincerely regret I wrote what I did. It seems impossible for me to catch all these things. I will admit am not smart enough.

February 28, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Mr. Leggett was kind enough to mail me an inside sheet of a Northville, Minnesota paper, published in a town, I gathered, of about the same size as Ord. He sent it to show me a column a person by the name of Tergiverous Tim wrote which always has interested Homer, and likewise was interesting to me.

It was a much longer column than this, and dwelt a good deal on politics, prohibition, church and the farmers troubles. I am grateful for anything of the kind that might help me make my strip better.

There was a paragraph that particularly appealed to me. It seems that Huey Long has decreed that a rich man can never enter the Kingdom of Heaven, and he reads Scriptures to prove the point. Our

friend Tim then dopes it out with beautiful phrases picturesque and illustrative how all us farmers are billeted without question into the Pearly Gates, for none of us are predestined to ever be rich. And further we can look across the Jordan, or down into the depths of Hell and see all those rich men, who have been twisting the thumb screws down on us so hard, sizzle.

Well, going back to my own ideas again, that's something for us farmers to look forward to, anyway.

I have been a little reluctant to attempt anything in the editorial or serious line, in the first place not feeling mentally capable, second, thinking that the duty of the editors, and third enjoying more dashing off (what I think) humorous and entertaining paragraphs. However, occasionally, in a moment of profligacy, I burst forth, and try to save the world and as yet none of these outbursts have been scratched out.

Stark tragedy occurred at our place about six weeks ago. A very nice sleek cat, although at that time no nicer than the seven others, became crippled for life. One cold night, as we were closing the barn door from the outside the cat jumped on the inside to get out and was caught by one front foot where the top and bottom door fold together.

There he hung all night and was not discovered until morning. When he was liberated he ran and hid and remained in seclusion for several days licking his crushed and frozen paw.

The thought of the accident haunted both Jim the hired man who had actually closed the door, and I. "I would have rather killed the cat," he said. "If he ever comes back I shall kill him to get him out of his misery."

After several days the cat did return. His foot was very sore and he stayed afar to keep from being bumped. Jim saw him. "There he is," he exclaimed. "The poor devil. I will bet he is hungry." Carefully and caressingly so as not to hurt him more, Jim picked the cat up and carried him to the house. A soft bed was made in the wood shed low down so he would not have to jump. A dish of warm milk and pancakes was his feast.

"I thought you were going to kill him," I inquired.

"I 'spect I better after while, but I thought I'd give him a good meal so he can go to Heaven on a full stomach."

Every day there was a new excuse for not killing the cat until tomorrow, and every day he received the best food and care. We all became attached to our patient. Sometimes when his foot was bumped he would stand on his hind legs and cry with pain, and still we could not muster courage to end it all.

Now he is a three legged cat, but by all odds the favorite of the feline family. He receives all the special favors granted cats, at our house, such as a few extra squirts of milk on his back to lick, an extra pancake, and all the mice that are caught in traps. Occasionally on a cold night he has the extra special privilege of sleeping in the basement.

I suppose if he should choose to live on baby chickens and fresh eggs next summer, that would be all right too.

I have a gastronomical yearning for lemon pie. So seldom do we have a lemon, or the money to buy one, my wife substitutes the following: 2 cups of buttermilk, 2 egg yolks, scant cup of sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, pinch of salt, teaspoon of lemon extract. This she cooks in a double boiler until the goop thickens and then pours it in a baked pie shell. The egg whites are used to make the froth.

My wife adds, after reading this, "if you are going to start a recipe column, I have enough saved up to last you a hundred years. Good. I may have to resort to that for ideas."

March 5, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

County lines are a nuisance. The only people I can think of who benefit from a larger number of counties are the office holders. The consolidation of state divisions should be hastened. I never heard but that the county government in Custer county is as efficient as any of the others.

Daily is the fact brought to mind of folks living on the fringe of the boundaries as we do in Riverdale. About half our district is in Greeley county and half in Valley. Half of us vote at North Loup and the other half in Horace. Both county superintendents have jurisdiction over our school, although the Greeley superintendent assumes the most responsibility, and there has never been any friction there. The school treasurer has to go to two county seats for the funds.

We have two road overseers, and two road draggers. Situated on the edge of the earth, so to speak, we frequently feel we are sadly neglected. Surely we are from Valley county.

The cars traveling the road through the hills to the east have been counted and it has been found more go that way than by the highway in good weather. But still it is with the most difficulty to get the proper maintenance there, for that road leads business away from Greeley county. Valley county keeps a good road to the county line to attract trade to North Loup from the east, but the short strip of one-half mile east of the bridge is frequently impassable, because no snow fence or no snow shoveling on that road will be sanctioned by Greeley county. The road is shoveled to Scotia. Most of us prefer to trade in North Loup, and it is a mile or so nearer. If the road is shoveled we have to do it free gratis. On top of that it is a mail route and the central highway.

The same is true with politics. Seldom do I know any of the Greeley county officers. Several times I have driven to Horace to vote, and in the evening driven to North Loup to find the results of the Valley county election. The same is quite generally true with all of us, as our home town is North Loup.

I was terribly condemned some months ago because I hired a neighbor, who lives just over the line in Greeley county, to do a job of painting on a store building in North Loup. One of the reasons I hired him was that he underbid the others. Other reasons need not be related here, but the howls arose hither and yon. This man was not even a resident of the county, and was not a taxpayer in the district. Further the man was not broke, and that alone should condemn him.

I heard both sides of the jangle. "True enough," the man argued. "My land happens to lie 14 mile over the line, but I have noticed the people of North Loup do not object to me trading there. They do not object to me serving on the Popcorn committee without pay. They did not object to me sending my four children through its high school, nor working in the church."

"More than that," my employee continued, "these same fellows who are complaining the loudest about me coming over here to work, came into my district and painted the school house, and more than that I was not even given a chance to bid on the job. My taxes helped pay that bill."

And so going back to the first paragraph, I can see little need of so many counties. Four counties consolidated into one would not only save most of the expenses of three county seats but also eliminate 138 miles of county lines.

The attorney general rules that if you have not a barber's license, it is unlawful to cut your little sister's hair, or the hair of any member of the family or your own.

A prominent plumber of North Loup, last year told me that the plumbers of the state wanted a law licensing plumbers and making it unlawful for a farmer to own a pipe wrench.

A law is proposed now requiring anyone who milks cows to have to take out a license. This license will cost a few dollars a year so as to give a few men a few jobs to keep a few books, and make a few inspections. The most important part of the program will be the few jobs.

I expect if this law passes, and I can see no reason why it is not as necessary as the barber license law, the next legislature will pass another law requiring a mother to take out a license before she can nurse her baby.

In talking about the nine blackrobed justices of the United States supreme court, Irwin Thelin reminded me that the four so-called conservatives, Van Devanter, Butler, McReynolds and Sutherland, all hail from the bush-whacker states in the west. And the liberals, Brandeis, Stone, Roberts, Cardozo and Hughes, who seem to have a leaning toward moratoriums, gold repudiation and the like are all from the moneyed conservative states of New York and New England.

If these men represent the ideas of the countries from which, they come one might gather the east is of the notion of whacking up a little and the distribution of wealth, and the west replies, "To heck with you. I won't have it."

March 7, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

Again I hear the rumor that they (whoever they are) are trying to get a road straight through east of Sternecker's place, coming out at the Reed schoolhouse from Ord to Greeley. Surely that would make a straight shoot between the two towns, if the people in those two towns are the only ones on the map worth considering, and if expense is no item. Four and one half miles could be saved.

Already we have a graveled road from Greeley to the Butell corner and hill, accommodating Ord, Scotia, North Loup, Horace, and a lot of homes. Should they (whoever they are) be determined to spend money, a road might be pounded straight west of the Butell hill, coming out at the Riverdale schoolhouse and then north to Ord and south to North Loup. That would save two miles on the speedometer between Ord and Greeley, and furnish improvement to the river road, which accommodate a score of homes and a mail route.

By following the canyon road as it now is there would be a far better and more direct route for the central highway. Then the river road might be improved and save a mile or so to Ord. Of course we folks over here are in favor of this plan. This canyon road is already graded, and with the exception of a couple hills, is a very good highway.

About the best way to travel from Sternecker's east, is with a flying machine or on horse back. The horse would be tired by the time he had made the trip. It is just one large hill after another, and through pastures, where few people ever venture. To make a road through there would be a big expense, and be very rough.

And then as a summary, I would like to ask why a highway, graded and maintained, is run east from the river road to the one place of Sternecker's and no work is done south along the river, which is a much traveled road besides a mail route?

At times this road along the river is barely passable. It is seldom, if ever worked. Living in the extreme neck of the county, the folks there think they are sadly neglected. They say the commissioner (and I suppose that means Uncle Jake) comes driving around there once in a while in dry weather, but he knows better than attempt it after a little rain.

Arthur Hutchins, manager of the N. L. cheese factory says this is always the time when milk tests fall off. In spite of the feed the tests drop when the cow sheds her hair. Just why this is he does not know. He wrote the agriculture college and asked if it was true, and they said it was and they could not tell why.

He also told me that the packing plant where he sells eggs, told him two days beforehand that eggs would drop two or three cents on Saturday. Art immediately scratched his price down. Many egg dealers lost money on the drop. But what I am getting at is, how does it happen the packers know about it all several days in advance?

I have been tempted upon diverse occasions since Mr. Coats had his letter against the Child Labor Amendment, to answer it. Each time I exercised my self-control, until the editor burst forth and gave Ernest thunder. Anyway, in my short span of years, and in this advanced agriculture civilization of ours, I have seen young kids worked too hard on the farm by their fathers. At least such was the consensus of opinion of all the neighbors. And many times I have seen kids taken out of school to work at home, even before the eighth grade and the sixteenth year.

The excuse given by the parents is that at school the kids do not learn anything but devilment, and they will learn more at home. Either these men are wrong or there is something radically wrong with our educational system.

Some of the fellows were complaining that the government waited until we had wintered these tubercular cattle, and then test them out. They proclaim it to be foolishness of the administration in doing things backward.

I think these fellows are all unjust in their criticism. There is method in the madness of our government officials. By waiting until spring this way, allowing the t. b. cattle to eat all winter, the "huge surplus" of corn and hay is reduced.

I have been asked why I did not scratch the Bob Simmons and Robert Griswold stickers from the window of my car. I did plan on it for a while, and then the idea dawned on me that soon the time would be at hand for another campaign, and as it is, I am all prepared. These men will no doubt be on the ticket. They have been ever since I can remember.

March 14, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

The phone buzzed, two longs and a short. Our ring. "Hello", my wife answered. And turning to me "Keep that typewriter still a minute. I can hardly hear." And to the phone again. "Yes. Yes. He plans on going. Oscar is going to start a little earlier. George will be right over."

I chuck my papers. I change my clothes and am off, as she waves a handkerchief and admonishes, "Don't have any accidents."

Changing cars in town, from mine to the truck. Sliding along smoothly, the wind to our back, visiting continually, of this and that. Nearly there without an item of note. To the right is a small, square red-roofed house where Culberson shot his wife. And the front door, the glass of which has been replaced, through which the shotgun boomed its fatal note. The murderer bought some white turkeys of me once. Thought he was a fine fellow then. Never pass without a fey shudder.

Rolling into town west over the B. & M. tracks, then south over the U. P. tracks, and to the garage. A little repair to be done during the noon hour. As we started to leave, an elderly man, very straight and precise, with a cane, a Scotch cap, a shiny well pressed suit, a white shirt, and a celluloid collar, many sizes too big, minces his step into the door. At once a couple mechanics ask his wants. That's all. Oscar was way ahead. I hurry to catch him. But why, that celluloid collar?

Dinner. Then stopping at the pet store to while a few minutes. Inspect the gold fish, the canary birds, and the Mexican Cardinal. Canaries four and five dollars. I offered a lady two big hens for a singer the other day, urging the deal by explaining how much more eating there would be in the two hens. Foolishly, I proclaimed then, she would not trade.

Parting company, Oscar back to the garage, and I to my devoirs. Among other places to the Grand Island Independent office. At the busy time of day. Before going to press. Ever yone on tap. Phones ringing, typewriters clattering, linotypes steaming, their long arms reaching up and down automaton like. Reporters running in and out. A machine in the second room typewriting events from Lincoln and Washington D. C. I read the latest about the Hauptman trial, as the keys pound out the news. The first man in Grand Island to know it. I must buy a paper to see if it is the same. An employee with long shears clips off the sheets, to correct and take to the linotypes.

Sauntering toward the sale barn window shopping as I trudge along, I spy a display of antiques. I tarry a minute. A sign flaunts the trade. "Furniture Doctor. Forty years in the Business." Business of making antiques new again.

Find Oscar in the sale typhoon. We climb the steep steps and down again seating ourselves for the cattle sale. He studies and watches closely for bargains. I relax, my mind wandering.

My eyes fall glued to the ring-man's saddle horse. Fat as a mole and groomed like a co-ed. Sorrel with a white foot and the eye of a sage. Moves like a machine, not too fast or too slow. Stands to perfect distance for opening the gate. Seems to keep step with the auctioneer's crying. "Sure like to have that horse", I remark. "As well try to buy the barn," Oscar replies, his thoughts still on the cattle.

On the top row of seats is an elderly man, with short white whiskers, parted at his chin point, like George Bernard Shaw. His coat is swallow tail, of many winters, and of a greenish black. Perhaps his wedding coat, salvaged from quondam years when money was flush. One saving account that did not fail.

Sale over. Dave, Oscar's father comes up. Looking over the purchases. Aftermaths as to the worth. While Oscar pays his bill, Dave and I talk over the times, and the cattle mart. He tells me he has fed

over 1300 head this year, and made plenty of money. Strange words in these times of distress. He apologizes for having to leave so soon, before the stores close. Why should stores close so early, interfering with visits of such boon friends?

We load our steers. We start for home. We buy a dozen doughnuts to munch as we skim along. Looking out the west window we see "The Sunset," glowing crimson and marigold, and "evening star", a brighter red, "and after that the dark." We flip on the lights.

A crescent moon, as if drawn with a widening swoop of a pen, sails close to Venus, the evening star. Some deep secret to reveal. Planets conniving perhaps. In between, a tiny tag-along, Mercury, tries to eavesdrop and shine with the others, but is nearly crowded out. Disgusted, perhaps, they all go scurrying off, and sink below the hills. Sunset always brings slight touches of nostalgia. I wonder if the wind blew today? Might the folks be out of water? Suppose the steers have rubbed the gate open? I wonder if the kids fed the chickens. The youngsters may be getting ready for bed now. Or are they peering out the window looking for a light in the lane? Oscar treads the accelerator a little harder.

We replenish our fuel supply at the truck city in St. Paul. We hurry on. A cluster of twinkles far ahead. The twinkles become brighter and brighter, and we speed through them into the darkness again. On we hum. We see another group of twinkles, ahead. Through them and past, then another cluster to the right across the river and another ahead is our town. They sparkle a trifle brighter to us.

On home. The kids come dancing to the door, in their pajamas, while the good wife smiles in accord, and they all exclaim, "What did you bring us, Daddy?"

George G.

March 21, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

Delving into history we read avidly of how the fellows then were put in stocks. Should one of them beat his wife a little too hard, become a little too gay on moon shine and shoot up the town, or fail to attend church some bright Sabbath morning, this gross offender of the peace and tranquility was placed into a rack where his head or his hands were fastened securely. There, in that ungainly position he must take the jeers, laughter and abuse of the kids and passers-by. Who would ever think we are reverting to such things?

The story is told on John Kriewald. He went down cellar through the outside entrance, but for some reason decided to come into the house by the route of a steep stairs and a trap door through the floor.

He pushed up the door from the bottom, peeking through at the same moment his wife started traipsing across and the door came down ca-bang, catching John's head with his chin on the floor. For the moment he was realizing the predicament those old time guys were in when their heads were put in stocks. To make matters worse, Mrs. Kriewald tripped, fell and floundered, eventually rolling off the door.

Thinking perhaps John had gone down cellar and set a block of wood on the cellar way, Mrs. John scrambled up, her temper very wrought up. She promenaded around with the thought in mind to give that chunk of wood a hard swift kick and teach that husband of hers a thing or two about setting things there and tripping anyone who happened to walk over the cellar door.

As she was preparing her hefty foot for a drop kick down went the door. Along about that time John decided a safer method of entering the house would be from the level. He back tracked.

Entering the kitchen, his wife still in a berserk attitude, she gave him a little talking to, including the necessary adjectives and adverbs. Concluding her little speech, she exclaimed with shaking head and pointed finger, "Don't you ever set anything in that cellar door again. Someone might get hurt."

Of course love and kisses soon reigned in the household and caresses of liniment and bandages were put into action.

This all reminds me of another little incident Ira (Dutch) Manchester tells on himself. He had a very nice gentle old sow. Dutch had been scratching her back of the ear with a cob until she had become what is known as a pet pig. And for the information of those who do not know, I will say a pet pig is one of the most affectionate animals of the kingdom.

Well, Dutch discovered one bright day that Old Rainbow was terribly busy, paying little heed to even the endearing words of her master. She was going "Grunt, grunt, grunt," and nearly trotting around yard, gathering all the bits of straw on the place, and toting it hurriedly to a corner of the barn. Then with her front foot she was pawing the whole thing into a nice round pile.

Dutch at once went to the back of the barn and found a new gate he had made. This he nailed across the corner, leaving old Rainbow to herself. Dutch mosied off up town, returning in the evening.

He was a little curious to know the results of all that performance of his pet pig. The gate was too high to peek over. It was made of cyprus inch boards, nailed about six inches apart. By twisting his head sideways, exactly in the right position, Dutch just managed to squeeze it through the crack. As his ears passed and the boards came to, his neck, he turned his head and discovered ten of the nicest little shiny black pigs one could imagine. Each had a pure white belt. Every one was scrambling for its supper, tumbling over one another in their haste.

To be sure it was a sight to behold. Dutch drank in the affair with the height of pleasure, painting vivid pictures of how his bank account would swell when those ten tiny porkers were fat and sold. And just at that moment a couple of squealers got in a little difficulty over which plate of soup belonged to which, and that little difficulty lead to a real fight, considering the size of the beasts, and their voices rose in lusty resonance.

Sensing trouble o'er the land, Old Rainbow blinked her dreamy eyes, perked her languid ears, raised her sharp snout, questioned, "grunt, grunt," and sprang to her feet. As she arose, she stepped on another little pig's tiny toe, and another screeching squeak burst forth.

Another short second and she saw Dutch's head. For some strange reason she forgot how nice a fellow Dutch was, and how lovingly he had scratched her behind the ear so many times. Swinging on him with mouth open and bristles raising, she proclaimed, "Woof, woof, woof, woof."

Now Dutch interpreted those woof words to be anything but terms of love, and something to the effect that he had better be scampering away. But his head was fast and in his haste he couldn't turn it at exactly the right angle.

Well, there was no particular damage done, except that two perfectly good cyprus boards on that gate were broken and had to be patched.

Although I know hardly a person who attends or is connected with the Ord high school I think the column, "A Penny For Your Thoughts," the most interesting part of the whole paper. I usually read it first, "Something Different" or "My Own Column" next, the editorials are scanned, then if I have time I read the news. I seldom if ever read "To the County Board" or "The Work Sheet" after it is published.

March 28, 1935

The Ord Quiz

**CARE OF
COUNTY BOARD**

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

(Typed note saved with the article. <Lead Paragraph omitted for some reason.

Claud Willard, head of the corn-hog division of the AAA being the speaker, I was asked by Bill Schudel to ride with him to Grand Island and attend the meeting.>)

The day beclouded with dust, turned out to be more enjoy able in the hall than out doors riding a disc. Had not the seats been too close together, causing us to jack-knife our legs first one way and then another, and had not the speakers been a little too long -winded, the meeting would have been quite a success.

Elton Lux, of the extension department made the best speech, by simply introducing Brokaw. Lux and I attended the Uni. at the same time and were boon friends then. He stayed away from the farm and seems to amount to a little something. Anyway he wears a nice suit and rubs shoulders with the big wigs. I came back to the farm.

Claud Wickard is head of the Corn-hog division of the Triple A. He is a short stubby fellow, bald, a round smiling face and I would swear not a day over thirty if he had not said he had run a corn planter every year for the last twenty years. His talk was a trifle long but a little humor intermingled with his pleasant smile helped while the tedium. He said they were attempting to make the corn-hog program so popular that it would be continued regard less of the administration. He said in planting corn, to get a straight row, one should look far ahead at some ultimate p oint, and drive to that, and not get excited over the small kinks of the work as you go along. The same would apply to the program.

Brokaw gave a few bits of advice while we all were an xious to depart. I think even his talk might have been quite interesting if those darned seats hadn't been too close.

The best part of it all was, I heard no razzing of the republi cans, nor no lauding of the democrats.

Ed Christensen has it figured out he does not care whether he raises anything or not, o r even farms or not. He says he will get over four hundred dollars from the government in reduction contracts, (better than a dollar a day) and he can live on that. On a farm, with his lights, water and rent wit hout charge, and a few cows and chickens, I presume the four hundred dollars would be better than many folks have.

I am just Socialist enough so that I cannot quite see the justice in giving one man so much more than others. Simply because of the fact that one fellow is lucky and has a farm that grows sixty bushels an acre, the government gives that man many more dollars than the fellow back in the hills who does well to grow twenty. The Iowa farmers no doubt receive more pay than the Nebraska fel - lows. It is all a Christmas present anyway. And still the preamble reads something to the effect that "all men are created free and equal."

Every week the papers blossom out with a few more foreclosure sales, and the delinquent tax lists grow longer with every publication. And still the economists proclaim regularly that the farm income is greater than ever. Some inconsistency there somewhere.

I have been approached several times lately to write a rip-snorter in regard to prohibition. I shrink from plunging into these scrapes regardless of my own sentiments. And who would pay any heed to my advice should I blurt forth in wild acclamations.

I never yet have known of anyone being benefited the least iota by drinking the stuff. I have known a good number of pusillanimous nincompoops who were ruined by over-indulgence. I being a pusillanimous nincompoop myself, and inclined to going to excess in many things, I deem it better to stay on the wagon and in any of my rambles I never have yet been embarrassed by refusing.

In case you do not know the meaning of pusillanimous; the dictionary says, "destitute of manly strength and firmness of mind. Weakness of spirit." And nincompoop means in simple language, a "fool".

In regard to my picture, the kids were delighted with it. They thought it a dandy but said further it didn't look much like me. I didn't know whether I was better looking or worse. It is a sign of a good artist, to so make the picture that it is better looking than the model. And I recommended that the fellow who drew it was a good artist.

I looked at the picture for several minutes. I concluded there was one thing that was natural and I was sure of that. And that was the legs of the table. They were perfect.

All you readers will know what I'm talking about when you see the picture in the Quiz next week.

April 11, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

"Tick tock, tick tock. It's time for bed,"

Which many a time that clock has said.

It rings the hour eleven times,

While I nod here and scribble rhymes.

"Hark up! Hark up! I'll soon be gone,

And do not warn too soon the dawn.

It sits on a little shelf of its own, austere overlooking the household. A dull smooth walnut case, Roman numerals, hands that point none too true, a gabled roof, with small turrets on each side, like the entrance of a cathedral. A scratched picture of an old castle hides the pendulum. I know of no other clock so old that is keeping time.

Something like a hundred years ago, while living in Wisconsin, my grandmother Bristol bought this clock. Throughout her lifetime, it serenely measured the minutes for her household. It watched her bid her circuit rider husband adieu each week, watched her children hurry off to school, watched the boys grow up and go to war, and return in the blue uniforms, watched the girls while they were being courted and later married, and watched them all as they departed for new lands in the west.

Little do any of us now know of those tranquil days of this heirloom, except for the stories oft repeated as the old grandmother rocked her grandchildren to sleep, and especially those grandchildren whose mother died a few days before the departure to the North Loup valley.

Lonesome in Wisconsin without her children, in a few years she and her husband packed their things in a prairie schooner and followed along.

In their new home, the clock was set up, and it ticked the time away through the trials and discouragements of those early days of this county; through prairie fires and Indian scares; through floods and drouths; grasshoppers and wind storms. Many a time did the "chillens" go to Grandmother's house for cookies, and trust the clock to tell them when to go home. And in 1888, when this venerable old lady and her preacher husband had gone to their final resting place, their junk was divided up. A younger son, named Cicero, was in the far wilds of Montana. The clock was sent to him as his share.

He was a widower, and seldom lingered in one place long. He herded horses on those boundless plains for a few years, ran a trading camp for a few more years, drove a stage for a while, prospected for another while, and lived amid and during the wildest life of the far west. In spite of that, he treasured the clock, always carefully packing it before each move, and setting it up again at nightfall. For thirty years or more, he bounced this timepiece of little actual value, about that wild and terrible country. It was the one thing his mother had left him.

One dark still night, as he was reading in his hut by the open fire, (for he was a scholarly duffer) with no sound except the tick of the faithful clock and the lonely howl of a stray wolf, a sudden uproar was heard outside in the yard. Before he could collect his thoughts a couple of horse thieves burst into the door, and begged for help. Another minute and the pursuers were there and the thieves captured.

Hanging was the only medicine administered in those days by the vigilante committee. An informal court was held, the clock looking down at the pleadings of Uncle Cicero for the condemned men, he urging they should have a trial. His words were in vain. The next morning as the sun peeked red over the horizon, the platform was jerked and these two lads were left dangling by the neck on Uncle Cicero's corral gate post.

The clock stopped ticking that day, for in the excitement, it was not wound. The pendulum standing still, it watched the burial of the bodies on yonder knoll, and then watched Uncle Cicero take the axe and hew down the gate post. No more of that in his yard.

In 1912 having grown tremulous and grey from his hazardous life, he came to North Loup to while a few reclining years. My mother spied the clock which had been mounted on a little shelf in his room, the day he arrived. Her thoughts at once flew back to her grandmother's home, and her visits there with this tick-tock counting off the hours in that sweet long, long ago. Also having a flair for antiques, she was at once enraptured. She was reminded constantly of that wonderful grandmother who tried to take the place of her mother and who earned the living while her husband preached.

A few days later Uncle Cicero came plodding to our place, weary from the long walk, and under his arm he had that clock. He presented it to my mother, telling her he thought she would better care for it than anyone he knew. One of his few inheritances to give away, when "he should cross the bar."

And so it ticked away the seconds with a happy chirp, and struck away the hours with a merry gong, for some twenty-three years at my mother's house. It listened to the daily reports of another war, and of prosperity; it eavesdropped at the courtship and marriage of a daughter; informed us of medicine time when sickness was present; watched the grandchildren come to visit; and measured the days through another drouth and depression.

For years I nurtured a secret yearning for that nearly worthless trinket. Last Christmas it was my present and I can think of nothing I wanted more. Now it portions out the time at our house.

And sitting here, as it tells me of midnight's approach, I wish the thing would only speak something besides "tick-tock, tick tock, it's time for bed." If it would only reveal now and then a few of its secrets, and experiences of a century, what a fountain of stories I might have to scribble.

April 20, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

A Bible printed in 1769 is the proud possession of Alfa Crandall of North Loup. The printing of this Good Book was along about the time the agitation was getting pretty wild over taxation without representation.

All Alfa knows about it is that in the 40's his mother brought it from Ohio to Wisconsin. From there it went to Illinois and then in 1881 it was brought on to Nebraska. Alfa's brother had it at Orleans, Nebr., for a while and it was lost there a few years. Later Alfa got possession of it and it has been around North Loup ever since.

Alfa says it was read every day for years. His folks were staunch, honest old German folks and it seems to him now, they would spend one-half to three-quarters of an hour every day worshipping and reading the Bible. He says he has sort of fallen from grace, and does not follow his early training as he should when it comes to reading the Bible.

It has an old family record running back into the 18th century. The letters are printed a little differently than they now are. A couple of sentences will illustrate.

First verse of Isaiah, "The vision of Ifaiah the son of Amos, which he saw concerning Judah, etc, etc." And Psalm cxlvi "The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want." These "f's" are not exactly the same as we write them now, if they are "f's".

Alfa has also an old table, purchased during the Civil war by his father and has been in use every day since. It is made of cherry, and stands as firm on its slender Jenny Lind legs as ever.

The only things his daughters quarrel over, and I guess nothing serious has developed as yet, is which one will get the Bible and which the table when Alfa and Mrs. Crandall break up housekeeping.

Corn growing in the street of North Loup has finally come to pass in truth and actuality, as has been the prediction many times. The origin of this statement is unknown. That along with many other such remarks, is laid to the feet of Ord, whether as heard said, those folks living there have the ingenuity to think such things up or not.

Nevertheless, as the contractors were ripping up our Main street in preparation to laying the pavement, Bates Copelan takes from his flower pot in his barber shop window, a stalk of corn and plants it in the street. No less than a dozen fellows pointed to the stalk and requested me to photograph the plant and send it to the Quiz.

Many years ago some quondam editor of the Quiz, long before Leggett was the owner, referred to North Loup as spoiling a good farm. North Loup has never forgotten that. The chip on the shoulder is always carried it seems, and every little thing is taken up by the people here in post haste. The refusal of The First National Bank to cash the checks last year, when these checks were cashed all over the United States without trouble, was the last stunt to aggravate the fester.

It is strange to many of us that any North Loup folks trade at all in Ord. Seldom if ever do Ord people trade in any of our little stores. In spite of this feeling in North Loup, whipped pup like, our

folks go scurrying there, and our business is no small item of their receipts. Perhaps such antagonism only helps the trade.

We are glad that athletics are again contested between the towns. An office in the court house for one of our good men sometime, in place the snow under by the big Ord vote as is invariably the case, might help to poultice the sore. There are a few folks down here who can yet read and write. It is the standing statement that a North Loup man can't get elected regardless of how good he is. The purchase of a few articles (groceries or a loaf of bread) when Ord men happen in town, accompanied by a few social remarks, might not only ameliorate the trouble, but also be a business getter.

I was told of a doctor living in a rather large town who had very extensive practice, not only in his own town but in many of the neighboring towns. Every time he was called to another town, he made it his business of going to every store and buying some little thing, usually groceries, shoe strings, or anything he might need. Needless to say he was not the loser for the time and money he spent.

It is ridiculous for the two towns, so close, and with interests so in common to act so like a pair of kids. With our fast cars and paved roads, one hardly realizes when we leave one town to enter the limits of the other. No doubt in a few years Ord will grow so much that North Loup will be annexed anyway.

One of the favorite topics of conversation now days is when the ditch will be granted and when work will start. One of the fellows feared this rain might be a barrier toward the granting, and another fellow suggested if they kick out on account of the rain to argue we need the ditch to drain the land.

April 24, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

A wonderful bird is the pelican,
His beak holds as much as his bellican,
I don't see how in the hellican.

"It's time to plant potatoes," called Mrs. Gus Wetzel who lives by the N. L. river bridge as she came out of the house. "The pelicans went by yesterday." (April 13).

I was interested but sorry I could not have been on hand. I reprimanded her a trifle for not calling me. I would have liked to have taken a picture of them.

Something like ten years ago, when I lived in town, I hauled a load to where I now live with a large team and wagon. It was about the middle of April. On my way home, as I turned the corner going west toward the bridge, I saw a strange sight over the river. It was a large flock of large white birds. They were flying low and going straight up the river.

I clicked the team into a trot. I soon discovered the birds were flying faster than I was going, so I whipped those lumbering horses into a faster trot and then to a gallop. I was going to get a closer look if possible.

Wetzels were all out planting potatoes. They were dumfounded at seeing me whipping that big team into a run and stood in amazement. But to my delight, the bridge checked the flight of the birds

and they lighted on a sand bar a few rods south of it. I called to Wetzels and we all went to the bridge and saw several hundred white pelicans there.

Never had I seen such a sight and I was enraptured. If I could only get a picture, I thought. Soon the birds arose and sailed slowly on north, over us. I thought they did not stop, but Mrs. Wetzel told me later that they stopped again a little ways north of the bridge on a sand bar and stayed all day. Had I known it I would have gone back again and feasted on the sight.

Every year about this time of the season, Mrs. Wetzel says, these pelicans migrate north along the river and light on that sand bar north of the bridge. But the sad part of it is that each year the number gets a little smaller. This year there were only nine. Could it be there are too many pump guns put to use on those beautiful creatures?

My brother, who lives in Anacortis, Washington sent me the following clipping from the Anacortis Daily Mercury.

Paul Luvera, who already wears three medals as the town nut, has just sprung his latest in the form of an announcement card for the birth of his new son, Paul Nicholas, Jr. The card reads:

Luvera Grocery Company, Limited (From now on), announces the 1935 Baby Model, Paul Nicholas Jr.

Mary Luvera, production manager—Paul Luvera, designer and chief engineer—Dr. H. E. Frost, technical assistant.

Model released February 21, 1935, at 11:55 o'clock.

Double bawl bearing—two lung power—scream line body—water cooled exhaust—free squealing—economical feed—changeable seat cover.

Weight, 8½ pounds—length over all, 20 inches.

The management insures the public there will be no new models this year.

On display at the Anacortes hospital.

The card is in four colors, decorated with an original drawing by Mrs. Ethel Holt, local artist, and all engraving and printing produced in the Daily Mercury plant.

At our house we have broken our thermometer. So when the question is asked as to how cold it is, we reply in pants. That is, it is a one-pant day, or a two-pant day or a three-pant day, and I have known Jim to wear four pairs at once. One pair was rather ragged and he thought it would be more accurate to call that day a three and a half panter. The other day when I was drilling oats, the morning dawned as a three panter, and ended with one. If it hadn't been for the state laws the thermometer might sometime go to zero.

A rather acute situation has arisen lately in regard to farmers getting help. It is nearly impossible to get men to work on the farm any more. In the first place, the wages paid on the paving gangs and FERA is much more than the farmers can afford. And then the laboring man is very reluctant about leaving that work for farm work, for fear he will have trouble in getting back on the job again later. So as a result, the farmer lets his work go, and the government pays the bills.

Perhaps the farmer did not pay enough wages. This will tend to boost them up, but at that, any wage at all was more than the farmer could afford in years like last year. Then the question arises, who is going to eventually pay for these public works? Do I recall, or is it just an hallucination, that the president, in the last campaign, said something about the increased public debt, and of his scoring Hoover on that point? A friend of mine assures me the democrats will spend this last appropriation of

nearly 5 billion in getting reelected next year. Why didn't the Republicans think of an idea like that? Just dumb perhaps.

George G.

May 2?, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

One of the most beautiful birds of our locality is the Franklin gull. Every spring, for a few weeks he follows the plow, as the sea gull follows the ship. Usually they happen in this country about corn planting time. Already a few have been seen. They migrate in great bunches, sometimes fifty to a hundred following one machine looking for worms.

They seldom alight, swinging and swooping to the black earth for a morsel and up again. They fly very closely to the driver, seemingly little afraid. Once I thought one touched my cap in its flight back and forth. Frequently I have seen the horses bob their heads as the birds whirled near. Mr. Brannon tells of a boy who caught a gull with the lash of his whip. The boy kept the bird and made a pet of it.

The color of the body, neck and under the wings, is pure white. Its back and top of wings are dark grey, with a black bar on the tips. Its head is black with white circles around the black eyes. The beak red and the feet glossy black, which are, carried tight up under the body and straight back when in flight. A prettier combination of colors could not be made, jet black, snow white and lead grey. The most striking part of it all is the absolute cleanliness, and the fact that every bird looks exactly the same.

As far as I know these birds are perfectly harmless. Their beauty and friendliness makes them one of God's chosen creatures. It is a mystery why some of our shotgun specialists do not try to eliminate these birds from our midst.

An early time boat ride has been a bedtime story of my mother all my life. The first year (1872) after her father, Rev. Oscar Babcock and his four children came to this country they lived in a dugout on the bank of Mira Creek somewhere near where the S. D. B. parsonage now stands. These four children were Ed 2, Art 9, my mother, Myra 3, and George, a sickly baby.

Everything seemed to be lovely in the dugout through the winter. In the spring there came a heavy snow followed by a big rain, and lo and behold, in a few hours after this rain, the creek began to raise.

No one had ever expected the stream to swell so quickly or so high. The Rev. and the kids watched the water grow higher and higher, and the rain keep pouring down. It was not long until they decided the water might even run into the house.

He placed my mother and her little brother on the bed, with the instructions to her not to get off the bed or to let her little brother roll off. She says she can remember yet how she hung to his dress obediently to keep him in place.

Her father and the two boys, Eddie and Artie went to work post haste carrying things out to higher land. The table first, and then the other stuff underneath. The creek was raising every minute and the rain still coming. The water began crawling in the door and soon was over the floor. Much of their

stuff floated off, including many of his papers and all of his sermons he had saved that he might use some other time.

But the kids on the bed. They were saved without harm, but they were the last things to be carried out. The last trip into the dugout, the water running into the top of the boots, the men found the bed afloat. The little ones were carried to safety under the table. Later the family found refuge in a neighbor's dugout that was on higher ground.

There is nothing very tragic about this, or of any particular historical interest. It has just been a fine bedtime story for me and for my kids. And also, often in later years, when Uncle George would return from one of his many trips abroad, he would be reminded by his family of his first ride on the water, back on the Nebraska prairies.

The club meeting at the home of Mrs. Harold Fisher a few weeks ago brought to mind of Mr. Brannon of an early day party there. In about the year of 1882 Will Green was a bachelor and lived in a dugout on a place where Guy Mulligan now lives. Ansel Paine lived in a sod house where Harold Fisher now lives. Ansel made a business of doing freighting to Grand Island. One day he contracted for a trip and asked Will if he would do the chores while Ansel was gone. Will gladly consented, telling Ansel all the pay he would ask would be for Ansel to bring him a sack of flour as he came back, Will paying for the flour.

The next morning Mrs. Paine asked Will if he had any flour in his home she could borrow. She had discovered she was going to have callers and did not have a speck to bake the lunch with. Will replied he did not, but he said he would take his ox team and go over to Will Prentice's and borrow some. (Robert Preston farm).

So the oxen went lumbering off to that place only to find out that they too were out of flour. He trudged the team back and not wanting to give up yet drove to Tom Barker's, a mile west, to borrow some flour, and there to find out they too did not have a speck of that necessary food.

Sorrowfully he went back and told Mrs. Paine. He asked her why she didn't feed the ladies what her folks had been eating. She told him all she had in the house was corn meal ground with a coffee mill and the meal had already been sifted twice.

That afternoon Mrs. Wilson Babcock, driving her team of oxen from where her son Rolla now lives, along with Mrs. Furrow, (Chas. Rood's mother-in-law) came to Mrs. Paine's and spent the afternoon.

That evening Will asked Mrs. Paine about the company and how the biscuits came out. Mrs. Paine replied that she used some of the twice sifted corn meal, and the ladies proclaimed upon departure that "it was a lovely lunch."

And Jim says that he has in his possession that same old coffee mill. It was quite generally loaned about the neighborhood to grind corn with in those days.

A little recent experience has brought out more forcibly the truth of the old adage, "You can always tell a Harvard man because you can't tell him anything." I have concluded Harvard men are not the only college folks thusly afflicted.

May 9, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

I must apologize a little for relating my mother's stories, but she is one of the few folks left in Valley county who came to the county in the burning, that first and eventful year of 1872. Chas. Rood, Mrs. Mansel Davis, Art Babcock, Myra (Babcock) Gowen, Lowell Wellman, Mrs. Emma Green, Mrs. Otto Schoning (Living now with Frank McDermott's), all of North Loup and Tom Janes of Burwell, Leal Larkin of Battle Creek, Mich., Rosella Babcock of Gentry, Ark., John Kellogg of Pasadena, Calif., Stelia VanHorn in Texas and her sister Jennie Rood of Wisconsin, perhaps the Merriot boys and Winnie Clement of California, are all we know of. If there are others, let's print their names.

The list might be extended to the years 73 and 74 and there are not so many of them left either.

Quoth my mother with a shudder: "Nothing that I can think of quite scared or worried us as much when I was a girl as smoke or the smell of smoke."

"One time Pa and Art were away," she continued (Pa was the proper term in those days and her mother was dead.) "Ed (age 13) smelled smoke and then saw the fire coming in the west. We lived where Rex Larkin lives now. There was a little piece of plowing to the south of the house about where Mrs. Larkin lives."

"Ed had the notion he could stop the fire at the creek. He told me, (I was four and George was 2), to take the baby and stay in the middle of the plowing. On the run he carried a few things out there and then ran for the creek.

"His fighting that fire was silly, and the creek no more checked the onrush than it would stop the sun. Pushed by a terrible gale the flames would leap two stories high and move faster than a horse could run. The head flames would leap sometimes forty feet in front

"The fire by some miracle whipped around us and our house. Ed was caught and leaped into the creek to save his life. His hair, eyebrows and shirt were burned, but otherwise we came through in fine shape, and Pa was some glad man when he came home and found us safe and sound."

"Of course I was so little I do not remember everything as I should. I remember of us getting in the buckboard and driving to Uncle Heme's. (H. E. Babcock and he lived on the highway where Rusty Holmes now lives). Every thing in every direction was black from where the fire had been.

"Uncle Heman had been quite prosperous and had a bunch of big hogs. They were all dead and scattered around. His horses and cows were also dead and laying about. I recall the picture vividly yet, and I was only four. I remember Pa feeling so badly also because Uncle Heme's coat had been burned. It was his army overcoat and no one knew where to get another. Money was not plentiful in those days for overcoats.

"His house was saved for some unaccountable reason. It was made of cedar logs. The pantry window had been left open. The papers on the shelf were burned off."

"This fire was the time Jud Davis was burned out. He was about the best shape financially of anyone in the country. He lived where Will Wetzel now does. I can remember yet his many stacks of grain and hay, and the ricks of feed around his place. The fire burned everything but his house.

"That seemed to discourage Jud. Having come here with money from the sale of his farm in Iowa, and having it all cleaned out so quickly, he never dug into the collar again as he had before. He never seemed to recover from the loss. This was Eva Hill's father. Mills Hill's great-grandfather.

"At another time Cass Hill, Mills' grandfather, saw a smoke in the west. He lived on the Robert Preston farm. He sprang on his horse and whipped him to a run to warn the folks in town to prepare for a fire was coming (no telephones in those days). He reasoned they could not see the smoke over the hill.

"In spite of running his horse cross lots at top speed, and of Cass having start of the fire, it beat him to town, and went on to the river. That fire happened to go north of town, but it jumped the river. That is, tumble weeds flew across, and started the fire again on the other side."

Chas. Boettger says that one fire came from Kearney in two hours. Chas. Rood says there never was a horse living that could keep ahead of one of those fires for thirty minutes. Occasional spurts of flames," says Art Babcock and his wife, "would shoot ahead like a huge blow torch. The canyons seemed to make a draft or a suction for the flames and they would go faster up over the hills." These old timers nearly tremble at the thoughts of those holocausts.

Again Mrs. Gowen says, "The tumble weeds were weeds similar to Russian thistles, without the stickers and they grew on the new plowing."

"One of the most tragic fires was in the spring of 1882 in which a man by the name of Albert Cotrell died. Will and Morris Green, along with their brother-in-law, Albert Cotrell, were building a sod house on the Cotrell place, which is now the Will Koelling farm. They saw the fire coming, and were attempting to save a hay stack. Cotrell was troubled with occasional sick spells.

"Not realizing the speed the fire was traveling, the men became cornered and ran through it against the wind to some plowing. Will and Morris made it, but Albert fell. He may have had an attack of sickness. Upon the discovery that the brother-in-law was not with them, the two men ran back through the fire after him. Grabbing their fallen comrade they carried him, one ahold of each hand, and ran back to the plowing, making three trips through the flames. Chas. Rood says Morris grabbed ahold of Albert's boots which were so hot Morris' hands were scorched. Charles also tells me that Morris and Will were bare-footed.

"In spite of their efforts, Albert was dead when they reached the plowing. Will and Morris were badly burned. They were nearly naked, their clothes having been burnt off. Leaving the dead man in the field, they started for help. They walked until their feet were bleeding and unbearable with pain from treading on hot cinders. The soles of their feet peeled off. They fell to their knees and elbows and crawled the balance of the way to Mrs. Fossey's house. (Now the Anton Psota place). Knowing nothing better to do, she threw flour over them. Flour was a scarce and treasured article in those days and like throwing so much gold dust. Dr. Badger was soon called, but he probably had no better remedy.

"As I remember, one man was burned about as badly as the other, but for some reason Will recovered better than Morris. It was a long suffering recovery, friends and neighbors taking turn sitting up with and caring for the men. Morris was always a cripple, his hands badly out of shape. Will had trouble with his feet being scarred, which bothered his walking, but not but what he did his work. Now a grand old man, he is living his sunset years with his daughter Chloe in Denver.

The old timers are all of accord that their homesteads were very dearly purchased.

Next week some Valley county Indian Episodes. May 16 some early farm sales. Help me if you know any.

George G.

May 16, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

"Outside of a few individuals, the Indians never came down the river on the west side to attack the white people or to do any damage. But the settlers were for many years afraid th at they might. A few rather insignificant episodes might bring out the point a little clearer.

Mrs. Gowen says, "Once when I was very small, a scout warned the settlers the Indians were coming and were on the war path. Pa loaded us kids on the buckboard, a long with a few of our clothes, and we all went to Uncle Heme's house. (Where Rusty Holmes lives on the highway.) Just before he left he wrapped my mother's appliued quilt, her six silver spoons and took them along, thinking perhaps everything else might be pillaged in another day. We went to Uncle Heme's because it was the only log house in the country.

"Many of the settlers gathered there. Byron Johnson from his homestead across the river (In body place) Kellogs and Shepherds from further south. As I remember we stayed several days until the scout came back and told us the Indians were quelled and had gone back."

"Another story of a rather thrilling incident that proved to be of no harm has been r epeated many times. George Larkin, Heme Babcock and Ed Babcock went to the cedar canyons for logs, George having gone on ahead afoot to fell a bunch of trees so as to be ready when the teams a rived.

"Upon the arrival of the wagons about nightfall, the men made camp and retired early, down along the river, their beds having been made on blankets on the ground. Along in the night one of the men awoke. Everything was dead quiet. Before long he imagined he felt a rumble. Raising on his elbow he discovered the other men had been awakened too, won dering what had disturbed their slumbers.

"Soon they concluded the rumbling was growing plainer and plainer and finally they decided it must be a large band of Indians on the march, coming toward them. Talking the matter over the men decided to lay quiet and perhaps the troop would pass them without discovery. They were not so afraid the Indians would do them bodily harm, but they were sure if they were disco vered, their horses and belongings would be pilfered and stolen at least.

"The men also feared one of their own horses would neigh and attract attention of the Indians. Luck was with them however, for their camp was passed without notice. The long cavalcade marched by so closely the men could see in the moonlight the feathers in the hair, the bows, arrows and regalia all together too closely for comfort."

Art Babcock tells that he remembers of the settlers talking seriously of going up on an island in the river near the old Collins place and building a stockade, but this inspiration ne ver materialized.

As we drive on the highway about one-half mile south of where Fred Meyers now lives, if we look straight east we will see a little niche in the hills. Everett Babcock, who lived, when a boy, on the Rusty Peterson farm told me a few years ago that through that swale was where the Indians used to come in early days. Coming from the east, great strings of braves would pop over the hill and turn north from there up the valley. Upon returning from the north they would turn east at that point.

E. B. did not know where they went or from where they came, but he did know that was the trail.

Earl Kriewald owns the place now. Upon looking over the pass age, I could see no particular course it lead to except a little creek to the east, and a slightly point overlooking the valley to the west. It was not uncommon to see Indians on the east side of the river. As far as I ever heard they were friendly to the settlers.

Otto Schoning was one of the first settlers on the east side of the river. Julius says frequently Indians would happen along by his father's place. He says he never had any trouble. He always fed the Indians, and that was all they wanted.

Julius says his father used to tell him that the Indians would ride along the hills at night several rods apart, making little whoops. Mr. S. never quite knew what they were doing unless starting up game, driving it ahead so as to kill it as morning arrived. And Mr. S. said the Indians never killed all the game, always leaving some for another year.

He further said the building of Fort Hartsuff was foolishness. It was not built until after the danger was past and until the country was settled. When the settlers first came and needed the fort, there was none.

Another amusing incident was told by Mr. Schoning. He and Billie Brown, (who lived where John Kriewald now does) took some flour to mill at Columbus, which was the closest mill at that time. While encamped at Columbus, a large band of Indians were also encamped there. As the two men were eating their breakfast, three big bucks sauntered over and sat down by camp fire and grunted "Uh Uh." That meant they wanted something to eat.

So Billie Brown gave them each a cup of coffee and a few flap-jacks, and as the Indians started to leave he gave them also a few handfuls of coffee. They swaggered off, grunting again, which meant thanks.

Several years afterward Billie and Otto were making another trip to Grand Island. They met a long string of Indians traveling somewhere. Suddenly one buck waved violently at Billie. He couldn't understand it. All Indians looked the same to him. But as they passed the chief called "Coffee man, Coffee man."

Art Babcock says when he was a boy was the time when the Sioux and Pawnees were at war. They cared more about fighting each other than fighting the settlers.

He remembers of the news going around as to the last war of the two tribes. The Pawnee braves had gone on a buffalo hunt, leaving squaws and children in what they thought a secluded and hidden place. The Sioux came, found the camp, and practically annihilated the Pawnee nation in that one massacre.

The Sioux were in the northwest and the Pawnees around Columbus territory.

Hubert Weed tells me the fire in which Albert Cotrel died was 1874 in place of 1882. This writing historical events is a difficult job. I had that fire story told me by no less than a dozen men, and in no two stories were the details the same. They are all essentially true and I am glad to correct any errors.

May 23, 1935?

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

For many years after the homesteaders came the land was of little value or at least of little value in dollars and cents. Probably every farm has an interesting story in itself, a few deals of which I shall repeat, and these in turn may be the inspiration for some others.

Old Mr. Schoning said, according to Julius, when he came in 1872 there were few settlers. He took a claim by the river, because of water and timber. He could have taken his choice of the land in Mira Valley, little of that having been taken. The Mira Valley land was far the best land. The next year, 1873, the settlers came by the hundreds, and the next year nearly everything of value was taken.

In spite of the avidity in taking land, it still remained almost unsalable. The quarter where Will Koelling lives sold for \$100.00 at one time, according to Chas. Boettger. A man homesteaded the quarter where Sam Boettger lives, according to his mother. He lived there a year and thought it not worth the price and went off and left it. Boettgers came along in '74 and took it and Grandma Boettger still lives there. Mrs. Geo. Clement still owns her homestead, although she lives now in North Loup.

The Burlington railroad owned every alternate section for many years and held it all for sale at, about \$2.50 an acre. Hubert Weed says that the Hub Thorngate quarter, one of the best in Mira Valley, was offered for a long time for \$2.50 an acre, and not sold.

Will Green traded eighty acres of good Mira Valley land for a team of small horses. When I called on Jake Shoemaker the other day, he told me he gave a 2-year-old grey colt for his quarter where he lives. It turned out he did not need to do that for Loofbo row, the owner, had not proved up properly, and Jake had to do it over.

Some folks by the name of Cross lived in '82 where Edgar Davis now lives south of North Loup. A man from Vinton drove into the yard one day and after a little friendly talk, he suggested selling Mr. Cross a farm. The man offered to sell the McCune quarter for \$700. Mr. Cross hesitated. The man then offered to give Mr. Cross all the time he wanted to pay for it and further offered to take stock and machinery as part payment of the \$700.00. Mr. Cross refused to buy because he thought the quarter too rough. Now days no one thinks of it being rough, and similar quarters have been mortgaged in late years for more than ten times that amount.

A little tale that is not exactly a sale occurred on the place where Alfred Christensen now lives, known as the Al Stewart place. Al Stewart, Kelliton Scott and other men came up from Grand Island in 1872 to look for homesteads. Scott took the place by the river that Beck now owns.

Al Stewart and another man came on up the river. The other man carried a hatchet. They came to the place where A. C. now lives and the other man took an especial fancy to this farm. They looked it all over, telling repeatedly, he believed "this just suits me". River, timber and the creek.

As they stood pondering and discussing the farm Al asked the man if he might take his hatchet for a minute. Gladly it was handed over. Al then proceeded to chop some stakes and drive them in the ground. The other man asked what he was doing, and Al answered he was building his house. He had decided to take this farm as his homestead.

The other man was so discouraged at the loss of the farm, he returned to G. I. never to come back, at least to the knowledge of Claud Thomas, the jongleur of his tale.

Robt. Preston has told me the story many times of how he bought the eighty acres of Will Prentice.

They dickered for some time, Robert trading horses, machinery, household junk and what not for the land. Finally Will said, I will just trade with you if you will throw in that sack of beans.

"Darned if I will do it," Bob said. "Those beans belong to the kids. They planted 'em, picked 'em and cleaned 'em and I would not feel right to trade 'em off."

The deal nearly fell through over that bag of beans. Will insisted on having them or no trade, and Bob was equally adamant that the beans would not go. Finally after a half hour's parley, they split the difference and Bob bought the eighty acres. Will got half the beans. Bob never told how the kids came out, but I will warrant he didn't cheat them.

May 30, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

My ten-year-old daughter had been listening to the older classes recite in history when she should have been studying her own lesson. As a result she came home fraught with curiosity. The first question she asked her mother was, "Mother, who started the war?"

"I don't know. It just started," was the reply.

"The teacher said the Germans started it."

"Probably. The Germans said the others started it. All we know is that it was started. The first thing we knew there was a war. Why do you ask such foolish questions?"

"I just wondered," shamefully. "But why would they just go to fighting?"

Disgustedly, the mother explained further. "Well, If you must know, a prince that no one ever heard of was killed."

"What's a prince?"

"A sort of a bum, a kind of a leech, that amounts to about as little as they think they are smart. They are high-toned fellows that live in castles on government pay. They review the soldiers, hunt foxes and stir up revolutions for pastime."

"Why would that start a war? I would think the people would be glad to get rid of him."

"No doubt they were, but the country he belonged to, whichever one it was, thought they could stick the other fellow for a few thousand. That was more than he was worth, for he wasn't worth anything. Just a liability."

"That's funny. I don't understand. It sounds like an automobile accident. What made so many countries get into war then besides the two?"

"It wasn't funny. The reason the other countries got into it was just like a dog fight. Two dogs start fighting and soon all the dogs in town hear the noise and in a short time they are all fighting."

"Well," the befuddled daughter remarked, scratching her head. "Wasn't there a lot of other fellows killed, besides the prince?"

"Yes, daughter, thousands of them, and thousands of them crippled, blinded, and maimed, but not any other princes that I heard of. They were much more important than the soldiers."

Still a little at sea over it all, she continued her inquiries. "How did we happen to get into it? Was America like the dogs too?"

Now her mother was stumped. Scratching her head she slowly answered, "I guess so. Just had to fight. Not any other reason worth mentioning that I can think of."

"Wasn't there some ships sunk or something?"

"Oh yes, a few ships carrying munitions and provisions to the fighters."

"Why should we go to war over that?"

"The sinking of the ships interfered with the munitions manufacturers' profit and then they thought if they went to war, they would have one more customer."

"Customer," she ejaculated. "What do you mean. They didn't sell gun powder to both sides, did they?"

"Yes, silly, munitions men in France sold to Germany, and vice-versa. They even had an organization formed to promote war. This Prince proved to be a bonanza. The munitions guys were the only ones who didn't fight. They looked out for all concerned."

"Sounds like a school kid scrap," the girl commented. "The big kids stand around and sic the little ones on. The big ones have all the fun, and the little ones get mad and get hurt. I didn't suppose nations, Presidents and Kings would do such things."

"They are not much different. Of course they had high sounding phrases like "Making the World Safe for Democracy," and end of wars, and League of Nations, but these all turned out to be just big jokes."

"But, mother, would our people vote to go to war, just because a few ships were sunk?"

"The people elected the President, dear, on the platform 'That he kept us out of war,' and the next breath after he was elected he asked Congress to declare war,"

"Why did he do that?" More stumped.

"So he could make himself famous like Washington and Lincoln," the wife replied getting a little sarcastic.

"Did he gain fame like those men? Who was President then, anyway?"

"Wilson, daughter. Don't you know anything? He was famous all right, for a while, but in the reverse. I think in the end he was one of our most unpopular presidents. He was overwhelmingly defeated in the League of Nation idea he asked for later. The Senators and Representatives who voted against the war were more or less in disgrace then. Lately they have been honored. One immortal Senator, by the name of Norris, said lately, he might have made mistakes, but that is one time he is sure he didn't and would vote the same again."

"He is our Senator isn't he mother?"

"Of course, daughter. You are brighter than I thought."

"But, Mother, who won the war?"

"Well, dumb Dora. We did, or at least we thought we did. They quit fighting on our soil however." Then hesitating, "The last few years we are not sure who won it. There is one thing that is not a mystery. The soldiers who fought didn't win anything. I would say the munitions manufacturers won the war. The Kaiser lost his job and Hitler got it. The democrats lost their jobs for a few terms and the G. O. P.'s got them."

"What did our country get out of it, Mother?"

"Nothing that I know of only a lot of enthusiasm and fervor. We all got rich for a few years and lost the money afterwards. The big thing we got was to loan the other countries hundreds of millions of dollars they will not pay back, or pretend to. Only one little country, Finland, is all that pays. Our treasurer got a lot of bonds to pay sometime. Congress got a job passing bonus bills."

"It looks like we lost, then."

"Correct. You are very much smarter than I thought. We not only lost our money, a bunch of young men, a lot of exercise, but the big thing we lost in the first place, was our heads."

"What did the other allies get?"

"Oh, nothing that amounted to a great deal. They divided up Germany's possessions like Dad would gate-cut a bunch of cattle, or like you kids when you say, 'You take this one, I take that one.' They levied a huge indemnity on Germany which she didn't pay."

"Did it make the world safe for democracy" and end preparations for war?"
 "No, of course not. Don't ask any more silly questions."

July 4, 1935?

The Ord Quiz

<No date on clipping.>

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

The cheese factory the last few months have been making a big drive for new customers, and they have been quite successful too.

One man hesitated for several days before he consented to let the trucker pick up his milk. He had become so in the habit of turning the separator he couldn't give it up he thought.

But finally he succumbed to the pleadings and the wiles of the truck driver. The cans were full every morning and everyone seemed happy.

When test time came the manager discovered the milk to test only about one-half of one per cent. He thought there was some mistake and checked his test by taking samples from the can as it came in. Each test was the same.

Then upon inquiry it was found out this customer separated his milk before he sent it. He was going to get two sales from his milk. But the trouble was that when his check was all figured up, and the deduction made for the hauling, the man owed the cheese factory or the trucker fifty cents for his trouble.

When the announcement was made to this farmer he decided the cheese factory was not a profitable place to sell his milk and quit doing business there.

Beefsteak.

For the few people who live in the purlieus of our territory, and might not know it, this is a little advertisement telling you North Loup is the place to buy beefsteak.

Mills Hill decided to sell this meat in the Farmers Store where he works. This commodity had been selling for 30c a pound. Mills thought he would make a little special and sell it for 28c which he did and advertised such.

The morning the sale was to take place Sterling Manchester's window blossomed out with the bargain of beefsteak 27c.

Someone soon ran in and told Mills about it and he walks out and paints on his window 24c.

By that time both merchants were eyeing across to see what their competitor was doing. Soon the number 7 on Manchester's window was erased and the number 2 put in its place.

Mills has always been a little sporty, and from a sporty family so he grabs his rag and window paint, walks out and writes in large letters, BEEFSTEAK 19c. There the price seemed to settle, 22c and 19c.

Mills said he was about sold out by that time so it didn't hurt him much, but he forgot to erase his sign. There it stayed all day.

The war has continued throughout the next week. It is reported that Sterling maintains he has pushed the price down so his competitor is selling the meat below cost and that tickles Sterling. If Mills is worrying about it no one would know it.

It is all highly amusing anyway and we all are eating beefsteak now days. We wonder just what the wholesale cost of beefsteak is, and just how long the window paint will hold out.

Happy Days Are Here Again.

January first the salary of the S. D. B. pastor, Rev. Warren was raised. There was quite a little opposition to it at the time. There was no one I knew of who did not want to raise his pay. The opposition was on the score the church couldn't afford it at that date. It was having a hard time of it making ends meet as it was.

However, there had not been a month when his salary was not available.

However the motion was made at church meeting to raise his pay and it carried. A couple folks had nerve enough to vote against it. Several more howled afterwards but would not vote at the time.

One of those who voted against the raise was an officer of the church and knew the troubles it was having to raise money in these drought times. He explained his vote as follows.

"I would like as much as anyone to pay our pastor more. But I can see no reason to think our income will be any bigger than it was for the last few months. I would sooner think it would be less. The farmers have their seed to buy at high prices, hired help to pay and no income until a crop will be harvested. That will be a long time yet.

"As far as I am concerned I would rather pay him a smaller salary and pay it than to vote a bigger one and default."

I was talking with that director again a week ago. I asked about the contributions and if there was enough to pay the bills.

"I am thoroughly surprised and mistaken," he replied. "Our income has been markedly increased since the first of the year and now the collections are a third to a half more than last winter. We have plenty of funds to pay the raise, are accumulating a little for next year's coal bill and have paid a big premium on insurance for the church.

"I cannot understand where it is coming from or why, but we are getting more money."

July 11, 1935?

The Ord Quiz

<No date on clipping>

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

I have often wondered just why we wear hats. The only real reason I can think of is the decorative effect. The pagan in us perhaps.

I try to make myself think I wear a hat for a sun shade. I further try to attempt an excuse of keeping my head warm, of keeping my ears warm, of keeping my hair in place, of beauty, but these reasons are all without foundation.

The sun shade part of it is ridiculous. The Indians, Africans and civilized women seldom think of a hat as a sun shade. They seldom squint, or are annoyed by the sun. In fact I noticed a lady the other day with a wide brimmed hat, the front of it turned skyward, like Teddy Roosevelt.

Keeping your head warm is only a matter of habit. When heavy fur caps were the vogue, those caps made ones head so sensitive the wearers could hardly sleep without them.

I have wondered if a person's ears were not similar. I know one man who seldom pulls his ear flaps down regardless of the cold. He never freezes his ears. And then carrying the question a little further. A cow, or horse or even a mule will never freeze their ears if they are properly fed. Maybe the reason my ears get cold is I don't eat enough. Perhaps if I went without a cap I would grow ears like a mule.

The fact of keeping the hair in place is ridiculous. Some of the hair slicker now available at small cost will so plaster the tonsure that a hammer and chisel is necessary to muss it up. It is perfectly safe

nowday to go see your lady friend bareheaded and stop at the saloon or restaurant on the way home without the crowd knowing how lovingly the only girl has stroked your tresses.

Of beauty I shall not say much. We think so and so has a very pretty hat, or a becoming one, or a chic one. We all expostulate at great length. But if a picture were only taken and saved and dug out of the drawer five years hence, we would burn the terrible thing before sunset for fear someone would see and remember the terrible hats we wore then. Is there a hat ever devised that is more beautiful than well groomed hair?

Be that as it may, I will revert now to my own self and personal traits if you will pardon me. Should I be compelled to go to town without a hat I think I would feel as uncomfortable as if I had left my pants at home.

Two years ago I doffed my underwear during the summer months. Last year I discarded my socks. This year I go part of the time without a shirt and enjoy it. I have not decided what garment of the three I will dispense with next, my shoes, my pants or my hat. I shrink at the thoughts of ever becoming so poverty stricken that a hat will not don my countenance.

I think I inherited a little of this idiosyncrasy. My father was a stickler for a hat. He always insisted a person's hat contributed more or less to one's looks than any other garment. He was very particular about his head gear, never wearing anything but an expensive one.

To illustrate his fervor along the hat line, I must give this illustration. My mother never thought he was any worse than most men. Just part of the makeup of the masculine gender.

About seven o'clock one cold morning the phone buzzed hard. My father never arose early and was never any too happy for an hour or so after. Mother jumped up and answered the ring. It announced his store was on fire.

I can remember it all as plainly as if it was yesterday. I was only a small boy. I remember how he sprang from his bed. How fast he tried to dress. How mother helped him button his clothes and how she helped him find them. How he did not even trouble to put on his shoes. Just pulled his overshoes on his socks. How he did not button his shirt all the way, and in a very few seconds, which seemed like hours he was ready to run.

But then he couldn't find his hat. We all hunted. He stormed about how someone had mislaid it. We all scrambled frantically for several minutes, hither and yon, spending far more time than he did dressing, looking for that hat. He would not go without it, should the whole town burn. Luck was with him, for his white Stetson was finally discovered in the kitchen where he had left it the night before. His head covered, away he went racing, forgetting his coat, to see his store go up in flames.

Rainmakers.

I have been wondering what had happened to the rainmakers we heard so much about last year. They were going to plant trees and make mud holes to make it rain. Could it be like the horse I used to have. He was a little balky. I would have a terrible time to get him started. But if I did then I had an equally terrible time to get him stopped. These rainmakers have surely done nobly. Now they have learned to make it rain, they better start in next to make it stop.

Quick Turnover.

Ed Kokes told me on the street the other day that he went out in the country and sold some hail insurance. Hail insurance does not go into effect until twenty-four hours after it is written. Exactly twenty-four hours and thirty-three minutes after the policy was signed, a hail and rain came along and ruined the crop.

Ed maintains that is a quick turnover of money. But in most cases the farmer does not pay any money. He signs a note. I would call it unadulterated luck.

July 25, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

I have been asked time and again how I manage to get my farming done and do all this roving for the paper. I guess I might as well just put my explanation in the paper so you folks will all know and relieve that awful strain of mind over the county.

It is this way. I am naturally downright lazy. There is nothing I rather do than to do nothing. So Sundays I work just as hard as I can so I can rest the rest of the week. I even get up early so as to get in a full day's rest.

I say Sunday because I go to church on Saturday, or to be more specific, I go to church with my wife on Saturday. I find that a good place to nap and think up columns for the next week's Quiz. The sweet pulchritude of the soft music, the dull restfulness of those yellow tinted windows. Lately this has not worked so well. Our pastor is too interesting. I may have to change churches.

So as a consequence I arise early Sunday morning and work late in the evening so I can bum the rest of the week. I am disturbed less on Sundays by newspaper peddlers and medicine agents than other days. I have tried to put the kids to work too on Sundays but usually it is less work to let them play.

Then I am a conscientious soul. After long thought and concentration I decided to rent part of my land to some other more unfortunate creatures. The fact of the matter is that I have made so much money in the last few years farming I just thought I would divide up. It would be the height of unfairness to profit so much, to pile up enormous dividends year after year, keeping it away from the other fellow. Give some other man a chance to get rich like I have. I reasoned if I kept on I might become as wealthy as some of the banks did a few years ago.

Now there are two days accounted for. Then I drove another day. That's not hard work. I come home as free from ennui as if I had husked corn all day. I am so pert that after supper I draw the big chair up to the table and prepare to hammer off the copy in fifteen minutes. I get it about a third done when the good wife, who has already taken off my shoes, shakes me and helps me into bed. And I am not drunk either.

The other four days of the week I languish about reading wild west stories. I spend a few minutes some evening finishing the Work Sheet, but most of my time is spent in lassitudes gaining strength for next week's grind.

Elno Hurley was telling some of the fellows, including myself, in his store, about a man he used to know. We will call him John Doe for short.

Elno said, "I used to read the farm papers a little. I would run on to the nicest little article giving the finest kind of advice on how to farm and make money. I would get really enthusiastic about it as I read along. Suddenly I would come to the end of the place and there would be the name John Doe.

"Well, I was acquainted with that fellow. He used to farm and starved out. He was as near a failure as anyone I ever knew. Then he moved away and went to writing for the papers. He continued to be on the verge of bankruptcy in his new endeavor and could hardly pay his bills. The very fact of John Doe writing and telling others how to do things spoiled the whole article.

"Well, that is about the same with George's stuff. He's been trying to farm for the last seven years over there and seems to think he is not making it. Says it never rains on his farm. Says he even dried out last year. And now he starts writing for the papers."

The Spud Crop.

I was up to Raymond and Donald Bakers a few days ago measuring their many patches of corn hid there among the hills.

I asked how their potatoes were turning out. These fellows usually grow quite a few.

"Well," Raymond said scratching his head. "Before the last rain we were digging some to eat. In every hill there were two or three good sized potatoes and a lot of little ones. We thought we were going to get a good crop.

"But lately we have been digging again and the big ones are all gone. What do you suppose happened to them? I can't quite understand it."

It was too deep for me. So when I was at Horace later I told the Green Tree club about it. Frank Moody said he had heard the same thing from someone else. He said he had also heard that under certain conditions the vines would absorb the potatoes. He added he had heard that and didn't say he believed it.

Good Job for the G. O. P.'s

Then the question arises how I happened to get the job counting corn and hogs, I not belonging to the proper faith. At first it was a quandary to me also. There are three reasons, I deducted later.

In the first place it is hardly needless to mention that I am extremely efficient. That goes with the tribe of which I belong.

In the second place they were short of men. It was Hopkins' choice.

In the third place stipend is so small and the work so hard that very few of the democrats were interested.

August 1, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

More or Less Panegyric.

Probably the sickness and internment in the hospital of Dr. Hemphill has caused more concern and inquiries in this section of the country than any case of sickness for many years. In fact it is doubted if there is a man in this section of the country who is better known.

First having been confined to his home, with pains that he said morphine would not soften, then the removal to Weekes' hospital (some said to get him away from so many callers), then the arriving of his two doctor sons from Oklahoma, and they hurriedly trekking him off to Kansas City, has all caused untold speculation and concern. Repeatedly it has been told he was dead, or dying. No one in town seemed to know of his welfare so as to correctly inform the many people for miles around who call daily as well as the home folks.

The last reports are that he is improving, and Dr. Weekes wants it definitely understood his diagnosis was the same as was given at Kansas City.

And right now, we may as well tell a little about this well known personage, this country doctor, should there be a reader of the paper who does not know.

For many years he has been one of the leading doctors in the county. So long has he been established that he is more or less a fixture throughout a great radius around North Loup. So many confinement cases has he had that the people he has helped into the world would make a city like Ord. So many times has he been called during times of travail that the safety of the community, we feel, rests with him. We are all uneasy when he is gone.

In diagnosis, he is slow to commit himself. In fact he is so slow and non-committal that disgust is registered frequently. But it is a standing opinion that when he finally concludes what the trouble is, he is almost sure to be right. In fact he has the reputation of being one of the best diagnosticians in the state.

So much experience has he had that some say he has become hardened to trivial ailments. He will not grant this to be so, but it is generally conceded, when a person is seriously sick, and Dr. Hemphill is in earnest, he is as good as lives.

Although he worked his way through college splitting wood he financed his two sons through medical colleges, and educated his daughter equally. He said he was giving them something no one could take away.

He is one of North Loup's most loyal citizens. He has served on nearly every board in the country. He is a constant supporter of all its public endeavors in a financial way. He is a conscientious republican, and one of the staunchest members of the S. D. Baptist church.

He never has charged a preacher for his services and never refused to go to sickness when called regardless of whether he expected any pay, or how much the patient owed him.

He Wants to Know.

A five year old nephew is visiting his cousin Dick from the city of Long Beach. He is eager to learn the farming business. When milking he asked, "How much do these cows hold?" and "Which one gives the cream?" And "Do you milk the horses?" After Dick and he had gone to the pasture for the cows and returned, he came to me and reported, "We had an awfully hard time getting them in, Uncle George (First time I was ever called that) We had to get a whip and whip 'em. Then they toddled right along."

A Liar's Club.

Julius Schoning admitted he was hard up. That is better than some folks anyway. He said he hated to miss the Quiz, and his time had expired, but he didn't have the dollar.

He said he would make a proposition. He and I would both ponder over it for a few weeks. Then we would both see who could tell the biggest lie. If he told the biggest one, I'd give him the paper. If mine was the biggest he'd pay.

He should really pay double, but I took him on anyway at his proposition, and we decided Leggett should be the judge. He told me before we parted that he presumed I'd win because I had so much practice.

Random Thoughts.

An afternoon party of women the other day was reported by the guests to have been a hot time. A spice and medicine man reported that I am spoiling his business. When the ladies see a man coming into the yard they think it is the Roving Reporter and hide. Stark reminders of the drouth—those trees with naked limbs. Do I recall, during the war, of some official requiring us to make tight bottoms on our racks so as to save every kernel of grain? To eliminate a shortage.

George G.

August 8, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Read It and Weep.

An expert newspaper reporter is supposed to always state the facts and never his own ideas. The assumption is that the public cares nothing for his whippersnapper opinions on any subject.

Of course I am not an expert reporter, and sometimes deviate from this rule, but in the present case I am going to make an extra attempt to hew straight to the line.

My sister is visiting me at this time from Long Beach, Calif. When a columnist has nothing else to write about he may resort to his relatives. It doesn't matter much if they do get mad.

This good sister's husband hailed from the grand old Republican state of Iowa. That state which for the second time (in 1932) since man's mind runneth not to the contrary (once in 1912) had failed to vote in the Republican ranks; that state where the tall corn grows; that state that has a sort of a feeling they are a little better than the rest of the world, and perhaps are.

Nevertheless this husband wandered over the line to the Nebraska University and a love story might be told if it was not off the subject.

So far so good. A friend from this Iowa town trekked to Long Beach to visit. He had tall piles of corn at home, and many acres of land that it was nearly impossible to pay taxes on, and his mind, and "heart was in his home land." He was thinking of pulling stakes for sunny California. The price of corn and hogs was keeping his nose to the grindstone so to speak.

Between fishing with no fish and bathing in the chilly waves, this Iowan sauntered languidly to the dock one morning. There to his astonishment he saw a cargo of corn being unloaded from Argentina.

He was dumbfounded. Had not the government just been urging him to reduce his acres of corn? Had not the government passed out bulletins telling of the great surpluses in this good old U. S. A? Were they not paying him and others all over the land to reduce? He hurried back to my sister's home and told what he had seen. My sister and her husband were not excited. Unloading corn from Argentina there was not unusual to them.

"But why do they do it?" the visitor exclaimed.

And here is the answer my brother-in-law gave. "The government needs the revenues from the duties levied on the corn to pay the farmers not to raise it. Got to have it to pay expenses."

And then the brother-in-law went to the kitchen to prepare a sandwich for his week-end friend. He brought forth a can of canned beef and on the label, was printed, "Packed in Brazil."

Our Iowa friend did walk the floor then but not in the lackadaisical manner in which he sauntered to the pier a few hours before. After a few minutes without saying a word he donned his hat and sallied out onto the street and hailed a newsboy. The Iowan grabbed a paper and noticed there a small item about the cargo of corn. He extracted a dollar from his pocket and bought out the little fellow. With his arms full of papers our farmer trudged to the post office and mailed a marked copy to every friend in Iowa who had kicked over the traces in the last election and voted other than their usual way of high protective tariffs.

Now I have not given any of my opinions have I? Just telling the story as it was told to me. Read it and weep.

Time Now To Cancel.

A neighbor of mine was notified he had over-planted a fraction of an acre too much corn. Along with the notification was a blank to sign and return in the event he did not want to destroy the corn, and he then would be relieved from the contract and also from the benefit payments.

"I'd disc up half the farm now," he exclaimed. "This would be a great time to give it up after I have gone to the loss of planting a third of the farm to pop corn, cane and truck. Anxious enough for a fellow to back out now after it is too late to plant corn."

Wrecking Crew.

Geo. P. Hoke, in the Scotia Register, refers to us fellows who are measuring the corn ground as a part of "the wrecking crew," and trying to outdo the "Power that rules the universe," who sends floods and drouths to destroy crops. Many of the folks over here in Greeley county think George is radical and rise up in wrath when he bursts forth.

When I was at Vere Leonard's he told me his sows had exceeded the speed limit set up by the government and had produced seven too many pigs. I, in turn wrote it in the Work Sheet.

Now the printer got it all mixed up and wrote thirty-seven too many. At least I am laying the blame on the printer as he is not here to defend himself.

Nevertheless, after the paper came out, Vere was nearly swamped with letters and run into dithers answering the phone from folks over the county inquiring what he was going to do with all those extra pigs, and wanting him to give the tiny squealers to one person or another.

Vere was not mad as some people are at trivial errors. He laughed and said it just goes to show how well it pays to advertise in the Quiz.

Then I asked him if he had given them away yet. My sows weren't hitting on all six at accouchement time and failed to gain the proper speed in the production business.

He said "No, I do not have to give them away before December 1, and by then the Supreme Court may kick the whole thing out the window."

August 15, 1935

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

Who Comes First?

Loafing in an oil station the other day, the proprietor and I fell to talking trivial matters such as accounts. And these are something like the words he used:

"It has got to rain pretty soon or it will just be too bad for some of us. The small grain is not turning out as good in many places as was first expected. The corn crop is what will pay the bills to me."

"Won't any of the fellows pay you any money out of their small grain?" I asked.

"No. Not much. In the first place the price is not any too good. Then second, most fellows have a seed loan or a feed loan. Those both come before my fuel bill. And if they haven't one of those loans they have a loan to a machinery company. When all the other bills are paid they will pay me if there is any left."

"But they couldn't have farmed if you hadn't furnished the fuel for the tractors," I argued.

"No. They couldn't have farmed without the tractor fuel any more than they could without feed for horses or seed, but that does not make any difference. I am a good fellow and trust them for one of the necessary adjuncts to farm with, but I can go to thunder if there is not enough to go around."

"They surely don't have to pay their tractor installment before they pay for the fuel to run it with, do they?"

"I do not know as they have to but they do. The machinery company will send out a professional collector that the farmer never saw before or expects to see again, and this collector just gives them hell. He says all the mean things he can think of and threatens to take the machine away from them.

"The farmer is ashamed to be talked to so, and afraid the neighbors will hear of it or that he may lose his implement, so he turns heavens and earth to pay. He lets local bills go."

"Why don't you try the same tactics?"

"In the first place I can't hardly take the gasoline or tractor fuel away from them. In the second place if I tried that kind of collection methods the customer probably never would pay, and surely never buy any more at my place. The word would soon get spread around and all his relatives would quit too."

"Does it act the same with the machinery companies?"

"No, the farmers seem to like the rough treatment of those high pressure collectors. They will go right back the next year or the next month and buy another implement on time if they can."

Right there is where I gave a little of my high powered encouragement. "It will surely rain soon, now that the rainmakers have this tree planting scheme started," I said.

Old Time Road Builder.

In talking with Ernest Rahimeyer a few days ago he told me that in 1885 or '86 he helped build and grade the road that is now being made into the highway running west from North Loup. He worked by the corner where Henry Lee now lives and at that time there was a little question if they had the road on the line or not.

This last month, some 48 or 50 years after, he helped haul the last load of dirt that finished the road by the corner at the same place.

Some Speller.

He also said his name was put in some old time book, along with his father, but it was spelled wrong and he himself did not know who they meant. He started to read about the man, and as he read along he thought that person's life history is surely very much like mine, (came from Germany, settled here, etc.) and after a few minutes he decided they must mean his very own self they were telling about

As I understood him to say the book was the "Trail of the Loup." I looked all through it for a name similar to Ernest's and I couldn't find it either. That fellow must have taken his spelling lessons from the same teacher I did.

Shriveled Wheat.

I was told that a man wrote the Lord's Prayer on a grain of wheat and that it was displayed at the World's Fair last year. I found a head of wheat in my rye, and I'll bet that fellow didn't pick a grain that was shriveled like those I found.

Corn-Hogs Again.

Went to Greeley and got my first corn-hog check yesterday, I will have to make the confession that I had not paid taxes. I walked from the corn-hog room (if that is what you call it) to the treasurer's office and paid them on the spot. My check just did the trick, (personal and real estate,) and enough shekels left to get drunk on. That is enough for me to get drunk on.

I read in the daily paper how the farmers in some section were unanimously for the corn-hog program. Why wouldn't they be, pray tell? There are plenty of fellows who are getting a dollar a day and quite a few as high as two. They don't need to grow a crop.

August 22, 1935

The Ord Quiz

<No date on clipping.>

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dear Jake:

Kittenball.

During the last week I have dissipated to the extent of attending the kittenball games held at the tournament at North Loup. In popularity this game, for the nonce, has forged far ahead of the old time hard baseball. The games are all played at night with the powerful bright lights from overhead.

There was much discussion afloat about the arrangement of the schedule. Many folks thought it was intentional on the part of the management so as to make it easy for North Loup to get in on the final money. That is to so arrange the schedule so that their team had only less expert teams to beat until the last game.

One or two of the committee were non-committal about it. Another said it was only an accident. He said when they were arranging the schedule there were certain teams that did not want to come one night, and others would not come other nights. Some of them had to come from long distances and so it was felt those folks must be accommodated. Further, both North Loup teams must be put in the same bracket. Otherwise it might occur that both N. L. teams would play in the finals and receive all the final money. Then people would talk that it was all cut and dried.

Then it is better also if possible to have two teams of nearby towns to play in the finals. Better yet for the home team on account of the gate receipts. Should two teams like Co mstock and Elba come to the finals at North Loup there would not be near the interest or gate receipts as if North Loup and Scotia or Ord were playing. It positively will not work to draw the names out of a hat.

Be that as it may, when the schedules came out, soon there was all kinds of talk that it was a sell-out for North Loup. And as a result some of the fellows on the street decided to get up a team and beat the N. L. team who (so they said) had fixed the thing up so they were sure to win. Three N. L. home talent players were employed and then the manager drove to Gr and Island and employed the best pitcher he could find, and also five players from Ashton. Then he presented them for the tournament.

Now there was something about how he should have entered his team earlier in the season, and about paying his fee, that some said was not quite orthodox. And on that ground the argument was started and anything but loving names called and the fight finished, with no eyes blacked or ribs caved in. The worst part of it was, this fistic encounter was staged back of the grandstand in place of in front. And more than that it was not advertised in advance and the benefit of the gate receipts was not had.

We all turned out on Thursday night to see another home town scrap and were very disappointed to find everything had been fixed up and the goose hung high. And it all goes to show one of the many advantages there are in living in a little place.

Part of the Game.

In the event some of you happen to have missed the games, I might give a little resume of some of the things a hill billy like myself sees with an eye for everything but what he should have his eyes for.

In the first place Clarence (Dutch) Lee is the doughty "empire." He stands unemotionally and sphinx-like close behind the catcher, with no mask, pronouncing his decisions quickly and finally with a grunt and a raise of the hand. Fast balls whizzing by his ear concern him no more than a

rhinoceros would be concerned should a fly buzz about his back. An inevitable cigarette hangs limply downward from the corner of Clarence's lip, and the fact of it being lighted seems to be his least concern. The scowls and shaking fists of the disgruntled crabbers concern him like the fly above mentioned. And this "empire" is one of the star performers.

The monkeyshines of the infield each time a man is put out and the ball is delivered to the pitcher, is a part of the performance. The third baseman gets the ball. He throws it to shortstop, and he to second and he to the first baseman who decorously walks over and to be sure the ball is properly presented to the pitcher, hands it, and says very seriously and confidentially, "That a boy. Take your time." Sometimes a love tap is administered.

Dan Sautter of Scotia I believe is the crack showman of the crowd. He is a past master in spewing the inane babble to the pitcher or batter such as "That's all right oh' boy. Take your time. Look 'em over." And he is the most expert crabber of the crowd, feigning dire madness upon any occasion. We all are disgusted and amused simultaneously at "Danny, oh' boy."

Another item of interest is the remarkable recovery of an injured player. A ball will bang him on the shin or arm or stomach. He will writhe in agony. The other players will gather around and rub and offer condolences. A pretty scene is presented with the suffering hero the center of attraction. And, then suddenly he is completely recovered and playing better than ever. My wife insists Clarence Lee was hit on the head by a fast one, but he never winced. Once he raised his foot when a hot grounder was about to hit him.

And it is said each game is played three times. The first time in the evening. The second right after the game and the third, (the post mortem) lasting throughout the entire next day.

When one runs short of anything else to yell, it is time to expand his larynx and proclaim to the world, "KILL THE UMPIRE." One woman in the grandstand expressed herself with disgust, "He sure likes to be the umpire."

Economy.

Art Hutchins and his wife are attempting to save their money for their old age, should they stand the gaff that long. So they decided if they just dress their three little boys up and take them to the kittenball game they would save the expense of hiring a girl to stay with them, which would have been something like a quarter. "Then," Art opined, "they will go to sleep soon anyway."

But by the time Art has supplied pop, ice cream and popcorn to the twins and the older one, he concluded the next time he would be money ahead to hire a girl and leave the boys at home.

At the end of the second game the kids were still as awake as they had been when wanting a bottle of pop. Art and his wife were so anxious to see how the third game started they tarried a few minutes longer with the crying, squirming babies. Deciding in the fourth inning the game was going to be one-sided, and no use to stay any longer, about eleven-thirty these folks began to gather their brood to go home. But everyone was asleep.

Politics.

One fellow on the street suggested the motto for the Republicans next year to be, "bigger and more FERA checks." And that reminds me. I received a fan letter from Iowa in regard to the column last week where I mentioned my sister's guest watching the unloading of a cargo of corn from Argentina at Long Beach. Next week we will print part of that letter or all of it, but I will warn you in advance, it is only for the Republicans.

<No date on clipping. CB35>

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Hogs.

I have visited in the last twenty-one weeks something like 400 farms. About 20 a week. A few of the deductions are as follows. Take them or leave them. They're free with the paper.

There are very few hogs in the country. Last week I called on eight farms without seeing a hog or a pig. Finally in despair I asked one man and he said he had one. One to butcher. There may have been a few others but they were not in sight. Several of these farms I am sure did not have any at all.

The only drove of fat hogs was at Geweke's. I saw three bunches of tiny pigs just farrowed, indicating these men decided late to raise a few.

Ordinarily this has been a great hog country, each man raising fifty to a hundred. I find the same true everywhere I go.

Horses.

I find lots of little colts. Nearly every farm has one or two and more to come. Most of these are nice ones. This is not all. Nearly every man is hoping to raise a few more next year. He is breeding every available mare. The stallion men have been busy.

I have offered my opinion to several men and some of them have agreed. I predicted that in about four years when these colts are ready to work, horses will be cheap. An over-supply.

One or two men did not agree. They said that there are so many old horses, the colts will not nearly off-set the deaths that are bound to come.

I have not seen a baby mule this year, nor have I seen a jack.

Tractors.

I find tractors are more popular this year than ever before. Every available one is in use. High feed prices is the reason. I find old Fordsons one would ordinarily think would be in the junk heap, are bellowing up and down the fields. Several men are working their tractors nights to save buying horse feed and horses. Second hand tractors sell about as good as any farm machinery, and far better than second hand cars.

Pastures.

I find that the wild grass pastures are very badly killed out from the ravages of last year's drouth. In many pastures there is nothing but weeds growing. The south sides of the hills are the worst. In many places no grass can be seen at all. A fuzzy something is growing but not the blue stem.

A new kind of grass has appeared. In places where the blue stem used to be the rankest, I find this new grass. It grows tall as a horse's belly, tough and wiry, with a head something like wheat. The cattle do not seem to eat it. Other places weeds, and sunflowers, and fire weed are all that appears.

It is a serious situation. Many people think if the native grass is once killed it will never return. Others say it will in time. But the country has not been settled long enough to find the time yet. Some say blue stem and buffalo grass spreads from the roots. Should that be the case, there may be enough roots left to eventually spread and cover the ground. Most folks think it will be a long, long time.

From reports, some of the wild hay land, that was not grubbed last year is not hurt so badly. But most folks grubbed it.

Poultry.

I may be wrong but it seems like there is an average crop of chickens. Especially in Mira Valley do I find lots of them. That normally is a great place for poultry.

One man, Win. Schudel, has converted his hog house into a turkey ranch, and is having fine luck so far. So far he is enthusiastic about the change and is not sorry.

With the scientific methods of raising poultry now days, more people are turning to that. And John Bremer says the price of chickens is almost always higher than either hogs or cattle.

Cattle.

There are not many cattle in the country. The feed lots that normally have cattle are mostly empty. But on the other hand, pasture has been hard to find in these parts.

A bumper crop of small grain is the promise in places where hail has not struck. Corn is late and thin but coming better now where it is not hailed or flooded. The alfalfa is a bumper crop but damaged by rain. The next crop will be too and soon ready to cut.

New planted trees have lived and done well for nearly everyone. Blue grass lawns were killed last year, but new seeding is coming. Ash, elm, pine and boxelder trees have been killed by the hundreds. The cottonwoods, cedars, blue spruce and hackberries have lived through. Natives perhaps. Know how to stand the gaff. Most people have a lot of faith in the Chinese elms. Some few do not report so favorably.

Everyone has a little better spirit than last year, but still broke. Nothing to sell yet. Living on hopes of this year's crop.

January 2, 1936

The Ord Quiz

<No date on clipping.>

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Travelogue.

Cattlemen are peculiar duffers—a race unto themselves. Dave Bredthauer says to feed cattle is a malady, a disease, a tiny bug that works into your system, and when it once becomes well embedded, it never leaves. Threshermen are similar. They vow they will never thresh again, but along comes another summer and the golden grain, and all heavens cannot keep them at home. It is the same with a cattle feeder.

After my bitter experience last year, I told my wife I was done. And more especially this year when the price rebound rose to such heights. "No. I'll get no more steers. It will take twice the number of dollars to buy them this year as it did before. NO. Let the other fellow get rich. I'll stand back and sleep nights."

And then I heard of Ed Lee, and Frank Jackman and Arnold, Herb and Oscar Bredthauer and Dick Thompson and the Foth boys and a few others getting steers. The tiny bug began to gnaw. My fever began to rise. I drove over town and counted my money, or the banker's money. I drove home and asked my wife if she wanted to go to Denver with me after cattle.

I might have known she wouldn't with so short a notice. Women must have at least two weeks warning in advance and two months is better. "Oh, I couldn't go this afternoon. And who'd take care of the children? And the chickens? And I'd have to have a new hat, and gloves, and Christmas coming so soon."

"Wear your old hat," I argued. "That's what I'm going to do. I haven't had a new one for three years. But my talk was in vain, so I found a man to milk the cow, I put fifty-three things in my grip and boarded the train at four o'clock for the city that is exactly a mile high. I said fifty-three things. They are a clean collar and a deck of cards. We WERE OFF.

A girl boarded the train the same time I did. She had eyes a little too narrow, cheeks and lips a little too red, hair a little too crimped, hat a little too slanted. She smiled and said, "Oh, I'm goin g to have company I see."

Well, I hadn't thought before about it, but who could resist that smile, and the trusting wife, faithfully at home caring for the chickens would never know.

We visited at Scotia Junction, or at least I did. If this sweet thing did any thinking she surely had no intention of sharing those thoughts with me. And that is the way with a quiet person. One never knows for sure whether they are positively dumb or know too much. Usually they get the credit for the later, but if the truth be known— well, I've said enough. This young lady did say however, "Oh my, it must be hard work to run one of these big trains."

At Scotia I found an excuse to walk out on the platform and the rest of the journey I camped in another seat while the lady friend smoked and I watched the landscape to the east fly past. The valley bordered with hills, and a little patch peppered with cedars. A few cows huddled out of the wind, and a crafty mule, pretending fright, running stiff legged, swinging his head from one side to another to look backward.

At Elba, a little yellow house where a few years ago I saw a sweet young girl come quickly out and meet a stocky young man with a dinner pail, and they walked home with their arms about each others waist. I always think of that when I see the house, and so notice the house again and expect the girl to come out. This time she was taking in the clothes from the line, some of which belonged to a little boy and a little girl, and the girl was the oldest. But that doesn't mean anything. This lady may not be the same person. Surely she was not so pert.

We wait to pass the motor and the conductor tells us the Burwell fair is no good any more, with all that pari-mutual betting. On we go but the pictures out the window become hazy, and then curi-culed and a few lights are seen in farm houses, and then the lights are turned on in the train. I eat a little lunch the wife has fixed so I'll save forty cents.

At Saint Paul we wait and wait, while the engine with clanging bell switches, seemingly for no purpose at all. But while we wait, two ladies embark, one short and precise and enwrapped in light brown fur coat, the other a little taller, with a wool coat that had seen several winters, and a knit beret. They take a seat across the aisle and one ahead of mine.

I listen to their talk and analyze their features. The first has a big nose and cat like eyes, the other a somber countenance and perfect features. The first chatters and laughs, attempting to make an impression, the latter is a school teacher going home for a vacation and has worries that stifles laughter except when there is real humor, of which I heard little. The first would take a Pullman to California, the latter a chair car, and her father who was seventy would meet her at one o'clock for a two-mile walk to where her mother would still be sitting up. And the first had a divorce and was drawing alimony, and I wondered if fine feathers always made fine birds.

We wait in Grand Island at the crossing for a half an hour for no reason at all that we know of unless to encourage people to ride the buses, and then are jerked behind a switch engine to the depot and a block beyond.

My train should leave at eight thirty, but it is two hours late. I conclude to take in a show and do so, but have to leave in the middle of the newsreel. I could have as well stayed for the train was later yet when I returned.

Continued next week.

January 9, 1936

The Ord Quiz

<No date on clipping.>

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

In Grand Island.

I slouched down on one of the hard seats in the depot to wait. Many a long hour have I spent there in other years and the memory of those dreadful times came back. Never were there seats any harder or more uncomfortable, and the few winks of sleep salvaged, in college days, on the way home to see my lady love, could hardly have been called restful.

Someone said, "She's here," and sure enough the train had slipped into town like a long, black snake. Great trucks of Christmas mail were tossed into its inwards and that was the reason for being late. I was the last of the many passengers aboard and consequently all the seats were taken. I sat down with a Creighton student from North Platte and we visited for several hours.

A few seats ahead was a couple from the same town and my friend called them rather "squidelly". It was sure they were not married. They laid their heads together and smoked their cigarettes, and fell into death clinches repeatedly, all of which was more fun for them than the rest of us.

My friend left me at two. I watched out the window for towns everyone of which were brightly decorated with Christmas bulbs and the scattered street lights blinked as we slid into the stations. I was given a pillow and lopped over and napped in gross discomfort.

In The Morning.

I awoke later with a stiff neck and could not go to sleep again. I watched out the window. Dark blotches whirled past and then a telegraph pole and then another, and then some trees, and then the wire could be seen. The train turned south and to the left the first pink flush of dawn (the boost of the sun) and then the copper colored ball. Another day had come.

I glanced across the car and to the west was a big dark cloud, looming high with white thunderheads to the top. I looked again and it was the mountains, of course. The first range dark the second white, and back there in those valleys, and crevices, men live and cattle feed. Long's peak pierces higher than the rest and whiter, more majestic, more treacherous. These huge piles of dirt, and rock, and coal, and gold are like great shelves of the universe filled with tall bottles and seem so near one might reach out and touch one yet they are many miles away.

The train stops and we are there. We walk through cavernous passages and I meet my brother who reprimands me for not notifying him sooner. We go to breakfast and then with him to do some business. And I find this state is cumbered with a sales tax, 2c for every dollar, and tokens to make the change. It is a nuisance but one way to raise money and they say it raises lots of it. My brother says this tax is to pay the politicians for passing the law.

Gold.

The crowds in the down town section are like bees on a hot day. Cars are lined for a full block waiting for a signal. We cross the streets only with the lights and then in droves. The stores are equally full and it is nearly impossible to get waited on, especially in the ten cent stores. Three policemen direct the traffic on the busy corners.

We drive around town and I sit trembling as my brother cuts corners, slams on his brakes within a few feet of a car ahead and dodges about among the traffic, but everyone seems to go that way. We pass the large new municipal building built in horse shoe shape and the mint where they are building an annex, and past the crow bar hotel (city jail).

The mint is storing more gold than any place in the U. S. A man dressed in civilian clothes loiters at the corner of the yard and I am told he is a guard. Some twenty -four keep continual vigilance, just standing around in eight hour shifts. No one is allowed to enter unless on business and then only after the guard has given consent.

Besides the mint there is a colossal custom house, and my brother tells me there are more Federal buildings in Denver than any other city except Washington. This he says is largely because of the protection the mountains offer. A few men at a few mountain passes could stand off an army of a million from the west.

Politics.

Politics is the prevailing topic of conversation, wherever one is. New Dealers are very prevalent and point out conditions are far better than three years ago and asks who wants to go back. They give Roosevelt full credit and proclaim him all wise and next to a Deity. They say he is so much smarter than Congress, and thinks so much faster, they dare not even as much as peep against his will.

Another interesting point was that Mrs. Herman Negley said there are not nearly many peddlers this year as last. Last year every day a dozen or more folks would knock at the door selling buttons, pencils, flowers, bakery goods or just begging. Anything to make a few pennies.

I met a man who was working on relief. He was not at all satisfied and said none of the workers were. His objection was that he was getting nowhere, that the pay was barely enough to live on and only a few days work a week. I took it he would quit his job as soon as he could find something else.

In the evening I was taken for a little ride to see the Christmas decorations. The new municipal building was dotted all over with tiny red, green and yellow stars. The small turret in the center was flooded with peacock blue and green lights and a candle (much bigger than it looked) stood in the center. A lighted Christmas tree, a perfect triangle cone, a hundred feet high or more, stood in the center of the yard and I was told it was made instead of grown. Made of a pole and branches. The tall telephone and state capitol were also flooded with green and red lights and stood out in the night like giants in a storm.

We returned home and entered into a lively discussion about borrowing money. The prevailing interest rate there is one percent a month and with the fines attached often times more. Recently an investigation was made of some loan sharks and it was found the interest would amount to 30 per cent. The interest is always taken out in advance and a dollar a day fine whenever a payment is past due I have thought for a long time Nebraska interest rates are high, but it is nothing compared with that.

Sunday was spent in visiting friends and Monday morning, bright and early (eight), I was at the stock yards to buy the steers.

(Continued next week).

January 16, 1936

The Ord Quiz

<No date on clipping.>

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Night Life.

Perhaps I better back up in my travels to tell of a little touch of night life I saw, although it may not be different than Nebraska cities.

Saturday evening we stopped for a few minutes at a road house. In one end of the establishment was a bar, the only difference in the old time bar that I could see was the presence of women. Next and adjoining that was a small dance hall, and further, booths where the liquor was served.

Cheap music was played in short spasms. Between dances, which were much longer than the dances the guests were supposed to sit down and drink, and don't think they didn't. Pretty girls who didn't drink served. Girls and boys drank, smoked and told obscene stories unabashed and unreserved, and the love making (if it was love) was not postponed for the moonlight and the garden gate.

I guess I am getting old and am an old fogey, but a little of that life goes a long way for me. Perhaps I did not drink enough of the gin to get the spirit of that round-delay until four o'clock in the morning. Well that's the result of one law Roosevelt made possible and signed with a dozen pens and one that has not been repealed.

I prefer a good movie, and there are such things, too. My brother and I differ as to our likes. I like a comedy. He likes lots of action. The kind where they have to run an extra shift between scenes to mop up the blood. We compromised and looked in at the night club of which there are so many.

The Stockyards.

As we near the stockyards we pass the tallest standpipe I ever saw. It stands alone in a little clearing and I wonder if the builders were not attempting to raise it up above those lurking mountains which might obscure the draft.

A ladder creeps up the side, the lower end locked, but in spite of that, so the story goes, a couple urchins climbed to the top one day. Upon their arrival they were so scared they dared not climb down, and hung there like bats afraid to move. Firemen had to be called to go after the boys.

The stockyards are small compared with Omaha. A wide boulevard, so to speak, cuts through the center, most of the business being down there. I find my commission man and he says he sent a load last week to Dick Thompson and knows all the Mira Valley men.

There is only one load in the yard that suits me. We dicker for them and finally about noon the seller comes to my commission man and tells him what he is bid and he can have them for a very little more. And that is the way we got them. A man from Iowa was the other bidder and he has to go home without cattle or wait over.

The cattle came from Gunnison and out of a foot of snow. Off a narrow gage R. R. three cars of which hold the same as two of the wide gage. In this mild climate, comparatively, these cattle thrive, we think, better than average. Some people argue when a person travels to another country his appetite increases and the same with cattle.

One of the most common sights in the Denver stockyards is an old Jew, with white whiskers, a beak-less black fur cap, Congress shoes and riding a fat bay horse. His name is R. Miller and he buys cattle for one of the packing houses. He owns an interest in this packing house and a few million dollars besides.

He is 96 years old that he knows of. He was born in Russia many years ago. He wrote back to find out his exact age and the records were lost but for some reason they know he is 96 at least. He hops on and off his horse spryly and buys in the yards every day.

I order my dinner of short ribs, and when it is served I find it is not short of ribs at least.

Start for Home.

There are five others take the train. Three college students traveling on passes home to the east.

Two Jews and a man by the name of Borders from Fremont. He runs a sale barn there. He has bought cattle for his sale.

I make acquaintance with him first. "You from North Loup?" he asks. "Do you know Vern Robbins?"

This man swears with perfect ease, like a hound dog runs, but he is interesting. He is a braggart which goes with sale barn men like butter goes with bread. He trains saddle horses as a hobby. He picks up hot blooded colts for a few dollars and works with them a few months and sells them for four or seven hundred. He explains to me a lot of his methods and I listen eagerly.

He is a democrat and dyed in the wool. He talks profanely of the Republicans and I sit cowed and never whimper. He knows not but what I belong to his fold. He is a tall man and tells me the fights he has been in. He tells me of how he is a personal friend of Dan Stephens and of Cochran, and President Roosevelt himself. I do not dare dispute.

I make an excuse to go for a drink and then make acquaintance with the pair of little Jews, who have long noses and wear short derby hats, but that comes next week.

Postscript.

I have no way of knowing whether this travelogue is going over or not. At least they have not been returned from the editor. With all the political excitement adrift I feel like ranting on that subject, but perhaps I better leave that mostly to Hank. We might clash.

Nevertheless I have a hundred dollars coming yet from my corn-hog contract. Many predict I will never get it. I really should have \$48.00 more than that. I paid \$48.00 for an old sow so as to be able to raise pigs so I could get my money for not raising pigs.

Dealing with the government is a one-sided contract. A knife that cuts only one way. How far would a man get who contracted to borrow money from the government on his land, if he would simply say, "It's wrong, I'll not pay"? How easy it is for them to back out. How hard for you. And there is no recourse in the courts for the man.

Only less than two weeks ago two farmers, neighbors too, from North Loup way were called to report at Ord.

One had been given a hog base of 25 by the local board and had raised 9, but unbeknown to him, the state committee changed their minds at a late date and would not pay him because he had raised hogs.

The other man, waiting his turn at the carpet, was told he would not be paid his contract because he had not raised hogs. He had been told last spring he was not required to raise any but the brass colors changed their minds.

And through it all Canadian bacon, Argentina corn and oats and Brazilian beef were imported into our ports.

It was because of such peanut reasoning that many of the heretofore supporters of the program did not care much when the Supreme Court tossed it out the window. The fact of interstate rights hadn't kept us awake nights.

January 23, 1936

The Ord Quiz

<No date on clipping.>

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

The Jews.

A description of either of the Jews would answer for the other. Small, middle aged men, with big noses and one of which was a good deal redder than the others.

I was welcomed to their companionship. They were riding a pass given them by their Jewish friend, R. Miller, and were going to Chicago to spend Christmas (get that) with their children. They had both lived there in younger days and said "Chicago is a nice little town." When lads they had escaped from Russian persecution (so to speak) for American freedom, by the simple method of bribing the officials at the boundary. After a sojourn in England for a year they continued to United States.

They were tailors by trade and the firm they worked for had just completed 1,000 uniforms for a military academy in the state of Washington. I told them my mother had made suits a few times but always had trouble with the collars. They smiled and answered, "easy if you know how."

They spread a lunch, for the Hot Shot, on which we were riding stops not for feed or water, making the run from Denver to Grand Island in about twelve hours. The passenger trains are side-tracked for it. This repast consisted of a good drink of whiskey as an appetizer, roast duck flavored profusely with garlic, onion and spices, a huge loaf of pumpernickel bread, and cookies made by mixing the whole of beaten egg and flour to a dough (like noodles) and then baking, and the result was a yellow, hard, flat tasting tid-bit that curled like tubes.

About midnight they decided to mince again and started with a quart of whiskey. They ate duck and bread and ended up by dunking their cookies in the whiskey, finishing the quart without the slightest noticeable effect. They insisted on me eating with them. I partook of everything but the whiskey, which they were surprised that I refused. I ate only to save them feeling hurt and not because I cared for the flavor of a single item on their fare which they thought was the most delicious diet on earth. I even chucked a choice morsel of duck under the seat when they weren't looking. All in a man's bringing up.

We visited for several hours. We talked religion, both of us believing in the ten commandments, Sabbath and all, but they not in Christ. They had no use for Hitler and were not slow in saying so. We all told of our life's history but mine seemed like a tame story. They were fine companions and when we departed at Grand Island we all shook hands and felt sad that good friends must part. They told me the recipe for the cookies and reminded me again so as to tell my wife that she might make some.

Railroads Again.

I was dropped off the caboose at Grand Island at three o'clock in a hard cold wind, and after waiting for two trains to come and go, I boarded the freight bound for Ord. I slept there for some time and awoke with the break of day near the Scotia water tank. Another man was on the train and I made friends with him.

I can well remember only a few years back how the passenger train would be packed with people out of Grand Island, and now only two. My Fremont friend, Mr. Borders, the salesman who was so free with his information, told me that in ten years there would be no trains running to Ord. He said

in the east most of the branch lines were abandoned already. I can't help but think he is about right, but I shudder at the thoughts of losing the taxes the railroads pay.

A Gold Miner.

My single friend turned out to have the name of Cronk. His mother was sick in Burwell and he was coming from Idaho Springs, to see her. He was middle-aged and quite deaf but a pleasant and smart fellow, and registered disgust that his through train would be sidetracked at North Platte so the Hot Shot on which I was riding could pass and go on ahead.

Some years ago he had farmed near Burwell. He sold out and moved to Sterling where one year he raised more wheat than any one other man in the United States. So in those flush times he trekked off to the mountains and bought some gold mines. Later when the bump came he was left with only the claim on these old mine sites.

He left his farming and went to hard rock mining. He worked hard for a year or so cleaning out old holes barely making enough to live. But things got better until now he has several mines worked by others on commission and one or two by himself. He was delighted with his business and said he never would go back to farming again. A little ore all the time and the prospect always ahead he will strike a good lead that will make him rich. He took a small nugget from his pocket and showed it to me. I liked the feel of it and noticed he did too, for he was constantly fingering it, or tossing it to catch. It was smooth and shiny.

Home and the cattle unloaded, the exact number and the exact ones I bought twenty hours before. Oh yes, they are all very nice curly white-faced steers 48, weighing 540 pounds, costing \$8.15 with ten out at a dollar less. Top of the market and you all will say I could have done better at home. He paid too much. Yes, but I wouldn't have had the trip. Or you wouldn't have had the write up either.

Not True to Form.

Irvin Thelin and I talk politics without getting partisan. Believe it or not. Anyway he lays the decision of the Supreme Court to a great measure to the leanings of the Justices, whether they are liberal or conservative.

And he had discovered a rather unusual phenomenon. Harlan Stone, I. J. says, was for years a J. P. Morgan attorney, and J. P. recommended him to Pres. Coolidge for appointment. And still Stone turns out to be one of the most liberal of liberals. Along with him is Brandeis, a Jew from Brooklyn, and Cardozo, a "wop", from New York, and Hughes, quite frequently a liberal from New York.

The remainder of the court are all western men, from out in the sticks so to speak, but all are ultra conservative, so called.

All of which goes to show that these men's origin and previous training is not always as their mind runs.

Careful, Jake.

And this last is for the county board. Congratulations to you, Jake. Let's hope your troubles are few for the coming year.

But here's something right off the bat. In your proceedings it was printed so that from all appearances my mother was getting aid. The fact of the matter is, she is not or was not and she is mad. She says she might come to it and then it will be O. K., but until then she wants her name kept out of the proceedings that might lead the wrong impression.

The way it came about is that she collects rent from a house that belongs to a lady in Texas, and my mother has leased the house to a family who receive aid. For all this three dollars she rents out of you hard heads, she scalps thirty cents. She says she is either going to give up the job and the thirty cents or you fellows will have to cease printing her name as if she is a pauper. Her commission is not worth it.

Jake, pay a little heed to the women. They're bad when they get started.

March 19, 1936?

The Ord Quiz

<No date on clipping.>

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Too Bad to Think Of.

My mother attended a movie a few nights ago and the newsreel showed the war in Ethiopia.

Two Italians operated a machine gun, against a drive of a great line of Ethiopians. The latter were large, black, shiny handsome negro men, with few clothes and armed with spears and shields. But even with their great numbers, they were no match for the machine gun. The two men set it in motion and mowed the negroes down like one would that much hay. The whole scene was so terrible that my mother covered her face.

The Ethiopians had no chance at all and finally a very few escaped. Their only recourse was to retreat and burn their own forest, (they thought it was their own) to stop the enemy.

The very thoughts of Christian nations (so called) even considering such performances is beyond the comprehension of many of us. And still there are wars and rumors of wars. And preparation beyond measure.

One Way to Stop Wars.

I have often thought that if the promoters and leaders in war were required to do the actual fighting on the front lines, there would be less wars. If President Wilson, and Ex-President Teddy Roosevelt, had been required to face a machine gun like the Ethiopians did in the picture, they (the presidents) would not have been quite so anxious. Army generals fight from behind the lines. They are the heroes with the fancy decorations on their coats. But it's the privates who take the gaff.

Cheapest Product.

Human beings are the cheapest things in the world. The actual value of the parts of the human body is something like 58 cents. In war this is also known.

If North Loup suddenly decided to declare war on Scotia over some important thing like the killing of a worthless prince, or flying an airplane *[sic]* over each other's territory, it would be no trick to raise a hundred men. But to buy a hundred airplanes, or horses, or even guns, with the ammunition, would be a tremendous task.

Irvin Thelin tells of a story a friend of his tells, the latter of which was in the cavalry during the world war. The horses sent them to use were some of them the worst of outlaws.

He told of one horse that had killed three men and was not only dangerous but almost worthless. One of the cavalrymen undertook to lick the horse, thinking if he killed it, it would be a benefit to the army life in general.

But this man was at once called down sternly, he should not punish the horse. The latter might get injured. The three men he had killed was inconsequential.

A Trip to the City.

A little trip to Grand Island was very interesting, not having been there in some time.

At the horse sale I watched Oscar Bredthauer sell his horses, three of which brought \$212.50 each. Dave was there too, having returned from Texas recently. Emil Foth and Will were also on tap, both being horsemen of no small knowledge, but also working tractors at home. Horses are nice to look at, and trade, but if a person really wants to get the work done they are not in it any more.

I asked Dave about a big cattle feeder that he took me to see one time a year ago. Dave said this man was still feeding and making money he thought. At least this man showed Dave a note that he

carried in his pocket as a souvenir (one that he had paid) and this note was for \$87,000.00. Dave deducted if the man had paid that note, he must be doing fair at least.

After the sale I went to the court house to see my friend O. A. Abbott. I want to keep on the good side of him as he may be judge sometime. The janitor there never heard of such a man and looked blank when I asked where I could find him.

Leaving the court house and descending the long steps I saw a rather peculiar sight. A boy, with a new suit was gallantly ahold a girl's arm and helping her up the steps. The girl was dressed in a sky blue silk dress that nearly reached the ground, her stockings were of the thinnest silk, her face was profusely powdered and rouged, and they both had a happy and carefree countenance. Behind them trailed a couple little girls and an old stooped mother or grandmother, but she could climb the steps without aid.

It was several minutes before I deducted what this little party could be going to the court house for, and I stood and watched him in Don Quixote fashion pull open the heavy door, and I wondered if the same attention would be displayed in a couple years hence.

July 2, 1936?

The Ord Quiz

<No date on clipping.>

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

School Again.

I have been attacked by many people in regard to the school situation, and also the tax situation, I presume I must add another chapter to it.

After consultation with divers attorneys the county board lowered the levies on all the farm land in the school districts of North Loup, Ord and Arcadia fifteen per cent. This made little difference with Ord inasmuch as they have little farm land in their district compared with the city. It will make a great deal with North Loup because about eighty per cent of their district is farm land.

Roy Cox came to me and said that Merrill McClellan came to him and told him that the Supreme court has ruled that school districts cannot go into bankruptcy. Then I asked the question what would happen then if the tax money, if levied the full limit of twenty mills, did not raise money to run the school and pay the interest on the bonds and the bond payments. Roy answered then that the schools would have to be closed. "Close the school to pay interest on the bonds" and Roy nodded his head seriously.

Then one man came to me and he is one of the nicest, meekest men I ever knew and I was about to tell his name and can do so if requested. "I had been asked to go in with Harry Klingingsmith and thirty-nine others," he said (he did not say whether he did or not but if he did he was resentful) "and I have been studying over it lately since there has been so much talk and the thought occurred to me that the three men who have been pushing this suit the hardest have no children to educate."

But Ord people need not think they are so smart. Joe Knezacek told me. "Yes, No. Loup has more school bonds but Ord has more city bonds that make the taxes here about the same."

At a meeting at Arcadia a few weeks ago the school officials of several towns met. The question of tuition for out of district students was discussed.

The price of tuition used to be \$108.00. Now it is \$81.00. There is advocacy now of having the legislature reduce this to \$54.00. The purpose of the meeting was to pass resolutions against the reduction.

The superintendent of the Ord school made the most noteworthy talk. He said the actual cost last year without figuring the investment was \$75.00 a child to run the high school. There were 150 outside students. Without them the Ord school might have closed one building thereby saving teachers and fuel. The school officials had thought very strongly of refusing outside students. Should the tuition be reduced to \$54.00 there would be more reason to refuse them.

This figure of \$75.00 was possible because of the fact that the salaries of the teachers is the lowest now they ever have been. In normal times (if we know what normal is) or I better say in prior times the cost has been near \$100 per student. He gave the actual cost for several years past.

On mention of the fact to Roy Cox that Ord might refuse outside students he laughed heartily "That's just talk. They'd never refuse the outside student even if the tuition was put to \$54.00 because of the added business the students bring to the city."

July 9, 1936?

The Ord Quiz

<No date on clipping.>

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

What They're Quarreling Over.

So much has been said about the Supreme Court lately, in condemnation and praise, and of the state's rights that perhaps a slight resume of our Federal government and the history of the United States would enlighten us. For some reason I did not get the principal of the forming of the United States when I studied history and it was only in later years that the thing was cleared up.

If we will recall, our country was settled by colonists, each colony having a separate charter from the English government. There were thirteen of these original colonies and each was a separate government unto itself.

Then the revolutionary war and the constitutional convention and the United States government was drafted. The different states were asked to join this organization and as a consequence each one did sooner or later. Some were so afraid of the new government, and so jealous of their own powers that they tarried for many months before entering, Rhode Island for example.

The states were so afraid of this centralized power and that it might do all manner of things like King George had done, that these states only entered into the bond with definite set rules which the Federal government could not levy taxes, and so years later when Congress wanted to raise money with an income tax an amendment to the constitution had to be passed before they could do it. As yet there is no Federal direct taxation and there cannot be until an amendment is passed. The federal government raises its money by collection of duties, income taxes, taxes on tobacco, etc.

As a result we have a country with essentially forty-eight states, or forty-eight countries, and hence the idea of state's rights. A few of the things set out that the federal government insists on as its right is freedom of trade from one state to another, and the declaration of war with other countries.

When the Supreme Court held that the federal government could not contract with the farmers as in the AAA it simply meant that there never has been any such right given to the federal government in the constitution and by the states. The federal government has no right set out by the constitution to regulate child labor and a great multitude of other things until other amendments have been made to the constitution. These things are states rights and not federal. Up to date many of the reversals of the Supreme court have been on that ground and no other.

The federal courts of our land deal only with cases the state courts cannot try. They try cases that are interstate, where neither state seems to have jurisdiction. A criminal who crosses from one state

to another might be tried in either state or in federal courts. If a kidnapped child is carried over a state line the criminal may have to appear before a federal court and therefore the Lindberg law with its death penalty.

The federal courts go a little further also. They assume jurisdiction over post office and national bank affairs and over bankruptcy cases, because the debtors might live in two states and also a man would be freed in both states.

All of which makes action very distressing to Secretary Wallace or President Roosevelt when they try to do what they think is a wonderful piece of work for the people and then to have it curbed by such an antiquated document. Secretary Wallace hopes we shall not have to have bloodshed in remedying this barrier.

And his opponents look on this institution as a protection against someone usurping the power and making himself a dictator such as we have in Europe so prevalent at the present time.

I am not trying to decide that question. The politicians will tell it over and over again soon.

The federal government is limited in its scope to the written out constitution because those crafty fellows in the early days were afraid of strong centralized powers such as England, and they used this method to hold it in check. In reality the federal government is subservient unto the state governments.

Random Thoughts.

Why not a tax on the wind. We all have windmills and there is no death of that element. Perhaps if there was a tax on it, it would blow when necessary, and we'd all have six foot wheels.

It is a little like the fellow in Texas who didn't care so much about seeing it rain himself but he would like to have his boy see one. I was telling how long it had been since we had had a good crop. Dick (my wonderful six year old son) figured it out he'd never seen one.

The fact of the matter is we forgot about the parents' meeting of the Sabbath school last week. But in hard times like these when we are trying so hard to cut our gas bills down, the superintendent shouldn't expect us to drive in for that. Now of course if it had been a bridge party—but why bring that up.

And talking about speed, Vern Robbins drove to Colorado and back one day last week and bought a truck load of horses. He drove to Julesburg.

September 3, 1936

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

A Call For Help.

Lew Sheldon says his fishing days are over, at least until he gets a little richer than he is now.

Some time ago he and his wife decided to go fishing so he bought a couple of licenses for something like two dollars and a quarter. They got their lines ready and cranked up their car and drove off twenty or thirty miles costing another three dollars or more.

The next day after they got home his wife discovered she had contracted poison ivy and Lew had to spend five dollars more with the doctor to get her cured up.

But the worse of it all was they didn't catch any fish. They had spent something like ten and a quarter and their time and not a fish. Or is a fisherman supposed to count time. Anyway Lew thought that a little too expensive recreation for him.

Some of the piscatorial fans should take pity on Lew and his wife and leave him a fish or two some time. Might be good to him like a fellow was to me once and leave him a few carp.

Sunshine.

Meeting Alva Barnhart at the fair at Ord I asked him how he was coming since he had moved over to Sargent. How his crops were and things in general. He spirited up and said, "Well, George we've sure been having a lot of good sunshine over there this summer."

The Fair.

In telling about the fair, Kovanda forgot to tell a few things. There was Bill Fuss and his horse. The fair would not be complete without him. Nor Everett Boettger's fat Belgium mares. They are a fixed exhibit.

And he forgot to mention the chickens. There was a lot of ducks and turkeys and then there were the Leghorns. I got second prize. Well if he won't tell it I guess I'll have to.

And then there was the drinking water. I don't know as I need to expostulate further on that subject. But I can tell you county board members where you can get a good drink in Ord, believe it or not. In the hall outside the library. The person that fixed that water fountain will sure get a place in heaven. Saint Peter will tell him "Come, come my boy. Go to the head of the class."

And then the lady that lost her dress. Well, she was a mighty fine looking lady in spite of that. Now don't get excited. My wife was with me all the time and she thought the same as I did.

And then, as far as Kovanda is concerned, I suppose some of these things are not strictly of an agriculture nature. But water is quite essential, and women too. Well, that's that.

Mother and Son.

Regularly I receive a letter from my mother who is now in Lincoln and with equal regularity I write to her.

It is fine that mother and son are so thoughtful to each other. But the sad part of it is that I seldom attempt to read her letters and if I don't write on the typewriter I am sure she never does mine.

If she don't take pains and try to write good I can almost always read it. I always feel assured she will cross her t's and dot her i's but she never places those marks where they belong. Once she was writing and I looked over her shoulder and I said impatiently, "Cross your t's. I can't tell your t's from your l's, nor your l's from your e's or your e's from your i's or your o's from your a's."

She was a little mad at having her kid tell her how to write but she went back and put on a lot of crosses and dots but not on the t's or i's. Just hit or miss where there were no other marks. I gave it up. I handed her another piece of paper and said. "Put your crosses and dots on there, it will do just as much good."

It reminds me a little of reading Chaucer or Beowulf when I was a boy. I have more interesting things now days, like funny papers and the Ord Quiz. But never the less to read those classics I would get started and read just as fast as I could, just rush across the page, and that way I could generally get the meaning. But if I would once stop I was lost for sure. To get to going again I would have to go back a ways and start pell-mell again.

That is something like I have to read my mother's letters. I start with "Dear George and Addie." They always start that way. I am sure of that much. If I am lucky I can decypher the next few words and I get along pretty well if I don't stop but rush madly on line after line and page after page. I can usually tell the end. I have learned how she writes "Love."

And you can imagine my consternation upon being in Lincoln a week ago and her telling how she had written me about the water coolers the people in Lincoln are making. All I got out of the long explanation was the fact that old radiators are very high now. "Don't you read my letters," she explained. "I wrote it just as good as I could." Well if she hadn't taken so much pains I could have read it better.

I can say all this because I write with a typewriter all the time. If I don't I cannot even read it myself.

September 10, 1936

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Why Pick on Him?

I was at the races Thursday of the fair and saw the Wolf boy killed. I happened to look east at the right moment and saw it all. Saw the car speeding from the east, saw the boy run out, saw him turn back and the car try to dodge to the south, (and thought for an instant they were going to miss) saw the right fender hit him and whirl him to the ground, heard the thud that I'll never forget and saw him picked up and carried off without a struggle. I then caressed the wife, for we had had a similar experience.

There were more than one to blame. Dr. Nay was driving faster than most of the other cars had been driving, if that is carelessness. The gate-keeper should not have allowed the boy to pass just then and the boy shouldn't have run ahead of the car. Our laws say one should not be careless with human life.

Just why Dr. Nay should be prosecuted and the rest of us go free I cannot understand. Most of us have had accidents or near accidents that have caused death or near death.

I knew a man a few years ago whose wife was sick and he, by mistake, gave her poison in place of her medicine. She died but there was no thought of prosecution on account of his carelessness. I knew a lady who set a boiler of boiling water on the floor and her baby got into it and died. No thoughts were ever mentioned of prosecution on account of her carelessness. Herman Stobbe carelessly cranked his car with the gear lever in reverse. The car suddenly sprang backward, whirled around and killed a man sitting on the curb. It was silly of even thinking of prosecuting such a fine man as Herman. I carelessly allowed my boy to go behind a gentle horse and I can hear those lethal screams yet. If everyone was prosecuted for his acts that are careless with human life our penitentiaries would be overrun with fine people.

What good will it do anyone to convict Dr. Nay, if the county can convict him? He is not a criminal or criminally minded. Many thought he was driving a little too fast but who doesn't now and then? No one will be any better off unless someone's grudge is satisfied.

The county will be to a big expense of a trial and then they may not win. If they do, a man with no ulterior motive but for a little carelessness will have to carry the disgrace the rest of his life of having served a term. And if I'm not mistaken this man is suffering now a penalty far greater than the term in the pen would be. Forgiveness is one of the main pillars of Christianity.

Not So Bad.

A little chat with George Round the other day gave me enlightenment on his work there. The talk was in regard to the two men who were caught that robbed the Farmers' Store at North Loup.

They caught one man and after questioning a while he confessed. He was kept in solitary confinement a time first so as to worry him. The officials promised a lighter sentence, or at least they would not bring as many charges against him if he would confess. If they can get a confession it saves the county an expensive trial and always at a trial no one knows what a jury would do and the man might not be convicted. More than that the case is cleaned up quickly.

Then they caught the second man. He was handcuffed and taken to Grand Island. Then the next day brought up here. The Omaha officials who picked him up said he was a slippery cuss and to take no chances with him. He was a professional safe cracker and at Omaha he had been caught a dozen times or more and each time a group of shysters would get him out with an alibi.

He was brought to Ord along with the state sheriff and questioned in the county attorney's office. Before they had hardly started his lawyers came from Omaha to alibi him out but George wouldn't let them see their client. They were kept apart for several hours, the lawyers standing in the hall, until the officials got a full confession from the criminal. Then the lawyers were allowed to see their man but only for a few minutes. This confession saved the county another trial that might cost ten thousand dollars, and besides that the criminal was put in safe keeping. George said the sooner one gets that kind shut up the better.

Another rather peculiar incident was the fact that these men were thought to have been in Ord the afternoon before. A Greek had been in Auble's store and he answered the description perfectly. So George called Omaha giving the description and they said, "Yes. We know him. We'll pick him up," and they did.

But the burglars had not been in Ord at all. Someone else had been. They left Omaha at eight o'clock in the evening and never went to Ord. They stopped their car, or truck, at the school house in North Loup and it was not moved until they were ready to go. Two of the men went in the store, rolled the safe, watermelon, silk stockings and other things to the back door. A lookout was on the street and asked Melvin Cornell for a match. When the lookout was given the signal he went after the truck, backed it to the back door, the stuff was loaded and they were off. The truck did not sit there five minutes.

But the trouble was the truck had a sign on it. And Hillis Coleman and his wife had been visiting and returned home at the same time the truck left. They noticed the sign (Intestate Cleaners) and remarked to each other that it was funny a truck like that would be running around in the middle of the night.

They reported this to George the next day, he called to Omaha telling of the sign and the truck and one burglar was picked up that afternoon. Not such bad work for a sheriff out in the sticks, so to speak.

September 17, 1936

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

One Sided Contract.

Some arrangements should be instituted so that teachers have to furnish a bond to insure the school districts or boards that they (teachers) are going to perform their contract. These last minute resignations by school teachers have become a nuisance.

The contracts as they now exist are a one-sided affair. The teacher can hold the board to the contract or agreement but the board cannot hold the teacher. Of course the contract is signed by both parties but usually the teacher has no property and suing her would be a waste of breath.

North Loup has been particularly troubled the last year or two and also the principal of the Ord and Arcadia schools resigned the last minute this year. How would the teachers like it if the board would suddenly, the last minute, change their minds? There would be a law suit to be sure. The deal is entirely one-sided.

For a year or so Smith-Hughes teachers have been a little hard to find. North Loup hired one last year who had been out of work for several years and he was more than glad to get the job. He proved to be a fine teacher and in the middle of the term Fullerton lost their teacher and took a notion they wanted ours and consequently attempted to hire him. He was all of the notion to go leaving North Loup without a teacher. The board went to him and gave him a heart-to-heart talking to, explaining

honor to one's word <missing text> hunting up another teacher and the risk of getting a poorer one, there might not be quite so many last minute resignations, and the teachers would learn that the contract was written for both parties and not just the teacher.

A Bonanza.

A bonanza for some this year has been in the form of alfalfa seed. In some instances the income from alfalfa seed has been enough to pay for the land in one year.

The seed can be and is generally sold from the machine for \$10.00 to \$10.20 a bushel. Ed Lee is harvesting no less than 100 bushels and he says one patch went as high as nine bushels to the acre. Emil Foth said he was going to get 150 bushels from forty acres. A man below Scotia had a small patch that went eight bushels to the acre. Most of it that is harvested is going three or better to the acre.

This is proving a life saver to many and this is being harvested from the second cutting, the first having been cut for hay. In 1934 Ed Lee and a few others made a good thing from their seed. It is a good thing for nearly everything else failed that year and this.

Corn Price.

Ed Lee, who is more or less of a republican, (a good deal more than less) says he rather have 20 cent corn than have some \$1.20 corn and not have any money to buy it with.

Not Much of a Joke.

I shouldn't repeat the smart things my own kids tell but I trust you readers (those who have read this far) can stand one.

My mother had sent me a couple copies of the Awgwan and my wife and I at once proceeded to digest them. Upon conclusion she was somewhat disgusted and so was I and I remarked, "The only good jokes there are are the ones copied from other magazines."

And then my bright son remarked "Then why don't you do that dad."

September 24, 1936

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD By George Gowen

One in a Million.

Within the last week Rev. Claud Hill, now of Farina, Ill., has accepted a call to become pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist church of North Loup, taking the place of Rev. Hurley Warren.

Claud Hill is well known to Valley County people, having been born here and having spent his life here with the exception of the last sixteen years, at which time he has been in the preaching profession.

I think I am safe in saying he is the best speaker I have ever heard. He has a natural gift of oratory that occurs only to one man in a million. Surely he has done the right thing to leave the farm to take up work where he can use his natural talents to the most of his ability. In Illinois he has been kept busy speaking at public affairs, picnics, celebrations, funerals, banquets and the like (frequently not connected with his own church.)

One of the saddest tragedies in the world is the very fact that many of us are misfits. Here is one example of a man with a God-given talent to be sure, and for years it lay dormant as this man toiled on a farm. On the other hand I heard a minister a few weeks ago, a fine fellow to be sure but I felt then and still do that he was a misfit. He should be on a farm. He might be quite successful there.

I know a man today who is an artist at making pictures and loves that work so he frequently neglects the repair of his barns and fences and the plowing of his corn. He might be a "Darling" or an Arthur William Brown if he had the chance.

One of the laziest boys (so called) that ever graduated from our schools went on to the University and there took up engineering. He never would work much at manual labor, always concocting some excuse or another, but when he attacked the engineering course he seemed to find his niche and now is one of the prominent road men of the state and many of us would like to be able to trade jobs with him.

Sweeping the Clouds Away.

There was no sleeping at the sermon I heard Rev. Hill preach a few weeks ago. He has a profuse vocabulary and is a past master at telling stories. First he would make us laugh and then weep and then pound his points home. He started the sermon with the story of a movie he had seen that was filled with pathos, of the little chimney sweep, dirty, black and discouraged and when he reached the top of the big chimney he was cleaning he was disappointed and discouraged to find the sky overcast with heavy clouds. He wanted to see the sun

"Oh", he thought, "If I could just sweep those clouds away," and he went to brushing in the sky, and as he swept the sun began to peek through, and he swept harder and the clouds began to separate and soon the day was bright and he was so happy and then in a cloud a band appeared and it began to play sweet music and then the ragged, grimy, black little boy was swinging the baton in place of the broom and he was leading that wonderful band. He had swept those black, murky clouds away to something better.

Thought He Was Ruined.

Then Rev. Hill continued with the story of his own. A few years before he left North Loup, in the month of June after some nice rains he proclaimed to his wife that he had the best prospects of a crop he ever had. His corn was nearly knee high, the grain was ready to cut and it was golden. The pastures were green, the alfalfa was blooming and garden luxuriant.

One evening a dark purple cloud rose suddenly in the west and about supper time the rain began to fall and then the wind blew and the hail pounded down with all fury until the earth looked like snow at Christmas time.

In despair Claud said to his wife, "I'm ruined, mother. I'm ruined."

"But", Claud continued in his sermon, "Looking back, that was only an incident in our lives. It seemed like a catastrophe[sic] then but I have nearly forgotten it by now."

"And so with us today. We have had our drouths but we shall carry on and it will be one more point to overcome, to strengthen us to more important things. It is just one more cloud to sweep away, and perhaps to conclude swinging the baton in place of the suttty[sic], blackened broom of despair."

Seeing the Sun.

And so it is with our Valley. These drouths seem tragic, (they are tragic in a way) and still had it not been for them we would not have been prompted to better things like an irrigation system. Had the rains continued, even in a small measure we might have gone along half heartedly, not prompted to sweep those dust clouds and parched fields with that grimy broom of despair, into the bountiful land of irrigation and the leader's baton.

Had it not been for Hardenbrook and Dunmire and Norris and others, as chimney sweeps, constantly swishing their little broom against the opposition in Washington, insisting against all odds that the drouth clouds of despair here can be pushed aside to the shining band of plenty, we might be still sitting on the chimney top wishing things would clear up and that we might see the sun.

October 1, 1936

The Ord Quiz

**CARE OF
COUNTY BOARD**

By George Gowen

Random Irrigation Thoughts.

If the ground is as dry on the Ed Penas farm where the ground breaking ceremonies are to take place next Thursday as the ground is on my farm, Mr. Penas better tote out a few barrels of water and sprinkle around or Senator Norris might break his arm holding those plow handles. It might be a good idea to use a sulky plow.

I presume the committee knows what they are doing in getting a pair of mules to pull that plow, but it would be my guess, off hand, even if Mr. Lawrence is a newspaper editor, that he would lack sufficient vocabulary to handle that kind of power to the greatest efficiency. Mules need an altogether different line of chatter than editors commonly exhibit.

Being somewhat of a horse and mule fancier myself I will say that I do not envy their lot for the next year or so. It might be a good hint to the merchants to stock up with a good line of whips and blacksnakes, for I am predicting many fellows will think them cheaper than corn at a dollar and twenty per.

Some of the old timers in North Loup had a peck of experience with the old ditch and some of that experience was not so pleasant as one might think. In as much as the new ditch will follow very close to the same path as the old one, some of those bitter trials may be returned. But I presume modern engineers would have little use for advice from those old fogies.

There was another feature that might be recalled from the old ditch. Prior to the building of it and during the construction there was a series of very dry years something like we have been experiencing of late. But as soon as the water began to run and be available it began to rain and they had a series of relatively wet years, which didn't help the sale of water any.

But what put the final kibosh to the old ditch was a downpour of what some said four inches of rain in an hour. Great chunks of the hills fell down into the ditch, damming it and the water caused untold damage. The whole system was built on a shoe string for money anyway and they never could accumulate enough money again to properly repair the ditch. Then there came a series of wet years.

Well, we will all be glad for the wet years if they come again.

Better Stay Out.

The seriousness of having served a term in the penitentiary might be illustrated by a little incident told me a few weeks ago by a man who had been there and returned.

There was a young man who served his time in the institution and after he was released he got a job as salesman for a concern in Omaha. His territory was Wyoming and he went forth and sold more goods than any man on the road for the company.

After he had been out a few months he was called into the head office and discharged. When he asked why, he was told by the boss that they were very well pleased with his work but they had a rule that they could not hire a person that had ever been in the penitentiary. The boss was sorry that regulation or rule was on the books of the company but he could not do differently.

A Telescope.

The last time I was in Omaha I saw a wreck so to speak. A wreck which one might describe as a telescope. Well, I do not know exactly what to call it but it was a wreck to be sure.

I was eating in a cafeteria restaurant, peacefully as one could under the circumstances of knowing that as soon as the meal was tucked safely away I would have to untuck from my pocketbook some sixty-nine cents. I had a steak.

Nevertheless while I was engaged I glanced toward the serving table and saw four young women and a tall lanky boy emerging with trays piled high with steaming viands. A short, stocky girl with a lot of responsibility registered on her brow and a lot of ginger in her feet was acting as the engine. The boy was the caboose.

After a few furtive glances she spied a table at the far corner, by the way of around a water tank which was on a post that was near where I was sitting. The engine started off suddenly, her tray in front of her and she struck a lively pace. The other cars followed close behind, apparently giving little thought to the route, their mind only on following the leader and also keeping the tray level as possible so the coffee and soup would be in the proper place up on arrival.

Everything seemed to be running smoothly at a good fast walk. They made it to the first corner in due time and started round the curve when suddenly and without warning the engine changed her mind. She saw another table that suited her better. One where she could have a better view of the pretty women in the room and their nice clothes. Of course the men were of no interest. I could give a little dissertation on women changing their minds, but there isn't room in the paper this week.

The engine stopped, backed a little and changed her course. The first car stopped also but none too quickly. Then was a general telescope of the train. Steam pressure was applied on the brakes but the floor was slick and the result was bad enough, especially since such dinners cost in the neighborhood of sixty-nine cents.

October 8, 1936

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Not So Smart.

Recently some friends of ours became the proud parents of their first child. Although the event was thirty days late of expectation, they had everything ready, even to the announcement cards. Each day for thirty days their friends expected the mail man to bring that little letter and these friends had to wait in suspense all that time.

I well recall our first such experience. We thought we were very smart. More, that first child was a wonder to be sure. We sent fancy cards to many people; the event was placed on the front page in the local paper; friends and relatives from far and near came to view the tiny new comer; they proclaimed him a perfect image of his dad, or mother; and some said he looked for the world like his grandfather; and the aunts and great aunts nearly came to quarrels over who should hold him when he bawled, which was most of the time.

Each month we took a snapshot of him and then as he got a year old we had his picture taken and then at two we had another. We kept a little book of his first word, of his first step, and of the smart things he did and said and it took quite a book to be sure. He was a wonderful child. We were proud to take him to church and delighted to have others fondle him and exclaim over his growth. Later when he brought home good grades from school we tooted it mildly far and wide.

We fed him on diet (including carrots, poor thing) studied books that Robert Simmons sent us and weighed the child regularly. We could tell to the ounce how much he weighed and if he failed to make the gain some week we hurried him to the doctor. We clothed him in the fanciest pictured blankets and rubber pants and bathed him forty times a day. He had a whole room full of toys.

A sister came along when he was about two and took some of his attention. We sent a few cards for her (some that was left over from the first child) and took a snapshot picture or two and at about a year bought an eight dollar picture of the two kids together. She really looked more like her mother

or father, but there was not so much study of facial traits as for the first one. She grew fine but we never recorded any weights—we just knew she was healthy enough—and if she was asleep in the cab we never wakened her to put her on display. She said smart and cute things and once in a while we would record them in her book, but we were pretty busy and didn't take the trouble very often. The aunts would take her and walk the floor if it was necessary to keep the din from carrying us off entirely.

And then the third stranger came one night to make his home with us. He was a pert little fellow and meant business. He wasn't going to take a back seat because of his size, and well enough for him it was too.

On the back sheet of the local paper was a mere mention of the arrival. These things had occurred so often at our house they ceased to be news any more. There were no cards left and consequently none sent.

When he cried he was given something to eat and there was no pacing the floor. He grew battling his rights, knowing his only weapon at that time was his vocal cords and he made the most of it. The relatives had him looking like his dad and there were no arguments and nothing to be bragged about. He had no pictures unless he crowded his way into the snapshot when the bunch was taken.

We never took him to church until he was big enough to go into a class. We left him with his grandparents for them to give the bottle if he demanded. He had to play with his brother's cast off toys and wear out his brother's outgrown clothes. We had long since lost the diet books—he ate the same fare as the rest of us. He sat at the end of the table until he whipped the crowd for a better place. He said smart things and later got good grades in school, but why shouldn't he, his brother and sister had? He grew strong like a cypress stick and was craftier than either of the other children but there never was a scratch of a note made of it. We had a ten cent stamp picture taken of him.

We thought no less of him than the first child, in fact we were very proud that he could make his way without the guiding hand of, and the trouble to his elders. He had become a matter of habit with us—a matter of course. This child raising had become a fixed affair of the household and there was nothing so alarming or noteworthy as we could see. We could raise children, our folks had raised children and there were very few other people who had not done or were doing the same.

Alfalfa Seed Again.

Bud Knapp, who has been buying alfalfa seed over the country, told me that he paid one man \$3500 for seed off fifty acres of ground. He had bought seed that went as high as twelve and a half bushels to the acre. The price now for good seed is \$11.40 a bushel.

He drove into a tumbled down yard in Greeley county where the house was small and about to fall to pieces. Before he left he had given the man a check for nearly two thousand dollars—enough to build two or three new houses the size of the one he was living in.

The Big Show.

My wife and I and the kids enjoyed the program in Ord very much Thursday night. The kids wearied a little of the speeches as did their dad but were awakened quite thoroughly at the dagger throwing.

The dancing girls were very proficient and we talked it all over on the way home. My wife was of the opinion that the dancing would have been as good and the entertainment quite as complete had the women worn just a few more clothes. Of course I agreed.

November 19, 1936

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Taking it to Heart.

The disappointment in losing the race for Presidency usually is so acute that few men ever recover to try it again. William Jennings Bryan is probably the one great exception. But there is Herbert Hoover and Al Smith who say never again. Davis and Cox are almost forgotten. Taft was completely discouraged although later he was made Supreme Court Justice as was Chas. Hughes.

Perhaps this is accounted because of the fact that the candidates are always with enthusiastic people of their own faith. There is that ever whoop hurrah and the spirit of sure victory. It does not seem as if they could possibly lose with everyone yelling for them. The let down comes so sudden and so disheartening.

This is partly true with lesser offices although we have two candidates, Simmons and Griswold, who do not seem to know defeat. We admire them for that quality but not quite enough. Chas. Bryan ran several times before he was elected governor. But then think of the great number of men who have run for important offices and then dropped out of the limelight entirely such as Rendal, Wheary, and a host of others I can't even remember.

One of the worst disappointed men I ever knew was no less than Fred Swanson. Fred was the nicest man in the world and he ran for County Clerk, but he might have known that he was up against almost impossible odds to beat Ign. Klima, for when it comes to picking the nicest fellow in the land, Ign. is just a little nicer.

But everyone talked encouraging to Fred, (they couldn't talk otherwise to that fellow) and when he came to me (although I couldn't vote for him) I said "Fred, I hope you make it," but trying to ease the fall I added, "I'm afraid you won't. Ign. is too well known and from Ord. You might get elected sometime but don't get your hopes too high now."

And then the man with Fred patted him on the back and said, "We're not going to give up, are we Fred?" And then another man said as to how he believed Fred had a good chance. Fred borrowed money and a car and canvassed the county.

Well, Fred needed the job and was so disappointed that he soon moved to Washington. The motor that he and his wife departed on stopped running a mile south of North Loup and Irvin Thelin drove down and asked Fred and his wife to come back and have supper with him and wait until the engine came from Grand Island. But Fred and his wife said, "No. We've left that country now. We're never going back." The county lost a fine citizen.

He writes a letter now and then and trying to hide the touch of nostalgia[*sic*] that crops out between the lines, he tells of the wonderful new land of apples and opportunity and of his fine job working on the night shift in a chain grocery.

Might Have Been Right.

The Literary Digest seems to be in a quandary to know why they missed in their prediction so far. I am wondering if when they took the poll, which was weeks before the election, the results would have been more as their poll indicated. It seemed to me the sentiment changed materially as the campaign went on.

Landon was not a good enough radio speaker to inspire many votes and expert politicians said as I do, that everyone of Roosevelt's speeches were gravied[*sic*] with pathos[*sic*], and sentiment and made a million votes.

More than that we had all gotten tired of mud slinging and the Republicans did too much of that. Landon would have had a better chance the first of October.

More Pigs, Less Kids.

Mrs. Leggett says last week that the government should start taking interest in mothers and new born babies and thinks they should be rated as high for the government as sows and little pigs.

Our first two children were born during Bob Simmon's reign as congressman. He took a special interest in those kids and wrote us a letter saying that Mrs. Simmons had gotten a good deal of benefit from some government bulletin published on the care of babies and mothers, etc. He offered to send the bulletins to us and without our request he did so. There was a small bale of these booklets and my wife digested them all. I think she did for she could talk of nothing but baby raising for a few years such as diet calories, gains and clothing.

Looking at it all from a little different angle I think the average young married couple are less interested in raising children than they are in learning how to raise them. And too, a little knowledge along that line might not be so bad for some of the families who are on relief. Where a family of six or eight live in a house 10x20, with the father on relief, and a new youngster coming along every other year or less, the question is not how to raise them. It is how not to raise them. And that knowledge is against the law to disseminate.

Which?

The question arose in our Sabbath school class a few weeks ago in regard to missionaries. Paul's missionary journey has been the theme for some time now.

We all had a son. I asked the question. "Supposing we could choose our sons career and he would obey without question. We had two choices. One that he might go as a student to West Point. Many of his expenses would be paid there. He would be graduated a lieutenant and with all the mental training to go ahead and be a general of the United States army. He would be insured good pay and for the most part a life of ease and distinction. Lets take the hypothetical case and say that he does that very thing and succeeds to be a Major-General.

"Or he can be a missionary such as I knew once. He worked his way through college nearly injuring his health. He went to China where he worked in a hospital during famine, war, plague and also in India fighting the cast system, disease, fatalism. He returned home seldom and always with very little money. But he eventually became famous and when not on duty was always in demand to tell one side of the world what the other side is doing."

Both boys made good and I asked the class which they would choose if they could do that choosing. The answer was unanimous.

For Fifty Dollars.

This all seems rather serious does it not? All right then, the discussion arose in our house, Dick propounding[sic] it, if you would eat a mouse for fifty dollars. Dick said he would. Geraldine would like to have the fifty dollars pretty bad but not quite that bad. Her mother wouldn't even discuss it, and I said I'm pretty hard up right now. No one better start making offers.

November 26, 1936

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Church Finances.

Church finances, during hectic times of drouth and privation such as we are now witnessing, are frequently in a bad way. It is a wonder churches continue at all. Churches continue and exist because of the sacrifices of the ministers and because of the fact that the congregation does not tithe.

So frequently we hear it said if everyone would just tithe there would be no worries about the church finances. This might be true if the church would lay up reserves in the flush times to carry them over the depressions but I never heard of a church doing that. Each year it spends the money as it comes in and it keeps going in bad years because the faithful members do not tithe. They give anyway. If they tithed the church would be owing the members.

Ralph Comstock, years ago became a convert to tithing. So one afternoon he and his wife sat down to figure out their share to give. They figured and figured. It had been a bad year —hailed out, hogs died with the cholera, chickens drowned, their cows bloated and their best horse got the bellyache. I said they figured and figured. Finally they concluded the church owed them a little. But the next day Ralph dropped a half dollar in the collection plate just the same as usual. He said he would tithe next year.

Many fellows are presented with the problem that I heard a man mention the other day. He had many debts (who hasn't) and interest that wasn't paid. Also he was a religious duffer and felt he must give some to keep the church going. One of his creditors was a penurious lady that attended the same church. He did not know whether to give the church his usual fifty cents a week or pay her. I took note of him after that and noticed he made it a point to always sit behind the lady in church and watch her closely when the platter was passed and carefully snatch his coin into the collection without her seeing him. Otherwise he was afraid she would say or think he was really giving her money.

One Way to Raise Money.

Ed Lee told me this item the other day. At one time years ago he was the financial officer of the Evangelical church. He was also the janitor, which proved to be a good combination as you shall soon see. When the coal bin was running low Ed would fail to boom the fire as usual.

Now Ed didn't really say he did this or didn't do it. What he did say was that the church was short of money and Clarence was a small boy then and he didn't take as much pains to build the fire that morning as he should and Ed didn't stoke it any too much after the folks came.

As the people walked out of the church Ed carefully mentioned to each one that they better fork over and among them was a man who came none too often. Ed asked him to help them out a little and the man asked how much. Ed said he didn't like to say how much but brother so and so was giving so much. Ed thought this man might do the same.

The man was a little hostile. He said, "Well, I'll give it this time, but if you don't heat the church better I won't next." This all didn't worry Ed much for by the next time it would be summer.

Might Divert the Thoughts.

Ed Hurley tells of belonging to a little church once where there was one wealthy member that always gave five dollars. The other members were average wealth, mostly quite poor. It was a habit of that church to announce the amount of the collection at the end of each service.

But one day they failed to make the announcement. Upon inquiry it was discovered the collection that day was five dollars and five cents. The church treasurer didn't want to start any guessing games.

Scalping a Little.

I knew a man from Montana who belonged to a small church up in that wild country. The depot agent was the man who took the collection. There being no official platter he used his ten gallon hat and when the job was completed he emptied it by turning it quickly over on the table.

The hat was a good bit larger than was necessary to hold the collection but this depot agent told my friend and he in turn told me, "I never failed yet to get ten or fifteen cents that caught in the hat band."

To Bad He Forgot.

And then the church is confronted with situations like Elnor Hurley discovered a few days ago. A little tot came into Elnor's store and reaching deep in his pocket was terribly surprised to find a penny. At least he pretended to be surprised. "Oh!" he exclaimed. "I should have given that to the Sunday School and plum forgot. I guess I'll just buy a piece of candy."

Making Change.

Jim Johnson said he sat beside an old couple in church and witnessed what might have been grounds for an estrangement. As the platter went by Jim this before mentioned lady tossed in a dollar bill. Her husband was next to take the plate and he took out the dollar putting back fifty cents. The lady saw the disgraceful and thrifty act of her husband and grabbed the platter, replacing another dollar, taking out the fifty cent piece and decorously planting it in her own bag. Jim said it was all done so quickly that very few if any but him saw it.

Returning the Contribution.

My father used to tell the story of a local church. At the Christmas program when the collection was taken for the children's home someone put in some buttons. After the money was counted, the collector jumped up and said, "I wish the person who put in these buttons would come and get them. The children don't need buttons. They need safety pins." Strange but no one went after the buttons.

Doing Their Bit.

And then a few weeks ago when the money was counted in one of our churches there appeared a boondoggle Democratic dollar of which were passed out so freely as campaign literature. Although this would not buy coal and pay the preacher the treasurer was thankful feeling the member who gave it was ground down to that kind of money and he was giving his tenth. At another time there was a half cent stamp and that no doubt, was a person's mite.

All of which goes to show that there is a little good left in the old world yet if the churches continue and keep going when other businesses fail and flounder in the depression.

December 17, 1936

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

The Old Man Country.

Of course we are interested in the King of England. American history only goes back 160 years. Before that English history is our history. We might call England our father country. At that date we threw off his guiding hand, told the old man a thing or two, blacked his eye a trifle and struck out for ourselves. We were the biggest boy. Even at that he could have whipped us easy enough but his

neighbor, France was pounding him on the back. And we would have stuck by him even then if straw boss, King George, had not been pricking us in the pants with a pin.

Be that as it may, we still clung to our early training. We pretended to hate the old man but we adopted his language and based our laws and system of government after his laws and systems that he had fought for centuries to establish. We continue to be English and are still more English than anything else.

There were a few of the old man's habits we did not keep. We had had enough of some of his stunts. One was that of having a king tossing monkey wrenches into smooth running machines. We just quit the king business. England, instead had a few wars and showed the king to stand back. They were hard battles but they showed him and now the House of Commons is the boss. A little test has just been demonstrated, but the House of Commons won as they have long been winning.

Another point we backed up on was that the oldest sons inherited all the estate of the father. America was settled by second sons that had been left out. They said nothing doing. Our sons will all divide up, share and share alike.

But in the main we are beef eating English and don't let anyone tell you differently. Of course we are interested in those folks. They are the most like us of any nation. We have the most in common. Their government is the nearest like ours of any. English history until 1776 should be a requisite of study in our schools to show us why things are thus and so.

David Windsor.

The King of England now has few liberties. He cannot make a speech, or call parliament or dissolve it without asking the Lord Mayor. He cannot take a trip or appear in public without wearing certain clothes set out. He cannot marry without Parliament approves.

He is paid five million a year and given much glory but there are certain requirements and he has sworn to them as he took his office. One of these obligations was that he should not marry anyone that violates the mores of his realm. Besides being out of his mores, Mrs. Simpson had been twice divorced and this shocked the staid English people the same as we would have been shocked if the president of the United States should have married such woman. David Windsor, abdicating showed the characteristic English sportsmanship, but many of us wonder if he might not lose his kingdom and the woman too, eventually.

There is one thing certain, Mrs. Simpson is either a hellcat or a mighty poor judge of men. And David Windsor had been courting her long before she got her divorce and it looks as if there was love making even when she was living with her second husband. Naturally she was not wanted as Queen, and naturally Prime Minister Baldwin had almost unanimous support of the House of Commons and naturally his position has been more secure. Again the people won against the king.

Of course we are glad David Windsor abdicated and the ministry won the point. He was a very foolish man to allow himself to become infatuated with a married woman, and a woman that would bring trouble in his domain. She was very unprincipled to make love to a king where trouble would sure involve. There is self control in love as well as anything else. He was a very foolish man to allow a woman to interfere with the interests of a kingdom consisting of one-fourth of the world. And had he won this point he no doubt would have asked for more and the power of the people, built up by wars of centuries, might have been set back to the wiles of a dictator like George the Third or Henry the Eighth. Stanley Baldwin had no such intention to allow the power of the people to slip to a playboy king.

Poultry Column.

I like to write about poultry. I have often thought I could write a poultry column. As a boy my father supplied me with chickens to keep me out of mischief. Whether they were worth the price I dare not say.

Nevertheless, from poultry is derived one of Nebraska's greatest farm incomes. Nebraska is one of the leading poultry states. Every farm has a few chickens. Every farmer and his wife are interested in them to some extent. All right then here goes.

In the first place the poultry house should be cleaned and cared for like buildings for any other stock. Dr. Van Ess, one of the greatest veterinarians of the country said 90 percent of the poultry diseases are caused from filth. Under the roosts should be fixed so the hens cannot get to the droppings or it should be cleaned often. Chas. Thrasher, who learned the poultry trade in Idaho, used to clean under the roosts every morning. Clean coops are necessary from the standpoint of health of the flock and also clean coops help keep the eggs clean.

If the coop is clean it should be kept quite tight and warm. Leghorns are more sensitive to cold than heavier breeds. Some poultry plants have heaters in their poultry houses and the owners think it pays. There is hardly, if ever, a day in the winter when it pays to turn the chickens out. It may seem warm but a hen is sensitive and turning the flock out will almost invariably shorten the egg gathering the next day.

A hen that develops the roup [*sic*] or sickness should be segregated at once and better yet killed and burned. A sick hen seldom recovers and if she does her recoup will be so long that she will eat more than she is worth. Leaving her with the flock only contaminates the rest.

Water dishes should be cleaned often. The self feeder made by the State Farm is the best I have seen. Its construction is simple and anyone can make it. Ed Christensen hired a carpenter to make some and the cost for labor and material was about \$1.75 for a six foot feeder.

Now is wood cutting time and we should gather and sack some of the dry clean sawdust to bed the baby chicks in the spring. It makes very good litter, absorbing moisture readily and costs nothing. It has been said the chickens will eat it and die, or grow block heads or eventually lay wooden eggs, but this has not been true in my experience. For several years my brother and I have used sawdust with fine results. Don't think for a minute a chicken is fool enough to eat sawdust if it has good mash in a feeder.

Farmer's Vacation.

This time of year is lazy time for the farmer. Most of us do not arise only in time to get the kids off to school. It is especially true this year because there is no corn to shuck.

A little song we have devised at our home goes as follows, sung to the tune of "Amble," and the name Amble is changed to suit. It goes, "Mother, Mother m' schoy, what are youse waiting for now?

Youse promised t' crawl out this morning by noon.

It's never too late, and it's never too soon.

Mother, Mother m' schoy. What are youse waiting for now."

December 24, 1936

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Delectable Sadness.

At a recent meeting of the Fort-nightly club of North Loup the program was of the customary feature of the season; simply a Christmas festival, an exchange of gifts, a program but no lesson. Two short plays were given, both written by Myra Thorngate Barber, one a light skit similar to Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, and the other a sad story of a woman who lost her baby and gave the blanket that the baby had slept in, the one remaining memento, to the Christ Child.

The last play was a very touching bit of drama written by our local artist, and had several of the audience weeping throughout the afternoon. The ladies were so pleased with it and the delectable sad pathos produced that the play was repeated at the parent teachers meeting and is to be given again at

prayer meeting at the S. D. B. church Friday night so as to bring tears and sadness to other wise happy souls.

So disgusted with the afternoon was my wife that she wished she had not attended the meeting. Having once gone through the actuality of losing a fine child did not by any means bring her to the point of wanting to repeat the ordeal, even if it only was in pretense. The spirit and tenor of good cheer, happiness and Merry Christmas was entirely submerged. Fully appreciating the ability of the author in writing the skit in itself did not make it pleasant for my wife.

Some people enjoy to be sad, apparently. At a recent movie, *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, the heroes were killed off nearly to the last man, and still the house was packed and repacked. A girl I knew, once in telling of a movie said, "Oh it was just wonderful. I sat through two shows. I cried all the time." And so it was with the play of Mrs. Barber. It must have been fine. It has been repeated twice and perhaps more. They must like it. Yes they must. But not I. They need not worry. There's one prayer meeting where I'll just stay at home and read about Old Scrooge and Tiny Tim.

No Presents.

I presume Mrs. Barber will simply say, raising her eye brow slightly, "Ah hum, he can't do so well anyhow," and true enough I can't. I can't and shall not try to make folks weep throughout the afternoon, but I know a man (I'll not mention his name) who did not believe in Christmas. He was a tall slender man with deep creases on his cheeks and forehead. He was a poor man too and worried from his poor pay and long hours having little time with his family. Some three weeks or more before the Yuletide, when his wife was fussing over presents he turned and informed her. "Now look here old woman, there's one person that you don't need to worry your head about. That's me. Don't buy me a darned thing. Get the daughter a few presents if you have to but you and I will dispense with the foolishness."

She tried to speak but he shut her off with a wave of his hand, "No. Not a darned thing. It'll be merrier that way. And I'm not getting you anything either so we're square." She was a meek little thing with silver streaks in her once golden hair, and big blue eyes snapped with seriousness.

He went along his way happy in the thoughts that his Christmas would be different than heretofore—buying foolish things for the wife she didn't need and she spending his money on knickknacks he never wanted like hair brushes, bookends or shaving lotion. He believed he had dozens of book-ends, dozen more wild colored neckties or socks that were too small. All Christmas foolishness. He had a satisfaction in seeing other people lugging home great boxes wrapped in colored paper and he being exempt from the ordeal.

Yes he was quite happy with his Christmas throughout the season until one day his daughter sought him out and pled that he buy a certain dress that hung in a certain store window on the street. Her mother had expressed herself as how pretty it was. "No," he stormed, "she'll have to make over an old one, go on home and forget it."

But as he passed that store each day he saw the dress, a navy blue affair with a small white collar that buttoned high and each day he tried to look away and forget it and hope it would be sold but it was not and he envisaged each time how nice she would look in it and tried to think it would not be so nice after all. She looked quite fair anyway in her made over dresses, made over time and again, and that was cheaper.

And then the 24th came. They had heard of the little play to be given at the church. They thought they might go but the wife refused with her sleazy dress and he with his tacky suit. It worried him all day as he worked those long hard hours on the irrigation ditch. He might have gone home another way but again that evening he passed the store with the blue dress. There it was yet, chic and clean as ever, and he remembered how his wife used to look long ago before they were married without the wrinkles on her face or the silver in the golden hair.

He was about to walk on when a couple of ladies stopped and began talking of the dress. They were stylish ladies and they considered buying it. Our friend reached for his purse, glanced and noted he had enough money to buy it and a dime to spare. He hurried in and made the purchase.

With a light heart and spring in his step he hastened home. "Mother," he said. "This is not a Christmas present. It's just a necessity. Here's a dress for you. Put it on and go to the play."

"Yes it is," she cried with delight, "It is a Christmas present. I'll make it that, and daddy dear, we'll both go tonight. I've a Christmas present for you too. Won't it be nice? It's been so long since we've gone together." She went to the closet and brought out a big flat box. "A suit for you Daddy. We've been saving nickels for a year for it. We did not know what to do when you said no presents."

The happy story would end here. It seems quite fitting we should not go on but still we must. Our heroine scampered to the bedroom and suddenly she came back. "I can't go tonight," she sobbed. "The dress has to be altered a little, daddy dear and I haven't time. The size is forty -two. I only wear thirty-two, you know."

No, this is not a sad story with a tragic ending. They did not know as you and I, patient reader, the nature of the play they missed. It was a sad story of death and sacrifice. They did not know that the spirit of cheer and merry Christmas were more complete in their home by the fire.

He helped her with the dishes that night and then she reached up on a self and took down a book and they read of Old Scrooge and Tiny Tim, who, "bore a little crutch and had his limbs supported by an iron frame . . . 'as good as gold', said Bob, his father. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me coming home that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas day, Who made lame beggars walk and blind to see."

<No date on clipping. CB36-1>

The Ord Quiz
Spring 1936??

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Noisy Party at N. L.

Reading in the Quiz last week of the noisy party that kept the neighbors awake, I am reminded of a little discussion that occurred in our quiet village a few weeks ago.

The participants were quietly sitting in a place of business, the name of which I cannot reveal, as that might be advertising, and that advertising might be in reverse, and still, I'll warrant, should it all have materialized, which it did not, that that place of business would have been crowded from cellar to garret.

Be that as it may, these two before mentioned men were discussing events of the times, like politics, or candidates for the legislature, or old age pension, or roads, or other heavy subjects, and the discussion lead to a difference, and that to altercations, and that to the remark.

"I'll never speak to you again."

And the somber reply, "That would just be fine. I can think of nothing that would suit me better."

But they did speak, using rather uncomplimentary adjectives, and while doing so one reached from his nail keg and picked up a large pipe wrench, holding it indolently but thoughtfully for anything that might occur.

The other reached in his pocket and extracted a large knife, (just within the legal limit), and opened the large blade and stropped on his shoe.

This sparring continued for several minutes when someone else sauntered in and someone else out and eventually the whole affair was forgotten and that was all.

All except the post mortem. One of the spokesmen told afterwards, "I just picked up the pipe wrench. I decided if he wanted to start something I'd just place that on his neck and detach his head. He knew he better not get funny with me."

And the other man told some other fellows, "When he got smart I just took my jack knife out and decided if he made a move at me I'd just operate on him and take his guts home in my pocket. But he never dared to make any faults move in my direction."

Now Jake, that's the kind of wild parties to have. There is a quite a lot of thrill, and no one is hurt, and the night watchman is not bothered in his sleep, and no one is thrown in jail, and I am not sure but these men are as friendly as ever by this time.

Rules for Getting Rich.

Last summer Ed Knapp and I took a little ride into the interior of Greeley county. And after taking cognizance of some of the tumbled down shacks so prevalent to that sandy country where we were touring, our conversation drifted along lines as to how a farmer should live to get ahead of the hounds now days. We laid out a few rules that should be followed, and they are not unreasonable either, according to some.

It was not long ago an elderly man told me how he made it, and if the younger generation would do likewise they too could make their pile. "We live in too fast an age, have too many luxuries, live beyond our means, and it should not be such. It can't be done on the farm and pay your bills."

But here are a few of the requirements.

Drive a team and buggy. No automobiles. Automobiles are the greatest sin.

Use horses. Raise colts. A tractor won't do that. All men who use a tractor are either broke or are going broke. All horsemen are prosperous.

Eat a great deal of corn pone and molasses.

Go to town once a week. Once a month would be better.

Cut your own hair, (the women's don't need cutting). Knit your own socks and mittens, can hundreds of quarts of wild fruit, especially gooseberries.

Take the kids out of school the first of April (or March) and forever at the age of twelve. After that nothing is learned but devilment.

Smoke nothing but Corn Cake tobacco and that in a corncob pipe.

Shell your own corn with a hand sheller, and use a walking cultivator because it is easier on the horses.

Have the wife raise a thousand chickens, slop the hogs, drive the stacker team, milk ten cows twice a day, raise a kid every other year (or oftener) and cook for two hired men. Nor does she need a sink, or running water in the house. That would be ridiculous extravagance for a farm woman. If she dies off, it would be too bad, but, like a good horse, there are plenty more.

Hone the old razor up every other week and knock the whiskers off, except in busy season. Then once a month is often enough.

Read very little. No need to spend good money for a daily, or a radio, or the Quiz, might be fixing fence or repairing harness during the time it takes to read.

And for amusement, gather the family around for a lively game of checkers, or mumble -te-peg.

<No date on clipping.CB36-2>

The Ord Quiz
1936

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Should Have a Picture.

The Quiz photographer missed a chance a week ago Sunday by not getting a picture of the old timers assembled at the obsequies of Mrs. Hannah Boettger. The Boettgers came to the valley in 1874 and that was only two years later than the first arrivals.

Art Babcock, Chas. Rood and Mrs. Mansel Davis were at the services and they came here in 1872. Clate Noll, Chas. Leonard and Alfa Crandall came a few years later but have seen plenty of pioneering. Mrs. Alfa Crandall, Mrs. A. H. Babcock, Mrs. George Clement were at the funeral and they all came in the seventies.

The Boettgers lived in Wisconsin at the same town the Seventh Day Baptists were assembled at. They would have come with that group in 1872 but they had a farm to sell before they could depart and hence were delayed.

Upon their arrival here they lived with Rev. Oscar Babcock for a few months. They wanted a claim near the river and North Loup but those claims were all taken. A man had homesteaded the Boettger place and had become discouraged and went back to his home in the east. Boettgers took his claim and that is how it happened. It turned out their farm was much better than the ones they wanted close to the river. Mrs. Boettger was twenty-three when she and her husband and youngsters arrived in Valley county in 1874 with their covered wagon, and she has lived continually on the place ever since some sixty-two years.

The Boettgers always had a special nook in their hearts set aside for the Babcocks. Mrs. Oscar Babcock was taken sick in 1872, a few weeks before the trek was to start, and she died leaving her husband with four small children. Mrs. Boettger was the nurse at the time. Mrs. Babcock told her husband to go on anyway as they had planned and as their hearts had been set on doing. Mrs. Boettger never tired of telling of that tragedy and they named their daughter for Myra Babcock and Mrs. Boettger always claimed Mira Creek was named for the two.

Lived Too Long.

The biography of Solomon Rickner who died at the age of 115 was interesting. He remembered playing with his grandfather's gun that the latter had carried in the Revolutionary war. He was forty years old when the Civil war was fought and was so old he was denied enlistment. He had crossed the country both to California and Colorado during gold rushes in the forties.

Another feature noted was that most of his folks had died. His only child living was a daughter seventy-three years old. He had quite a few grandchildren and great grandchildren but young folks have trials enough now days caring for their own folks to say nothing of grandparents and great grandparents. And in reality a great grandparent is not a very close relative.

We hate to think of giving up and leaving the world to a bunch of youngsters, but the span of life is about seventy and the world has adjusted itself to that. If we live beyond that date it is on borrowed time. We are peeking in on another generation. And living to 115 we would be out of place. That would be too much.

Sounds Like Angels.

Joe Knezacek and I were chatting the other day in his office when a nice looking lady dressed in white came in the door. She had come for a pattern someone had left and Joe picked it up from the desk and handed it to her. She was about to leave when Joe called her back.

"Now let me see," Joe said bewildered while he scratched his head. "Let me think. There's something about this I'm supposed to tell you. Just wait. Now what was it?"

Joe had arisen by this time. He was nearly in a dither and the lady tried to soothe his troubled soul by saying, "Perhaps it is something I can figure out when I look it over."

But Joe was still pondering. "Well now. Don't that beat you." He was rubbing the sides of his coat. "Let me think. What was the name she said? I never could figure out all the things on women's dresses." He began rubbing his shoulders with his hands and making short waving motions. "It was something to do with the flappers that go up here I believe."

The lady was smiling slightly by now. Oh yes. I know what you mean. Joe settled back into his chair relieved by duty done. The lady slyly winked at me as she stepped out the door.

Now Smear Landon.

George Mayo tells me that Farley whispered the news around to the democrats to say nothing against Landon. In other words he and Michelson have plenty of dope on Landon to spring when the time comes so he will be the easiest man in the field to beat.

After the smear Hoover campaign we can expect anything from Michelson.

No Loss Yet.

Hank is worrying now that I may expect him to take enough of this bunk to make up for the deficit on the steers I bought too high last Christmas. They were not bought too high last Christmas. They were bought too high last Christmas now. But I have not sold them yet. So as yet there is no loss. I still have them invoiced at the same price. I might not be able to get my money back now but if I keep them long enough I sure can. The feed don't cost anything. I grow that.

There is where my business is better than many. If a merchant buys some ladies' hats, for example, and he finds he cannot sell them to get his money back, it will be all the worse if he carries them over another year. And Hank. Suppose you have an issue of the Quiz that is dull and unsalable. What would it be like if you just held it back and sent it out next year?

January 14, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

A Dour Outlook.

The outlook for the farmers in this section is the most dour of any time in many years. I dare say five out of six of the farmers are in a quandary to know whether to sell out or try another year. They are in a further quandary to know, if they do farm again, where to get the seed, feed and where -with- all to operate.

The land has been so dry this fall that most of the wheat, if it was planted at all, and the rye have been killed out or never started. This will mean an extra acreage to be planted to oats, bar ley, or corn. Seed will be high at the best and most men do not have enough seed on hand to plant their farm.

The high price of grain and hay has been a big talking point of the administration and prosperity howlers during the last year. Such prosperity has only worked to a disadvantage to most farmers for they were buyers in place of sellers.

For the last two years many farmers had reserves saved up that now for the most part are gone. Many borrowed of the government for feed loans and seed loans and these in many instances are not paid yet. It might be expected that some of these loans would be a loss to the investor but the general delinquency in payment only reflects the lack of prosperity of the country.

Many of the farmers were on relief work before election and getting along. For this reason many people voted the democratic ticket thinking they knew what the men in power would do but not what a new bunch would do. They have been let down to be sure. The Republicans at least made promises and that is more than the democrats can say.

I presume it is a question on the part of the government whether to make more loans to impoverished farmers or let them sell out and a new bunch take their place. Many men would gladly sell out if they had any idea where to go or what to do to make a living. They might be forced on relief and cost as much for the government to support as it would to help them farm again.

Some men would gladly sell out if they thought they could pay their debts by doing so, and then take their chances on making a living from then on. But they know if their personal property does not pay out they never could pay working by the day. One good crop would pay many debts.

It seems imperative that the government come to the relief of this great group of people again in the form of seed and feed loans as it has done before, with even less stringent security, with less opportunity for alleged graft on the part of officials, and do it very promptly. One year of good crops would do wonders for this land. It would be like a warm rain in May.

Experience—No Benefit.

I was talking the other day with a man who had been quite a successful teacher a few years back had quit that work for another job and from that went into business for himself. He is something like forty years now and has a family. He was talking of his business and I made the remark that he might do better teaching if he went back to that again.

"No," he said, "I doubt if I could get a job any more. I am getting too old. They want younger men for teachers."

Very true this is with this profession. Here is a man with much experience, as the head of a family, as an employee, as a business man, a man probably better qualified than he ever was before or many younger men, who is placed aside for youth. It would have been easier for him to get a job as teacher at the age of twenty-five with no experience than at the age of forty. And we want to remember this job as superintendent of schools is one of the most important, if not the most, in every vicinity.

Many Mortgages.

In making the map for the North Loup Community Calendar Irvy Sheldon said to make it real interesting one should list all the mortgages on the land as well as the owners name. "Then," he said, "We would have something popular."

Upon looking the names of different land owners in the County Clerks office I found surprisingly few pieces of land that were not plastered. It was surprising in more ways than one. Surprising to find so many mortgages, and surprising that folks who were supposed to be very well off that have mortgages against their land.

Lloyd Rusk, while I was working in the County Clerk's office, told me that once he did make a list of every piece of land in Valley county and the mortgages recorded, when they were made and when due and who held them. He made it for the loan companies and he said it was a big job to be sure.

Scoop Both Ways.

The story is told of Bill Cox, while attempting to deliver his mail in the snow storm, drove east from the river bridge, on that half a mile stretch toward Si Krie walt's. He had little more than started than he discovered a drift the entire distance.

He was wedged into the drift before he discovered its length and could not back out or turn a round so he proceeded to shovel his way out to the corner east. There was enough room there to turn around so he decided to go home fearing to go further but found the path he had scooped out had blown full again and he had to shovel his way back.

Like the fellow who paddled his girl up the river and then paddled her back.

March 4, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

No Crop Failure.

There is one crop that never fails, —yea, there are two. We shall not tarry here on the first; it is the second one that has been under my close observation for the last two days.

For many years we have had a dog. It was like I read of a woman's grievance, —when one died she got another. The last dog we had was a fine dog. But his running gears wore out. Now there are two prime essentials for a dog, —well perhaps three. The running gears, the horn and third, the fleas.

After this last dog had crossed the Stygian ferry the neighborhood felt quite relieved. The cats got a little food, the rabbits caught their breath, the passers by could swipe my gas and chickens, the skunks could venture near. Yes, we were quite relieved for about a week when all of a sudden a new dog dropped in and made his home here.

This is a fine dog too. He is pure white with pert ears, a twisted tail and qualifies as a dog very nobly, is good for nothing on earth that I have found yet. Dick took a strong fancy to him at once and coddled him. I would have nothing to do with him not wanting to form an affection and after waiting and advertising I decided to kill him and plant him beneath the sod. I dug the hole one afternoon. I dug it deep. I borrowed a gun and then looked for the dog. He was not to be found. It was morning before I saw him again and he was so tickled to see me that I lost all interest in the murder and the hole still remains unused and the soft music unsung.

Yesterday I decided to haul some hay. It was a six mile trip and through town. The dog decided to go along. Fine, I thought. Some car may run over him, or he may get lost in the metropolis and I shall be rid of him. Having nothing better to do on this long jaunt, I put in my time watching his work.

He circumnavigated every house and barnyard along the trip. He surveyed and cross examined every quarter section on each side of the road. He nosed out and gave violent chase to every rabbit in this end of the country. He caught and devoured no less than two. He frightened a flock of pheasants and unearthed two civet cats. He carried a dead hen in his mouth for eighty rods and the hen was a long time dead too. Never once did he check his speed to a walk or even a trot. I believe he traveled a hundred miles.

All the dogs on the route came bounding out to greet him as we passed. I was reminded of the President's special train with all the people standing at the road sides to wave. Every place had one dog and some more. One had three dogs and three kids. One apiece. Another had two dogs and no kids. Another three dogs and one kid. Another had ten dogs. A fine litter. I took a hasty survey as I jounced along and I am sure the dogs are in the majority. There were thirty-one dogs that rushed to the road to greet us in the six miles besides the city blue-bloods. All fine dogs with good running gears and extra good horns. I am not so sure about the fleas.

As we entered town the dogs came running out to meet us like the fire whistle had been blown. They came from everywhere in swarms, four or a dozen in a group. They would bristle up to my dog stiff legged. He'd run as if his life were in great danger and when the attacking dog would get too near, and begin nipping his heels, my dog would stop, growl and chase the other dog back a block or two. He sawed clear through town this way without engaging in a single battle.

As we drove onto the highway there were still from one to a dozen dogs about darting back and forth like hornets after a little boy who has punched a stick in their nest. I looked to the north and south and spied several cars coming at seventy miles an hour or more. Now, I thought. He'll surely

get killed and it will save me the trouble. I really hoped that from one to a dozen of the dogs conciliating about my wagon would get smashed and mine included.

But no such good luck. The drivers performed all manner of maneuvers to save the poor dogs. One driver slid all four wheels for nearly a rod and I thought for certain his car was going to upset, but he saved the dogs anyway. Another, after a quick swerve brought his car to a stop and got out and came back to make amends and help weep over the life he thought he had snuffed out. He surely was no hit and run driver.

I tied my team for a rest and went to town for a while. Surely, I thought the hound will get lost now. But I was wrong. Upon my return he was there keeping guard over my property. He was as tickled to see me coming as if I really was his friend, in place of his murderer who lacked the nerve. I reached down and petted his friendly head for the first time and felt guilty doing it.

I felt guilty for I had tried repeatedly to give him away, even to the town marshal. The latter had refused saying he had killed all the dogs he wanted to. Someone else told me the city has a nice litter of pups under the town hall, and I might be able to get one. A source of production found. But if the marshal killed any dogs it is like swatting flies. There's so many left no one misses the ones that are gone.

My dog's on the stoop now dreaming of another day, after hay. He gives a yip at the moon or the neighbor's dog now and then and is happy to see me every time I venture out whether I feel like being happy or not. Oh, I guess I'll keep him a while longer. He's a good dog. Yes a good dog, but don't know what he's good for.

Loyalty.

H. D. speaking of the Ord Bakery and the out-of-town bake trucks bringing bread into town I must say in North Loup we have had somewhat the same experience. The loyalty here has been more pronounced. Every merchant handles the North Loup bread and all but two handle nothing else. At a church dinner someone took note of the bread wrappers brought and there was only one of the entire group that was an out of town wrapper.

Just why this bakery has had this support one does not know but it seems like there is something wrong with the people in a town like Ord, or something wrong with the bread, or every merchant would at least be as loyal to the home enterprise as one in Grand Island or Hastings. Perhaps education on the part of the citizens to call for the Ord product would have something to do with it. One of our merchants makes the boast he never handled anything but North Loup bread, or cheese, or brooms, all three of which are manufactured in our own town.

March 11, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Writing this column is like most other business. It is a feast or a famine. Today is a famine. I have nothing to write, so Dear Uncle Jake and your cohorts, move on over to Hank's side.

Hard on the Dog.

I taxed my brain last week about the dog. And he was disgruntled over that message, for the next day he pulled out and I have not seen him since. Now this is not a free advertisement for him back. You are welcome, thank you.

Rev. Hill said he had a dog he wished I'd write about if that'll drive 'em away. Well, here goes. They have a dandy dog. Soon after Rev. Hill and his family arrived into town, one of his par-

ishioners, a young lad of ten, went to the trouble of donating Rev. Hill and his family a nice pup, and carrying it in six miles from the country.

This is a friendly pup. Delights in jumping on your lap and kisses you. Kisses your hand frequently and your face too if you wish. Makes a business of touching your hand or leg with his wet nose. Yes it is a dandy dog. Is especially hospitable to callers. And smart too. He has a mechanical turn of mind. In order to facilitate entering the porch without troubling to open the door, this dog just made a little hole in the screen. As the dog grew so did the hole.

I always knew we should be thoughtful in contributing to the minister's welfare but I never thought of giving him a dog. I wonder if that was the boy's tithe. One-tenth of his crop. If my dog comes back I am going to be more magnanimous than the boy. I'll take and give to the minister "my all".

Retract a Little.

And carrying the post mortem a little further, I shall have to apologize a little in regard to the strip two weeks ago about the man here stealing a sack of coal.

It happens he took the coal from Johnson's bins in place of the other although I do not think I mentioned any names. And Roy Hudson says he did not file the complaint because of the coal, but because of his desertion of his family.

More than that, Roy says he has never turned anyone down for fuel yet in cold weather and this very man that stole coal from him had got credit at Johnson's for fuel several times. Roy also says that he has lost very little by selling coal under such circumstances.

And Roy says more yet. He did not file the complaint until the welfare society had interviewed the case and finally decided it was the best and only thing to do. The welfare society has this family now under surveillance and are undecided what to do with it.

But the principle behind the whole affair is worth our sober thought. Of course this man should not steal coal. But why does society allow such families? What rights have the poor to the world's goods? In such I am reminded of reading English history. During one of the famines in Ireland when people were starving, speculators were shipping potatoes out of the country.

Random Thoughts.

And the story comes to me indirectly that Mr. Dunmire said there is a law in Kansas City if a person does not vote for six months he has to reinstate himself or he cannot vote again. On one of his absences at engineering work he was gone from home longer than six months so when he returned he thought he could not vote. But the person in charge told him, "Oh yes you can. You voted last time."

Mrs. Rood has been kind enough to give me a little religious paper and also the Writer's Digest that come to her office. The two magazines are of the same size and placing the Sabbath Recorder on top I brought the two home. I sat down and took the Writer's Digest and read it avidly. My wife thought I was more than interested in religion all of a sudden and did not disturb a usual turn of mind. After a while I arose and exclaimed, "It tells in here all about how to write the Sin suffer and repent (Confession) stories." I was quite interested.

She stood aghast. Then she thought I was joking.

I met Dick Karre in Ord the other day. He was a neighbor of mine living over the mountains to the east near Horace. He has rented a place north of Ord somewhere and is delighted with the change. He thinks perhaps he'll get pay in Valley county for shoveling snow and that's more than he could say for Greeley county.

Nevertheless, I was surprised to hear that Dick lost out in Greeley county. When such fellows as Dick lose out with farms like his was, heaven help the rest of us. But we shall all be losing in another year if we don't get a crop.

The conditions of the farm buildings over the country is tragic to say the least. I dare say four out of five could take a thousand or more dollars worth of repairs and not know where it was spent. There are a few farms that are in quite good shape. Many of these belong to insurance companies. The Travelers Insurance spend the most on their farms of any one that I know.

The renters who live on the Insurance Companies farms are not hesitant to ask for repairs either. In one instance there is a barn that many of us would be glad to have, but the renter in place of repairing the doors and windows is asking for a new barn. And I believe he is going to get it too.

Now going back to the dog business. I can't drive everyone's dog away by writing a piece in the paper about it. If I do I shall have to have regular advertising rates. For the minister it is a different matter. I might make exceptions to widows and orphans too. And when I say that I am taking in a lot of territory. For those are the people who have lots of dogs.

March 18, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Makes a Difference.

I never borrow money yet but what I think of the old adage, "He who goes borrowing goes sorrowing." And there has been no one go sorrowing more than I.

I cannot help but think that that man who never borrows is the most happy. But that man is hard to find in these parts. Nearly all of us are distressingly in debt, so deeply in the mire that with good crops and good luck it will take years to pay out.

I am a close friend of a man who has kept relatively free from debt, not having experienced the throes of financial statements, securities, chattels, abstracts and the like. A few months ago he wanted to borrow a small amount of money and had to give his team as security. That was the first time he had ever had to encumber his team and he thought that was the last straw.

In desperate need of the money he mortgaged that team. He has worried continually over that mortgage and that team until he began to feel that the team were a ware of the fact and were slow and sluggish with their work. A few days ago this man received his soil conservation check and he at once hurried and paid his note.

I met him coming down the road, the team pulling on the bits, a broad smile on his face. "Why all the good cheer?" I asked. There has been no rain. And then he pointed out how the team was acting and he was sure it was because the plaster had been peeled off.

An Idea.

The trip to Lincoln to try to impress on the legislature the importance of an experimental station in this valley was a noble enterprise to say the least. The idea was that the bigger the delegation the more would be the impression made.

Of course we cannot help what has been done but a little thought and planning for a nother such trip might save a lot of expense and time. If one carload of men would go a few hours before time to appear before the committee, and hire a bunch of loafers to gang in to the governor's office and clap at the proper time, yes, if each were paid a dollar, the same impression would be made and the governor and senators would never know the difference.

Now there's an idea for some enterprising fellow to establish a business. I'll not charge any thing this time for the suggestion.

Random Thoughts.

Some fellow said that next year would be better whether it rained or not. If it rained of course it would be better. If it don't there will have to be aid sent in and that would make it better.

And Elnor Hurley gave a definition of love, just as if he knows more about that general subject than the rest of us. Well, here it is, "Inward inexpressibility. Outward all overness."

On the Jimmie Whiting place in Springdale are two small houses. Jack VanCleave lived there and lived in one house and slept in the other. And so Jack said, "When we went to bed we had to put on our overcoats and overshoes and pull down our ear flappers." That seemed rather strange for my wife usually made me at least take off my overshoes.

I happened in to Jack Burrow's oil filling station the other day and he got to showing me his old guns. He has a nice collection as well as Geo. Bartz and Dan Cook.

National Affairs.

I do not know as it is in place for me in a local paper to comment on national affairs. The field is so broad that I might fill the whole paper. I have attempted to make this column of more local interest, something that one does not get in other papers.

There is so much talking about the revamping of the Supreme Court that nearly everyone is talking of it. Little difference can be seen in a court of nine members or fifteen. Few people object to the idea or men over seventy giving their place to younger men. That is done in all walks of life. But the real trouble is not solved yet. There would be seven to eight decisions the same as a four to five. And how do we know but in a few years we would have an ultra conservative president and this new court of progressives would veto all his measures?

It simmers down to the fact that our President wants to appoint a Supreme Court that shall pass his measures and when he gets that much power added to power he already has, his conscience will be his only restraint. We want to remember that Hitler and Mussolini got their hold a little at a time.

Wallace for President.

All of us who raise eggs and attempt to sell them at a profit over the price of the hens' feed must remember and cast our vote for Secretary Wallace for President next time, that is if Roosevelt does not run for a third term.

The price of eggs was sliding, sliding, sliding, from thirty cents to five or ten perhaps as they do usually, when Secretary Wallace came to the rescue. He bought a few million dollars worth of eggs for relief and stopped the slide at seventeen and it has remained.

March 25, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Hitler.

In a recent visit with Wm. Plate we fell to discussing politics and from that the subject naturally came up about Hitler. "Oh" Will said, "He's all right. They like him over there."

"They have to like him," I replied. "They might lose their heads if they didn't. At least they'd not dare to write that they didn't."

Will refuted that remark earnestly. "Oh, yes. They like him. And the letters we get are not censored. They've never been opened. Those folks write us what ever they want to."

Will went on how Hitler had furnished the people work or at least a lot of them. There was something like five million out of employment when Hitler went into office. He put two million in an army which helped some and furnished employment for many of the others. "Oh," Will repeated emphatically, "They like him over there."

Then I changed the subject and said, "It's lucky you came over here when you did. You might have been an angel now." Will was three years in the German army. He came to America a short time before the war.

He didn't hardly think so. At least war didn't seem to worry him much. He said, "I had four brothers in the war and none of them got killed. The casualties of the German army were much smaller than the Allies. And the Germans were fighting all the rest of the world too. I don't think I got kilt."

And then I asked him if he ever saw the Kaiser and Will said he had once when the Kaiser was reviewing the troops. But in spite of it all Will likes this country better and has more faith in Roosevelt and our government than Hitler and his.

Easy Enough.

One of the most aggravating tasks for many of us is the opening of sacks. Chicken feed, sugar, flour, cotton cake and a multitude of articles come sacked and the sacks are sewed up. If a fellow gets hold of the right strings and pulls just right they rip out easily. If not it is an awful job and in the end the sack opener usually calls on the Lord. He calls on the Lord quite sternly if the weather is cold and the snow entwining about your neck.

Albert Babcock seems to be an expert at opening sacks. For some time while working in a bakery he had to open fifty sacks of flour before breakfast. If he had the trouble I frequently have he'd be eating supper in place of breakfast.

Turn the sack so the long stitches are toward you and then go to the right. Pull the ends carefully so as not to make a knot and hokus pokus, the strings are flying.

Trees Again.

When all is said and done many think the best forest tree for this country is the hackberry. There has been no tree that has stood the hazards of the last few years like they have. Some think the nicest trees in the village of North Loup are those around the house where Will Vodehnal lives, across the street west from the Methodist church. Irvy Sheldon's trees are bigger and more stately but the hackberries at the Vodehnal place can hardly be excelled.

Many folks think the Chinese elm is the one and only tree for our country. But we must remember it is only an experiment yet. We have only had them for a few years. When I was younger I had quite a hobby of planting and studying trees. I thought then the American elm was the best for this section. We know now it is not. Very few hackberries have died and many of the elms forty years old have dropped their leaves. Another thing in regard to the hackberry is a point Clem Meyers has brought out. He says the hackberry has a stronger wood and will crowd the others back to get room.

In planting a windbreak we do not want to overlook the cedar. They are a native of this country and if they once become rooted one seldom hears of them dying. Of course they are not popular like the spruce and pine but a live cedar is better than any dead tree.

Election is Over.

There are many farmers in a quandary yet to know where the money for seed and feed is coming from. There are a great bulk of farmers who are not poor enough to borrow from the government but still have not adequate security to borrow of the banks.

Harry Salter has charge of the loaning in Greeley county. He is a fine fellow. He was over to see me before election time in regard to voting for a friend of his for clerk of the district court. Harry was so bland and pleasant that day that I voted for his man although I had never seen the candidate that I knew of.

But Harry was of a different disposition when I spoke about a loan. He frowned deeply when he learned I have a tractor. Well I suppose he couldn't do any more than Roosevelt said and there were others who needed Harry's attention more than I. Well, I voted for his friend anyway.

Farms to Rent.

Still we are in the middle of March and a lot of farms that are not rented. Most of the best farms have been taken now but many hill farms are yet without men to work them. The report around is that in Greeley county one loan company alone has a hundred farms without renters. That may be exaggerated but there are farms all over that are begging attention. A good rain might brighten the situation and some means of financing good but poor men would also help.

Who is Honest?

And then the question arises as to who is good pay. A person spoke to me the other day in regard to a loan in the B. & L. as that man was gilt edge. We used to have lots of those fellows. They are hard to find any more. There are a great host of men who are at heart as honest as ever but are unable to pay. Just haven't the ability to make ends meet in these times.

The argument arose over the difference between a man who could pay and wouldn't and the man who would if he could but couldn't. There is no difference to the creditor. He loses in either case. But the debtor who would if he could will have a little better seat in Heaven surely.

April 1, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Should Not Have Looked.

After observations over a period of years I have wondered what might have happened to my wife had she not become involved in that fatal and mad love affair some fifteen years ago. I have dared predict that something very fine would have resulted. I have often thought she has a mind that leads to accurate calculations. I have been reminded of tunnels dug through the mountains, drilling from both sides to the center. I have thought of contracts let and heavy penalties imposed if the work is not completed by a certain day. Now that women are found in all walks of life my conscience has pricked me slightly that I took her on that eventful evening amid flowers and laughter, to my home in the hills away from any hopes of a name, or a career, or the bright lights.

But we do have our little clubs even out here and our parties and we forget our crops and the weather and the price of steers for the nonce, and we play poor bridge and hold postmortems for two weeks after which don't help anyone in this world or the next either. It is when our turn comes to entertain that I am the most reminded of my wife's engineering ability and the folly she committed that beautiful evening in June fifteen years ago.

We had our party last week. A good month ago she began to make plans. Little by little the task was put into shape. The south bedroom had to be papered. We performed that job evenings. That provided recreation in that we sit around so much at our farm work.

A general house cleaning then ensued. Windows were washed, closets put in order, the woodwork (even to under the beds) was cleaned. Everything moved off to schedule. Three days before the event the spare bedroom was tackled and the floors revarnished. We were forbidden into its sanctity thereafter. Little by little we were corralled out until the kitchen and one bedroom was all that was left. Under pressure we could remove our shoes and sneak carefully to feed the hungry canary or snatch a pair of clean socks.

Two days before the event the kitchen floor was reoiled and for that day we had to walk on planks. Then the last bedroom was invaded. We trod in there with trembling. She inveigled me to clean the windows on the outside. I insisted no one would notice it in the dark but my words were in vain.

The day before she began to rehang curtains and our dwelling again took the form of a home sweet home even if we could only look from afar. One would swear, not knowing her as I, that she would never make it, but I could see she was gaining. I had never known her to fail. She padded about silently, every move accomplishing some small task, and I was reminded in watching her of a linotype machine with arms and levers reaching here and there mysteriously performing some unknown but necessary task.

And then the day. Except for the kitchen we were ordered out of the house entirely, she performing the errands inside and deciding upon the import. We lived on lunch—cookies, eggs, milk—and had to wash our own dishes. I was told, with no compromise, to cease my field work early, to help her the last minute if necessary, as if I hadn't been helping all along.

That evening the kids and I ate lunch again, but the good woman kept steadily on. "I'll eat after while," she said and then I asked her if she was going to make it. She had a sweeter disposition than for several days and with a little more cheer she answered, "Oh, I guess so, if you'll ever get filled up and your clothes changed." She was even watching after me with her detail.

I bathed, shaved, polished my shoes and put on my suit. I stepped to the kitchen and then to the front room for the first time for several days. I really liked it there. I remember coming home from a trip. The best part of a vacation. The wife emerges from the bedroom, stops, surveys the situation and says, "Now, if you'll get the tallies ready, I'll get ready." It was 7:30. The company was due soon. I hastened to my task.

I heard her in the bathroom and bedroom, oscillating back and forth with her efforts. I was still haunted with the fear she would never make it but she always had. Who ever heard of a woman getting ready for a party in thirty minutes. I finished the cards, separated them in two neat piles and replaced the pen and ink. I picked up a paper to read a minute when I saw a light of a car in the yard. "They're coming, Mother. Are you ready?"

"Yes," she answered, stepping gallantly out, fresh as a March rain. She was smiling now, her hair glistening like gold, her eyes sparkling with blueness, and she walked to the door where we heard the knocking. The company was seated, deliberately and with a composure that a deed was well done and we were ready for inspection.

Yes, I thought, she has won again. She had a knack of timing like a ground hog. I was proud of her, so dignified, so composed, so beautiful. A shame for her to be poked back in the hills. I am proud of the beautiful home, simple and inexpensive, but clean to the last mop board, in perfect order, her flowers in the south window green and luxuriant, the canary there dozing, the furniture shining like the river.

Yes, she has won again and I am proud of that too, and then suddenly I see a serious look on her face. She scowled slightly and arose quickly and paced toward the kitchen and bedroom. I wonder what is the matter and with proper excuses I begged the company's leave for a minute.

I followed the dear woman to the bedroom. "What is wrong", I worried. I stepped cautiously in. I expected anything. She was standing by the mirror. She was powdering her nose violently. I turned back and heard another party knocking. I walked slowly to the door thinking deeply. If I had only not followed her, I would not have known. Age must be creeping upon her. She had missed.

April 7, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Examination Questions.

One of the questions asked in an eighth grade examination question was, "Why are hogs profitable in Nebraska?" My daughter came to me with the question but I could n't answer it. And then another one was, "What is dry land farming?" I replied, "Look, daughter look."

"And what are the three worst weeds?" "Morning glories, cockleburs and I used to think artichokes," I replied. "Now we shall have to change the last to sunflowers perhaps."

"But what are huckleberries?" she questioned.

"Well, daughter, your Dad is an Uncle Huckleberry. Some call us hayseeds. Whichever, we are obnoxious."

She wrote down a few notes and left for school quite satisfied.

That is one course I never was anxious to have my daughter learn. If she learns to milk, some man some day will have her milking all the time. That is a good thing for her not to know.

Special Election.

As a member of the election board I along with eight others was called to Horace to count the ballots cast in a special election to decide as to whether the county should issue bonds to the amount of \$52,000 to take up outstanding warrants. There is much more than \$52,000 worth of unpaid taxes but taxes unpaid don't run the government.

It cost very nearly \$50.00 at Horace alone to hold the election and \$1,000 over the county. If it carries the bonding company pays it and if not the county and consequently we don't get paid. The commissioners now even have to wait for their pay and things get pretty bad when the commissioners have to wait. It is predicted there shall be no road grading or road dragging in the county.

This all comes about because of the drouths and because the farmers have no money to pay taxes with. By issuing the bonds the county will get the money for something like 3% in place of 6% on the warrants. All the election board were in favor for we wanted our money for serving.

There were twenty-one votes cast. Not a single woman voted. All the election board voted which left twelve who were interested enough to struggle in and mark their x. Calling it twenty votes and the cost fifty dollars, that makes \$2.50 a vote. One man who was janitor and was in the hall for an hour or two would not vote. He said if he did he might kill the vote of someone who knew how.

Election Board.

From eight o'clock to eight in the evening we sat with our feet on the tables and told stories. Mose Clement stayed for dinner. Dan Moody and others lingered long over their ballots. Bill Schudel tried to sell us all artichokes. I supposed electioneering near the poll was not allowable but I guess that was all right in that we were not voting on artichokes.

Everyone except Hank Karre and I told from one to a dozen parlor stories. They insisted I put them all in the paper. Every man in the community except those present was given hell and then more hell. We smoked continually and planned a game of freeze-out. Schools, the rain, the assessor and his election, the President, the Supreme Court, and artichokes were discussed from A to Izzard. One man made an error and a big blot of ink splattered on his book. He called on the Lord vehemently. And all of this took place in the basement of the church.

Chickens was a topic that took half an hour. "Scrubby" Doubt gave his experience. He said last year his wife (not him) set 1195 eggs and hatched 950 chickens and did it all with 80 old setting hens. They raised the chickens with liens and would have raised them all had it not been they ran out of feed. Hank Karre sympathized with the poor old hens and Scrubby said, "Ah, they like it." Scrubby said that is far the best way to raise chickens. Beats the brooder and incubator.

Nearly every farm in the community was discussed and its production rate in the S. C. Any that was over the county average was too high and that man had a pull.

At eight o'clock we signed, up Hank Karre said when he was on the Corn Hog committee he signed his name one day 3030 times. We put in our bill for \$3.30 each and Carl Jensen put his onion in his pocket, (He eats onion in place of apples) and we went home having felt the day was profitably spent. Oh yes. Hank grabbed the twenty-one votes and rushed them to Greeley so the world would know sooner the results. If every place over the county the election boards voted as we the bonds would pass easy.

The Supreme Court.

The Pathfinder each week gives a short biography of a different member of the Supreme Court. These biographies are very enlightening and worth reading. No one questions the integrity and sincerity of Chief Justice Hughes. But even I, who am not in favor of the proposed change in the Supreme Court cannot help but sympathize with the President when he has to deal with such old fossils

as McReynolds. A sorry plight to be sure, would we be in if they all were like him. But the nice part of it is that he is only one of nine and these nine pride themselves in thinking for themselves.

Losing Money.

A lawyer the other day charged me five dollars for an opinion. That is the regular charge and not too much for the work they do. But I was just thinking. If I had five dollars for all the opinions I'd rendered in the last few years.

April 14, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Why?

John Shultz has recently returned from spending the winter in Washington, D. C. with his son. While there John and his wife attempted to take in all the important sights in the capitol city. Along with all this he wanted to see the president. This is no easy task. One has to get permits and stand just so. Cecil Baker, who has worked there for the president for a couple years, has not seen him yet.

So John went to Senator Norris for a pass to see the president. Norris' secretary was the man John talked to and after John stated his wish the secretary asked from what city he was. John replied he was from North Loup in Valley county.

The secretary dropped his pencil and settled back in his chair when he learned this. "Why is it?" he said. "Here you ask for a pass and yet your county did not give Norris a majority in the election. Even after Norris got the ditch for you folks you did not give him a majority."

John was slightly abashed. He did not know what to answer. He was not responsible for the way the county voted, except for one vote. He was embarrassed to be sure and finally he said he guessed the reason Norris did not get a majority there was that he was so changeable. And more, the people thought Norris was too old—over seventy years.

John thought his chances for getting a ticket pretty slim so it did not matter what he said. John is a quiet and reserved sort of a fellow and wanted the ticket far more than an argument and was immediately sorry for what he said. After discussing the situation for a while the secretary reluctantly made out the ticket, which John will take out of his pocketbook and show anyone that is interested.

Yes, John saw the President from afar as he came out of the white house but did not get a very close look or to shake hands. John guesses it was worth the trouble.

Not So Bad.

I saw a man the other day who had got a feed and seed loan. He was very hostile. Like I have said before, "He who goes borrowing goes sorrowing." This man had made no less than ten trips to Ord (40 miles round trip) and when the money came it was for \$65 less than he asked for. He was next to tearing his hair but he took the money just the same.

Of course I should have sympathized with him and cussed the democrats. No doubt they need a certain amount of cussing. I replied slowly instead, after some thought, "Well, you voted for it didn't you?" I always say the wrong thing.

But that is the government for you. They are always slow and without apparent worry. It was the same when the republicans loaned me some money on my cattle. Crawford Mortensen came and inspected my steers. In a few days I was in Ord and asked him about the loan. The papers had had plenty of time to get to Omaha and back, or to Washington and back. "When do you suppose I shall get my money," I asked. And that was when I discovered Crawford was religious. He replied, "There

is only one man that knows, and he's in Heaven and he won't tell." I plodded home thinking that was just one of Crawford's jokes.

It was months before I got my money. I struggled along until when the funds finally came I was not needing them very badly. The steers were ready to sell and I only paid the government \$5.00 interest.

I had charge of the Building and Loan when we tried to get some Home Loans for our customers. That was an equally endless and distracting ordeal. I discovered the Protective was getting their loans more quickly than I so I went to Clarence Davis and asked how they did it.

He smiled a little and answered. "Every time you are in Grand Island go to the office and ask about your loans. Some officer will go to the pile, six or eight feet high and sort out your application and look it over and lay it down again and to save exercise he will lay it on top of the pile. If you do this several times your loans will naturally stay on top and then some other fellow will take notion to close out a loan and yours will be the one that will be picked up."

I was grateful for his theory whether it was true or not and I not only happened in Grand Island but made a few special trips. I found the case of the piles of applications as Clarence had said. Tall piles. And then, for some unknown reason I had three loans closed out. The worst part of it was I didn't start my trips soon enough.

But in spite of our tearing our hair wanting to get our loans closed, and the fact that the country was covered with men out of work, still those government employees never seemed to make a quick move, or worry a minute about being behind, or giving a thought to getting extra help to relieve the congestion. It was soothing to see those fellows, so unconcerned, leisurely moving about or chinning with one another with their feet on the tables. Yes, there was a quieting influence about the whole place, like there is in the state capitol.

And the Soil Conservation checks. They are signing us up for a new contract before we get the money for last year. Little care is it of the government employees if the farmers need the money for seed and feed. Those G. E.'s are getting their pay right along.

Perhaps Not a Coincidence.

A rather peculiar coincidence occurred, and perhaps it was not a coincidence either, at the Inter-Country Club meet at Loup City a week ago, was the fact that two Burwell ladies won the short story contest. The first was won by Mrs. Rena Flint and the second by Mrs. Ray Nelson.

My wife said the announcement was no sooner made than someone arose and said these two women were mother and daughter, and they were sitting together.

I can imagine the thrill as they

<the rest is missing>.

April 21, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

"In and Outer."

"To do or not to do, that is the question." That is always the question in any undertaking, but this year, concerning the raising of chickens, most people have decided "not to do."

Nebraska is one of the leading poultry producing states of the union. Not that we have so many large commercial flocks, but every one raises a few chickens and aggregate total in the great.

This year we are backing up.

If the same conditions exist over the country, and it no doubt does, there shall not be nearly as many chickens raised this year as usual. Some think this is positive indication that next winter we shall have high egg and poultry prices.

Mrs. Goff said that this same week last year she was running her incubators full capacity. She was turning down custom hatching and booking many orders in advance. This week she did not set on Thursday as she usually does. She expects to set a few eggs Saturday and only two more batches without orders come in more than are showing up now.

The reason is that feed is too high. I heard a lady on the phone say the other day, "I don't see how anyone can raise chickens this year at a profit." Of course that depends on what the price we get when we sell. It seldom pays to raise leghorns for the market and frequently not the heavy breeds. We raise them for the pullets. I heard a man say if he could buy good pullets next fall for a dollar a piece he would be ahead to buy them. But there is the problem. Where to buy them. It is always a difficult job to buy good leghorn pullets in the fall and frequently impossible. Occasionally one can buy the culls of a flock. Very often at sales, if the truth were known, the top pullets have been sorted back and kept out of sight.

And a person should have pullets. The most productive egg laying time of a hen is the first year. Something like thirty per cent of the two year old hens will lay as they should. To keep a whole flock of old hens is seldom advisable or profitable.

More than this, many people have no hens at all that usually keep a large number. All indications are that egg prices will be much higher in another year if supply has anything to do with it and poultry possibly very profitable in the year when most people are retrenching. It is an old saying among cattle feeders that if one feeds at all he should feed every year. If he is an "in and outer" he is usually in in the wrong time and out in the right time. It may apply to chickens too.

Not the Right Idea Yet.

The high price of corn is causing all manner of grief among the poorer class of farmers. Many cannot feed their work horses any grain and some men are feeding them very sparingly. Almost no one is feeding their milk cows grain and the chicken business is nearly paralyzed[sic]. All this is on account of the high price of grain, the corn having to be shipped from Illinois. Although a few farmers who have corn to sell, and a few eastern men are benefited, without question the great bulk of the agriculture class are much worse off.

Just what part the soil conservation program and the corn hog reduction program has had to do with this scarcity no one can say but surely they have made some difference. Farmers have come to the conclusion that cheap grain and plenty of it is far better than no grain at a high price.

I was to Greeley the other day and got my check paying me to put in other crops than grain and I signed up for another year. I thought perhaps I was cutting off my own head, along with millions of other farmers, in taking pay to keep this price of grain intact, to keep the price where we shall all go bankrupt having to buy it.

Many of us are beginning to think that a storage scheme is all that is needed for the agriculture program. Twenty cents a bushel is too low for corn, one fifty is outlandishly too high. On the train going to Omaha a few years ago a large cattle feeder told me that he studied the corn market closely and he was convinced that the government would never lose in lending money up to sixty cents a bushel on corn. Ear corn stored in a crib with a good roof will keep many years. But this man said that always inside of three years the price of corn will be high.

This scheme of lending money on grain proved to be the best idea the democrats ever inaugurated. It was not so different than the republicans tried only they stored the grain in elevators and the storage fees ate up the grain. The plan of the democrats eliminated the storage idea.

It must be remembered that 90% of the corn grown is used for feeding purposes. That is, one farmer sells to another so when corn is high the grower benefits and the feeder loses and high corn puts a damper on many other farm activities. If corn is cheap the grower loses but all other businesses of feeding have a chance. And we must remember that corn is the one and principal feed. All other grains should be compared with it. I heard a man ask an important feeder one time what

was the best feed for his cattle. The answer was, "There is only one grain. All others are substitutes. And that one is corn and then second, corn and third corn."

Helps a Little.

In speaking of a certain musician, who is also a horn tooter, the remark was made that in one way he is the best musician this first person ever saw. When I asked how that one way was best the reply was that that musician was a plum expert at blowing spit out of his horn at least. Well, I deduced that's something anyway.

April 28, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Right Answer.

My daughter toured to Scotia the other day to take some of the eighth grade examinations. One was on the subject of agriculture, and she missed several questions which caused weeping throughout the night.

The first question was, "should seed corn be picked from the field or the crib." She missed that question. For some reason she had failed to learn it in school. So she thought of her dad. She thought he was a high powered farmer. And he picked his seed corn from the crib. So did Bill Schudel and Alfred Christensen. So did her grandfather and any one else she knew of. Those men couldn't all be wrong, so she wrote the answer, "from the crib," and missed.

Our country is one of the best seed corn producing sections in the land. In other places frequently the fall rains keep the corn from ripening as it should and to get seed there it is almost necessary to go to the field early and pick it out. Here where the corn ripens more naturally, the crib is by far the best place. One has a better variety to choose from and it is much easier. To get nice ears by tramping through the field with a sack is a job to be sure. Some men pick their seed as they husk the corn, or as they scoop off the load. But that would hardly be what is meant from the field.

So my daughter got the question right but still she missed.

Then there was another question. "Why should we rotate our crops." She didn't know that one either. She was not sure what the word rotate meant. I reprimanded her severely on that score. "Why didn't you reason it out. At least guess. You might guess it right and if missed it would be no worse than not answering at all. She hadn't taken as many exams as her Dad. There's more than one way to pass them. One kid said of the exam the day before. "We didn't know one answer and we asked the teacher to explain the question. Before she knew it we had pumped the answer out of her."

Now I said to my daughter "Why should we rotate. Why should we farm at all, or do anything to the crops? There are several answers. To save moisture and to get bigger yields and perhaps to supply fertilization to the soil." She agreed. "Then make an answer. Make it pretty general. You might guess it right and that guess might save your neck.

Major Hoople.[sic]

The question arose from some of my daughter's school work on how old the earth is. My daughter is fortunate to be sure that she has a father who can answer all and any questions that may arise. And on how old the earth is I simply told her what my uncle from New York told me once, and a scientist of note told him.

"If there was a rock in the arctic circle a mile high, a mile wide and a mile in depth, and a snow bird flew up to it once in every hundred years and simply sharpened his beak on that rock and then flew back; by the time that rock has entirely wore away then one day of eternity would be gone."

True to Form.

Anual Frazer told me not long ago that when Senator Burke came up for re-election, "We'll put him out." A man from Montana was very much ashamed of Senator Burke and sympathized with the Nebraskans for their misfortune. Dan Stephens of Fremont has been weeping alligator tears over Senator Burke's disgraceful actions in not following the party's leadership and the Senator suggested that Dan come to Washington and act as a wet nurse for the Senator.

And then soon after I heard Anual make his remark I heard a group at another say of the senator, "I didn't think much of him when he ran but I believe I'd vote for him now even if I am a republican. Burke may not always be right but it is a cinch he thinks for himself.

It begins to look like Senator Burke is running true to form for our senators in that they are not rubber stamps at least.

Never Forget Him.

I saw a man on the street of Ord the other day and he stopped me and asked where the post office was. I pointed the building out and then said, "Where have I seen you before?"

He looked at me and smiled. "I expect you have seen me many times. Did you ever teach school?"

"I never taught school but I have done a lot of going to school."

"My name is Voss. I was school inspector for ten years. I am a book salesman now. I got tired of standing around the school rooms and making all the kids hate me."

And then I remembered. He'd come to the school room, entering silently, standing mutely at the rear of the room, tall but with his head bent forward, never smiling or frowning, and we kids would sit still as possible except for the shivers running up our spines, and we'd watch him closely out of the corner of our eyes and follow the soft tread of his feet, fearing any minute he might pounce on us and toss us out the window.

No, that's one face I'll never forget.

Some Small Gain.

There's one or two more reasons why the drouth helps us besides saving the fence posts from rotting so fast. One is that the land gets a rest and another is the green boxelder wood burns better.

May 5, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Another Dog Story.

The assessor was here the other day and wrote me up. He was a fine fellow and when he came to the dog part I proclaimed that this is one year I am exempt. My last dog died and I have delayed getting another pup until after April 1st. And since April 1st I have not found one.

I asked him what the price was on a dog and he said ten dollars. He said he never assessed but one dog regardless of how many the man had. Then I told him of how Claire Clement assesses the dogs. As he drives into the yard he counts the dogs and the first figure he puts down is for that. If there are four dogs it is forty dollars.

And Mr. Dlugosh told of an assessor last year up north in the sandhills. Upon looking around he found the man to be assessed had ten dogs. There were three old ones and seven pups. The assessor said he would have to put the man down for ten dollars apiece for those dogs. That was the law and he could not change it.

"You assess me ten dollars apiece for those dogs!" the man exploded.

"I'll have to do it."

"That would be a hundred dollars!" He raised his hat and dug his scalp a few whacks. "Say. Won't you wait a few minutes before you assess me." He went stomping to the house.

The assessor was an accommodating duffer and decided to wait, wondering what was going to happen. The man appeared at the door in a minute with a shotgun and the assessor wondered if he was not going to be run from the place. But that was not the case. The man proceeded on to the dogs and killed every last one on the spot. Then he came back to the assessor and said, "All right. Now I am ready."

Laughs Last.

Ed Knapp and Dave Ingram nearly came to blows last fall. It was a sad affair and I was quite concerned for I came nearly being between them at the time and then Ed and Dave have long been fellow hoss-pepper players and the town's favorite bench warmers.

It happens that Dave has a cow, Ed a horse and I a vacant block. Ed had rented this block the year before and sowed rye on it staking his horse there for pasture. Then Dave asked me for it and wanting to keep on the good side of Dave I said I didn't care much who sowed it and there's where I was wrong by not saying yes or no without equivocation.

Then, there came one of those big rains we had late last summer. You know, one of those big ones. One of those that came in the night and just poured—poured about a dozen drops an hour. Well anyway we all got excited and dreamed of luxuriant, golden grain and hanging ears.

Dave got up early. He had been waiting for just such a morning—the ground wet and steaming. He dug out his rye seed and filled a teamster and then after he milked his cow he started for the vacant block to do his seeding. As he neared the land he saw another man there working and as he drew nearer he found his old friend Ed with his horse tearing up and down the rows sowing rye with a one horse drill.

"Say," Dave explained. "Get off there. I have that lot rented for this year."

All that talk didn't worry Ed very materially, he acted like he thought Dave was joking and he clicked to his horse and kept right on drilling. "I have a life lease on this ground," he said. "Didn't you know that?"

Dave stormed around some but with no effect and then he called me up. I couldn't stop Ed for he nearly had the piece sowed. Finally I said, "Let him sow it. Then you take the crop."

Dave wasn't very happy even then about this for a few weeks but then those big rains sort of passed us up like high school seniors pass me (those that don't know me won't speak and those that do won't either) and the rye sprouted and died and then Dave began to be more friendly and Ed was sort of glum.

And then this spring I happened to see them chatting together in the oil station (they're quite congenial when they are discussing Roosevelt) and I said to Dave, "Aren't you glad how Ed sowed that patch of rye?"

"Yes, by gosh," he grouched. "I wish he'd sowed ten times as much."

Ed looked down his nose a minute. Finally he said, "Yes you were ahead on that deal. But I can beat you in a game of hoss pepper." And they mosied off up the street.

No Excuse.

The new credit book that is out giving everyone's rating in a, b and c's as to whether he is good pay or not is interesting reading to say the least even if it is far from accurate. Should one like to know his record, and how many enemies he has on the street, he can find that out if nothing else, by buying a book for ten dollars and agreeing not to let anyone else see it.

And that reminds me that there is no excuse for not being rich. You might have raised a dozen kids and sent them through college, had seven deaths and paid for fourteen operations, dried out eight years and hailed out three times, your house get struck by lightning and your eyes give out, still if you do not pay your bills promptly and have a big bank account you are a failure. Yes. That's the way the world sizes you up. There is no excuse for not being rich.

The following poem took second prize at the Inter-County Ladies club convention at Loup City a month ago and was written by Miss Viola Everett of North Loup.

Robin red-breast on the wing
 Whistling merrily, "This is spring."
 Bursting buds on greening trees
 Nodding "Welcome busy bees."
 Pitter patter April showers,
 Wake up. Spring up sleepy flowers.
 Soft winds sighing as they pass
 Kiss yellow "dandies" in the grass.
 Plowman whistling at his toil
 As he turns the dark rich soil.
 Soft and sweet the echoes ring
 Cheerio! Cheerio! This is spring.

May 12, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

A Silver Lining.

Within the last few years, I had nearly come to the Conclusion that there was nothing good about a Building and Loan. There was that continual struggle for the borrower to pay, another continual struggle for the secretary to get him to pay, the constant dread that every loan would eventually have to be foreclosed on.

Foreclosure is a horror in the night under any conditions. There is heartache and loss for the borrower. He has labored and worried to keep up, and then he gives up in despair. Every loser takes it differently but very often he feels he is imposed on by the association and that they are picking on him in his misfortune. This has never been the case with our association and I think the same may be said of most of them. The fact may be proven in that in nearly every case we waited so long before action was taken that we suffered a loss.

Not long ago one of our borrowers moved to the farm. He rented his house and the rent would have kept up the payments but he did not get all his rent. What he did get it seemed he just had to use for groceries. Finally he came to me and offered to deed us the place for the customary stipend. I urged him to hang on but his mind was made up. The deal was consummated all except his wife's signature. She signed finally but she wept while doing so and she said it seemed like she was giving up her life's work.

And then there is the responsibility of the secretary toward the investor. Many of them have been old ladies and men investing their life's savings. If the secretary does not collect the payments and keep the loans sound he is not doing his duty by those people. Surely the secretary has been between the devil and the deep blue sea for the last few years.

There are many more worries too, such as the Banking Department, although I must say, they have always been very nice to me. They inspect our books, advise us in procedure, tell us where we are wrong and they know we are struggling against odds to be sure.

Then the depression had hit us the same as any other business. Houses that were worth a thousand a few years ago would not sell for \$500.00 today. More than that a house will not sell like a steer or a dozen eggs. First we must find a buyer and in several cases we have waited for years before a person with any notion of buying the place appeared.

But the last year has seen a marked change in the Building and Loan business. We have sold a great lot of our real estate and have made a few more good loans. We have every reason to believe that in a year or so our association may stand on solid rock again. After all the Building and Loan association is one of the best institutions in the state and there have been fewer failures among them than any other organization.

But in spite of the heartaches there is always a silver lining. Not long ago an old lady paid out her loan. The sight of that old lady appearing with her last payment, paying out her loan that had run for many years, of her accepting her bulky abstract that had been in our possession and her release of her mortgage; that sight made life a little more worth living.

Another person came to me and wanted to borrow a hundred dollars to pay up her back taxes and fix the roof. She and her husband were on an old age pension now and could pay a little toward those back taxes each month but were swamped at the huge sum of a hundred dollars. We made the loan with the provision, that she pay two extra dollars a month to be withheld for next year's taxes. When I took her her tax receipt and the money for the shingles she was so happy she wept. She said that for three years there had not been a night but what she had awakened wondering how they could ever pay those taxes. And when she made her first payment she said this is the third loan they had made with Building and Loan associations, having paid out two others in younger days.

Another couple came to me to buy a place. They had a good job and thought they could make payments into a home in place of paying rent. I offered to sell them one and furnish them two hundred dollars additional for material to repair the place with, he doing the work as his down payment. They accepted the offer and I went there a few days later with the contract. The kitchen table was covered with figures and plans on how to make their two hundred go the furthest. Let me ask, where is there a woman in these parts, who would not be happy planning how to spend two hundred dollars in fixing up her home?

Yes. There's a silver lining even in the Building and Loan business.

He Knows What He's Doing.

Henry Wallace had his man here the other day to check over and see how my farming was coming. Perhaps that's all right. I can't seem to manage it myself and make money.

And then I read the other day how Henry predicted that if there was another year of drouth we would have an actual shortage of grain. And at another place I read as to how the granaries in Chicago are empty of corn for the first time in many years. And still Henry is paying us not to grow grain. Well, there are some things I cannot understand, but perhaps I am not supposed to understand everything.

When the President gets the Supreme Court lined up to do as he wishes, I'd suggest he pass a law to make it rain. But it would do no good to pass that law until those obstinate leatherheads on the Supreme bench are ousted into the street. They might declare it unconstitutional and then it would be dryer than ever.

May 19, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Answering Prayers.

The Sabbath school lesson last week was of Abraham and the fall of Sodom and the writer of our lesson took it up from the standpoint of prayers and they being answered. After church we were at Mrs. E. J. Babcock's for dinner and reviewing the lesson she gave one of her experiences in regard to

prayers being answered, and even then she did not say whether she believed prayers were answered or not.

It happened many years ago when her two sons Oscar and Edwin were three and five years old. They went to their aunt's to visit and play for the afternoon.

Now this aunt was glad to have them come for she had a tiny boy for them to play with. This boy was just toddling around then and was an angelic little cuss to be sure. As yet he had not developed those hellion qualities that were so manifest in his later life. Oscar and Edwin took a fond fancy to this little cousin and told their aunt repeatedly that they wished they had a little brother like that. And each time their aunt would answer, "You boys just pray and perhaps you shall get one some time. That is the only way I know for you to get one."

It came four o'clock and their aunt sent them home for the day. When they arrived their mother knew it had taken them considerably longer on the route than it should have but she was glad anyway to see they had arrived safe and sound. She asked if they had a good time.

"Oh yes," they exclaimed. "We had the most fun with Jackie (that's not his real name). We wished we could have a little brother like that so we prayed all the way home that we could. And we are going to pray again tonight for one too."

They did that very thing again that night when they retired and their minds were still at it when they fell to sleep, and that is the essence of prayer, so I am told, that is, one's attitude of mind, and not the fanciful words emitted. One might pray successfully, so I am told and not speak out loud.

There might be skeptics who say that prayers are never answered and that it is all foolishness, but those same people would be without arguments in this case for when the sun boosted its bright golden hues in the east the next morning, the kind stork, or some other Almighty Power, had come and gone and left a tiny baby boy at that place.

Now, you nonbelievers, smoke that in your pipe.

Sing Brother, Sing.

It has long been one of my ambitions to be able to sing. It is a pleasure I have all my life been cheated out of because of the impish notions that were prevalent among the bunch of alley rats that I ran with when a child. My aunt was a good musician and would have gladly taught me the elements had I not thought it smart to be uncultured and effeminate to sing.

I think it would be wonderful to sing at funerals. It is a service, an aid or comfort, I might perform to people and friends who are in deep sorrow and trouble. I go to funerals, out of respect to the loved ones departed, and to help console those that are left, but I sit down in the crowd and frequently no one knows that I have gone to the trouble. If I could only help, I think, could do something, yes, if I could only sing; that would be something.

Selling Papers.

A rather amusing situation was explained to me the other day when a man came to sell me the Capper's Weekly and the Capper's Farmer. I told him I liked the Weekly but cared nothing for the Farmer.

He was a good salesman and a pleasant fellow but he would hardly sell me one without the other. He said the Weekly did not have advertisements enough to carry the paper but the Farmer had much advertising and they had to get bona fide subscriptions to keep the rates up. They made the Farmer advertisements pay the expenses of the Weekly and the circulation of the Weekly sell the Farmer's so as to keep the money rolling in from the many ads. And he said the Capper Publishing Company is the second largest in the United States, the first being the Curtis.

Boys.

What are we going to do with all the boys. Of late I have had requests from three big strapping lads, 12 to 16 years, to come and work this summer for their board and room. The oldest one wanted a little spending money. I have a friendly feeling for boys like that and wish I might please them all.

My mother got acquainted with one in Lincoln. She thought he was a fine young fellow. His mother and father were divorced and as a result he had no real home. He told my mother that no one wanted him any more. He said he believed his father might even pay a little to the right man on a

farm to keep his son. Divorces are always bad any way you look at it, and in this case it is the lad that gets the hell.

Another is a city boy in New Mexico. His father is a doctor and wants to get the boy out of town for his vacation. The boy would be sent here pronto if I would only say the word.

Well, there seems to be one thing about the farm that is better than the city anyway. The prevailing opinion is that it is a better place to raise boys as well as livestock.

May 26, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Bab the Goat Man.

Seeing "Bab", (Albert Henry Babcock, Jr.) the other day I congratulated him in that he was the champion eighth grader of the county. He took the words of praise with little concern. "Ah," he replied carelessly, "It was just luck. They just happened to ask questions I knew is all."

His grade last year in physiology was only 92, "so I just thought I'd see if I could raise it. I took that subject over and got 100. But that was just luck. It was an easy examination. I had learned most of that stuff in the Boy Scout work."

"But," I argued. "You are the best in your class. You must be a little smarter than the other boys."

"Naw. They're just as smart as I am only they fool around too much."

And then I saw Bab's father and praised him about his son. Bert had been a school teacher before coming to North Loup. "Yes. The boy is smart enough. He learns easily. Perhaps too easily. That may be his worst trouble, his undoing. It just seems to me that many times when children learned so easily they do not get along so well in the end. They don't have to work hard enough."

And talking further with Bert I found him much more pleased over the boy's goat business than his fine grades. Bert took in a flock of goats on an account, and then sold them to Bab on time. Bab took an active interest in the goat business. He sold the milk to his father and grandfather for the regular milk price. From the money he bought goat feed. In a few months the boy had paid for all the feed and for the goats, and besides that his flock had increased. One wether [*sic*] was butchered and one nanny was sold.

Better Be Careful

In remarking about the proposed change in the Supreme Court someone said if the President failed in this move it may be just the start in his downfall. But if the bill passes it may only be his start. And then perhaps I better not say too much. We know well enough what happened in Italy and Germany to those who spoke out of turn. In Italy they gave them a dose of castor oil.

It's Raining.

"What's the use of our complaining, when it's raining, raining, raining."

Mr. Morrow, who peddles pills at our house said that "in '95 I think it was, it was dry like this and everyone was discouraged. On decoration day it started raining. I was in Scotia and we had to drive home in the rain. We got a pretty good crop that year. My oats went thirty bushels."

Yock Jensen was talking with an Omaha banker about his 250 head of cattle. "I do not know what'll happen if it doesn't rain again this year."

"You won't be any worse than the rest of us," the banker replied. "We'll all be broke and we'll all have to start over."

But Mr. Heinie, of the Prudential Ins. Co., told me that "we are not bad off yet. In Dakota they started drying out several years before we did and now they are getting used to it. They are still getting along."

But he said at another time that these last two years had shut up the old timers and their '94 stories if it hasn't done anything else. We are going through worse times than they did.

Another well posted man was telling me of the nineties. Many people left in those years but they came back again when it started raining. This man has traveled a good bit, both here and abroad and he said there is no place he ever saw where one can make money like here in normal times. He meant by that that although our crops were not so large, neither were our expenses. Our soil is such that we can farm large acreages. We can cultivate here while in Iowa they would have to wait for the land to dry. Too much wet is worse than too little.

Sure Signs.

A rather unusual incident has happened with our last few rains if we can call them rains. The wind at each time has been in the north. As a usual thing, students of the weather think that a southwest or a north wind never brings moisture. An east wind is a wet wind.

But the east wind has failed us the last few years. In '34, the champion of all drouth years, several times the wind blew hard from the east for a week at a time, but nary a sign of rain. In normal times one would nearly gamble on moisture.

Another thing we must remember is that all our rains originate from the west. Father Hubbard says they come and originate from the Bering Sea. He says that a glacier slid out of place up there and upset the trade winds and consequently the drouth resulted.

Well, it's raining now and that glacier must have slipped back. Here's hoping it does not slip again soon.

Another weather rule is that a long drouth or dry spell is almost always broken by a slow drizzle and not a hard dashing rain. I was told this many years ago and never saw this rule fail.

And when the hens stay out in the rain we may be sure that the rain will continue. If the hen runs for shelter the rain will be of short duration.

And when the nigger babies come dancing up, that is a sure sign that it will rain just as much more as those nigger babies are tall. I never saw that rule fail either.

Some say when the smoke sinks to the ground it is going to rain. This rule has failed the last few years like the east winds.

June 2, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Birds

Those who enjoy birds would do well to stop on the North Loup bridge for a few minutes most any day and see the swallows there. They are what is known as the cliff swallows and there are hundreds of them. They circle around, under the bridge and back and forth like swarms of bees.

They light on the sand bar near by and feed on something there. When they light their wings are never still, but held high in a continual flutter. They are not the bright royal blue of the barn swallow but a dull blue with a spot of orange on the top of the head, a spot at the base of the tail, and their tail is short and square in place of long and pointed like the barn swallow.

There are other birds there too such as the bluebird, the sandpiper, the kingfisher and all the more common varieties.

The Franklin gull has been here and gone. Many say he is a harbinger of rain. Whatever he is he is afraid to show his face. He always has that black mask pulled tight over his head. We know it is only a black hood for when the eye holes were cut out they were made too large and the white shows from underneath.

Weather.

It is interesting what a difference in our temperament the weather makes.

The first of last week I was at town. We had had that little rain and folks were encouraged that it might be a start for more. It was like wetting the lips of a man who choked but even that would help some.

I was to town again in a couple of days and I met no less than four people who had given it up as another dry year like 1934 and other years we have had nearly as bad. They were going on with their work resigned to their fate, planning on selling out in the fall, on further more drastic economy, on wondering what they might expect next.

I was in town again Friday. A number of farmers sat on a bench and their faces had a smiling countenance. There were such remarks as "We are sure now of oats getting high enough to cut. This rain will make fodder. Can't cheat us out of that. We'll get some hay and pasture." They were of good cheer.

And then a last man came up and he lived west of North Loup where it rained too much. "Better not had the rain at all," he said.

Then after this fellow had entered his complaint another man remarked that it seemed nice to hear the frogs croak again.

Bank Nights.

The objection to and the stopping of the so called bank nights in the theaters seems to many a well founded move. Nevertheless it has been a life saver to many theaters. It came at a time when attendance was at a low ebb and had it not been for this gamble many theaters would have had to close.

Milt Earnest was telling me of a theater man in California who had a nice theater but his patronage hardly paid expenses. He was of a mind to close up when the bank night idea was devised. From the time he started that drawing his business changed from a loss to a profit.

It is a question whether the profit of the theater owners is of more importance than the public at large or not. With the bank night affair going on many attend shows who should not. But the idea with some that those people would spend their money anyway. Just as well spend it in the shows.

The same arguments prevail with pari-mutuel gambling and slot machines. The idea of the machines so prevalent in many places now where one shoots a ball is that it is a game of skill. If the truth be known it is a gamble too and these boxes are very profitable. It is a fact that many people spent their time and money there that should go for more necessary things.

In the Event You Didn't Know.

In the event I had not mentioned it before I will quote a little passage from the daily. "Corn prices soared, —Market reports indicated the supply of 1936 corn to fill contracts has been almost exhausted. —Indications were that the 1937 corn crop, as yet ungrown, would fail to meet the U. S. consumer requirements, —" etc., etc.

And then Henry pays us not to plant corn. It makes a person wonder if we are not helping Argentina corn growers more than ourselves. We hope he (Henry) knows what he's doing. We are sure we don't.

Just in the event I hadn't mentioned it before.

Books.

There has been a great deal of discussion of late about the two books, "Old Jules" and "Gone With the Wind."

For literary purists and folks who enjoy the fine technic[sic] either would suffice. But both are filled with writing and expressions that would make a person blush reading them to himself. Old Jules fails in that it is a biography of a person who was not a person out standing enough to write a

biography about and it fails as fiction because it is the truth and hence not fiction. Neither inspire, the reader toward better living and that should be part of literature.

June 9, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Exam Questions.

Now that school is out I am going to ask a few questions for the eighth grade agriculture class or the class in mathematics. Older folks can answer them too, if they can.

1. If two men are plowing with two tractors and one runs as fast as the other and they are in the same field, one following the other, and they stop at a certain corner at the same time every round and grease up and visit a minute before going on. Does one tractor plow more land than the other?

2. Suppose they do not grease at all but run all day without stopping. Which will plow the most?

3. Suppose two boys are cultivating corn and want their teams to walk side by side so they can visit. But it happens the end of the field is on an angle, the rows getting shorter all the time. Which boy plows the most corn?

4. How does one set out to drive a straight row?

5. (a) Is there any way to kill morning glories. (b) Can artichokes be killed in corn? (c) Or cuckleburs/*sic* in corn?

6. Can you tell whether you are ahead if wheat is mixed with corn and you are buying corn for feed? Wheat at \$1.30 a bushel of 60 pounds and corn \$1.40 for 56 pounds. Suppose you are buying wheat for chicken feed.

7. Do you dare plant squash and pumpkin in the same hill?

8. Suppose you have a round bin full of corn. The sides are portable and of tin. You decide to move the bin and have to bend the sides into a square, oblong bin to fit the place where you put it. Will it still hold the corn?

Now School Is Out.

And speaking of eighth grade examinations, I well remember my experience. I was in the North Loup school and we had a teacher who was more interested in making love than with teaching. Now making love is a fine and noble undertaking in itself but it doesn't very often work in well with other occupations. It should be a task where one's whole time is put in to accomplish the best results. A very fine illustration is that of Edward and Wallie.

As I said before our teacher was in love. As a result the teaching of us little rats was sadly neglected for the instruction of an older student that the district was not paying her to teach. So in the middle of the year she up and left to put in her whole time teaching the one for nothing. I don't need to dwell on the intelligence of this move for that is far off the subject.

So a lady by the name of Miss Noll came trekking down from Mira Valley to take us in hand. She had taught for many years and as I remember had given up the profession but consented this time to finish out the term. She was straight and precise and she came down over the hills with the avowed purpose of earning her money.

Say mister, if she didn't pound the knowledge into us. In spite of our handicap by having loafed the first part of the year, we came through the exams with colors flying. It was a business proposition from the minute she stepped into the door.

And when the examinations were over we still had school. There was no reading wild west novels, no going a week without recitations or assignments, no staying out for the rest of the year, and sneak

days were unheard of then. She labored under that peculiar idea that there were still a few things we might learn. She gave us a touch of Algebra and Latin that we might be initiated into the mysteries of high school a little sooner. We were on the job until the last day.

Even at that I don't know as we are so darned smart in the end but she sure didn't hold us back any. She did her part. Heavens help us and please bless us with more teachers like that.

Little Vignettes of Big People.

Roy Cox and his son Erlo were fixing a well for one of the Bookwalters. After they had worked a while Mr. Bookwalter asked Roy who was the boss of the two.

Roy said, "Neither of us are the boss. He's my son. We just work together."

"That's no such a darned thing," Bookwalter replied. "If he's your son he's the boss. I know because I have some sons too."

Fred Meyers gave me a pup and we named him Freddie. Seeing Fred (sr.) on the street we fell to talking of the pup and others he has yet. Fred thought them good dogs. I said, "He's darned good at sucking eggs."

"Ah, that's nothing. All good dogs suck eggs. If a dog of mine wasn't smart enough to suck eggs I'd shoot him before sunset."

Wilbur Zangger said the Mexicans that are at his place divide the expense of the board and they lived four weeks on \$6.15 each and had some stuff left.

Merle Sayre, who is superintendent of some classes of little folks in the S. D. B. church said that old testament stories are much better and more interesting for children. She has no trouble keeping them quiet with the old testament stories but has difficulty with the new.

Answers.

1. No.
2. The back one will have to stop once in a while for the front one to get out of the way. The path of the second one is a little shorter and the first one plows the most.
3. For example, if they are turning to the south, the back team plows the most corn. If they plowed the same amount they cannot drive together.
4. Look far ahead and never back and never change your aim after you once start.
5. (a) No practical way. (b) It is nearly impossible without hand work. Then it is difficult (c) Ditto.
6. You figure this one out.
7. No. If one plants them together they will mix and the result is not good.
8. No. One could squeeze the sides together until it would not hold any corn at all. A round container is the largest.

June 16, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

The President Scores.

The President surely won a score in his fight with the Supreme Court when he said they had just left for a four months vacation with important decisions unanswered. I presume these old fellows need a four months rest in that their pay is so small and uncertain. The rest of the land can stand and

wait. Whether the motive of the President is for the good of the people or for his own control of the situation, he is beyond question right when he says the Court system needs repair.

One point that gripes me and most farmers that I know, was when the Corn-hog program was continued month after month and then tossed out the window and the money collected given back to the packers. Every farmer felt that it was his money, that the packers only took the \$2.25 a hundred off the price. Well, it was nice for the packers but that along with going off on a four months' vacation now with important decisions unsettled, are only more slashes at the necks of these independent justices.

They should be stepping more carefully now, but perhaps it is too late already. For some reason I cannot seem to forget the time I sold that bunch of hogs and the tax was \$250.00.

They Set the Price on Eggs.

It is strange how excited some of us fellows get over the labor situation, and still live out here far away from the din of battle. One group of farmers were proclaiming loud the other day that Lewis should be shot. It amused me in that Lewis was not affecting them whatever. It fell to my lot once to have worked in a small factory and with a bunch of laboring men. Had I not worked there and heard their views, no doubt I would have felt the same way as my farmer friends.

Instead of desiring to murder Mr. Lewis I replied, "It is a pity the farmers don't have a man like Lewis heading their organization." For a month or more I have been getting 16c for my eggs. All at once, for no reason that I know of (or anyone else either perhaps) I had to take 15c. I had nothing to say whatever. I just had to take it or take the eggs home. I had no more to say about what they would give me for my eggs than the laboring man had to say about his wages until Gompers and Green (beg your pardon. He hardly counts) and Lewis started fighting and collective bargaining. Where would the laboring man have been today had it not been for those men? Right where the farmer is. Letting the other fellow set the price.

It is said it is impossible to organize the farmers. There are too many of them. They are scattered too much. The only reason the farmers cannot be organized as well as the laboring man is because of his attitude. He feels he is an industrialist. He is a manufacturer. He is training with a different crowd. Instead of reading papers that favor organization, he reads capital literature. He believes in being submissive. Not like Gompers said, "We must fight every inch of the way. When labor ceases to be militant, it dies." The farmer believes in letting the other set the price on the eggs he raises, and his hogs, and cream, and corn. He doesn't even act like his hero, the industrialist, who says, "This car costs \$500.00 to manufacture. I must have a small profit."

It would be no larger job to organize the farmers than the laboring men. What we need is another Gompers or Lewis. And what chance has the farmer when everyone else is organized? None. We just take what they say or take our eggs home and let them rot. But I don't notice any eggs rotting, even when the price goes off.

And we must remember that Lewis is like Roosevelt. We may not agree with either, but men with such followings can't be all bad.

Must Stay at Home Now.

A person of my attitude hardly dares appear or express himself on the streets. Suddenly your friend's eyes begin to glare, he becomes serious and his fists are clinched. He draws closer and says, "Lewis ought to be shot." Small and peaceful as I try to be I cease my talk at once. It is not our battle. But I am going to say a few things here and then stay at home next week. Back in the hills out of sight.

Why shouldn't the truckers organize? An oil station man told me not long ago that he had failed to know one yet that did not eventually go broke. They are in a cut-throat business. Are any of us any better off in the long run to have them cut-throating and not paying their bills?

I had a small load to haul the other day. I asked a trucker what he would charge to haul it out. He asked what the others charged. I said \$1.50. He said he would bring it for \$1.25. He had to have the job for quick money but he would be broke in the end.

Why not the drivers be union men? One driver told me he made six trips to Omaha in one week and drove a milk route every morning. That is farmer's hours. All for fifty dollars a month. If the truck owner had not been cut-throating, he might be able to hire another driver.

Why shouldn't the union regulate the rates and hours? What were the hours of the laboring men and the wages before Gompers started in 1882? Like the truck business is today. Is anyone any better off when such conditions exist?

A New Record.

Now that is off my chest here is a new record. The cheese factory handled more milk last Thursday than any day in its history. 20,000 pounds of milk in one day. Granting the average cow gives 16 pounds a day (two gallons) that is 1250 milk cows. Without doubt the Ord creamery handles cream from many more cows than that and it goes to show that this is quite a dairy country after all.

Chases Hen—Finds \$10.

Mrs. Henry Ball, who lives near Alliance, was chasing an old hen in her yard the other day when the glint of a shiny piece of metal caught her eye. She picked it up and to her surprise and delight found it to be a ten dollar gold piece. Mrs. Ball believes the hen to be a distant relative of the goose that laid the golden egg.

June 23, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Not Going to Wait.

Herman Schoning, who was born and raised in this county, and whose father settled across the river in 1872 when the Indians hunted on the hills and peeked in the windows, has left, with his wife and two daughters for Idaho and Washington. Herman was a fine fellow and was always of good cheer. He would even laugh at my jokes.

I saw him just as he was leaving the other day, a trailer behind his little car and his daughters in the back seat. It was five o'clock. I said to him. "Why are you starting so late in the afternoon?"

Herman always spoke slow but his words were gravid with weight, "Well, I'll tell you George. We just couldn't get started any quicker. Took us all day to get ready."

Then I realized how he had to wait for three women and I realized the time it took my one to get ready to go somewhere, so doing a little quick calculations multiplying by three, I could readily understand how he might be held up until five o'clock in the afternoon before he could get started.

In deep sympathy I said to my friend of many years, "I believe if I had been you I'd just waited until morning."

"Naw, that wouldn't do any good. It would take just as long again tomorrow to get started."

I admired his good spirit, wished him a bon voyage and moseyed home, wishing I was endowed with that same patience, for on the morrow I planned to take a little trip to the capitol city.

Problem Solved.

In days past, I have nearly gone into a dither waiting for my wife to get ready to go places. Every kid has to be scrubbed and rescrubbed, the floor must be mopped, the front room dusted, the dishes done, her hair combed forty strokes, her nose powdered fifty, the bird fed, the plants watered and a thousand more things too numerous to mention. I'd walk the floor and storm but my storming only brought (It seemed to me) more things to her active mind that she could not go off and leave undone.

So, through accident, I found another scheme. I am fond of reading blood and thunder detective stories. Stories with a lot of action and mystery. Stories where the villain has the hero by the heels and is about to throw him off over the edge of a forty story building. There is only one reason why a person shouldn't read such literature. He must be careful or he will start a story after dinner and not get any corn plowed that afternoon. If a person starts one of these stories he'll never leave until it is finished even if the house is burning, or his wife is ready to go to town.

Do I have to explain more of how I solved the problem of waiting for my wife? It is with a feeling of retaliation, or victory perhaps to be sunk in the big chair with a wild pulp in front of my face and have the folks tramping the floor and waiting for me

Crops Look Good.

Well, we finally went to Lincoln. We drove to Grand Island first. They have had more rain there than we have had. From Grand Island east the crops look bountiful. I never remember of seeing the small grain look any better although I saw some rust on a few pieces of wheat. Upon returning home we went north from Seward to 16 and then west. If a country ever looked like the garden of Eden it was surely that section the other day. This is the most beautiful time of the year however for any land. Before the weeds get too high.

Surely the potato crop will be better this year. I never saw nicer potato vines. They are large and are blooming profusely. The corn is perhaps a trifle late but not bad. The prospect for small grain could not be better. There is no reason why those people should not be thankful.

Only God and Time.

Another thing I noticed was that someone is setting out trees along the highway in a number of places. It is mostly along the paving and near the bottom of the ditches. The varieties are, that I saw, cedars and hackberry. They are planted on both, sides of the road and in clusters to conform to landscape gardening specifications, perhaps.

If I was to give my opinion I would think this fine. I am a lover of trees. I would endorse this program, if for no other reason than there shall be some trees growing up to take the place of the many that the road men have insisted in the last few years should be cut. How I have wept mentally at the felling of the big cottonwoods along the roadsides in many places. Those on the route to North Loup and those on the road running straight east of Ord. It seems to have been the policy of the road men to slay all the trees along the roadside. Now, from a sense of shame, perhaps, of their destructive acts, they are trying to amend, but we must remember, "Only God can make a tree." Yes. Only God, and time. Sixty years of time to make those cottonwoods.

Elm Trees and Milk.

And speaking of trees. The elms are dying in Lancaster county the same as Valley. At the house where my mother stays there had been a government expert on tree and forest diseases. He said he believed all the elms would die. There are worms and bugs attracting them. One tree in the yard there has been sprayed several times and inoculated, watered and pampered but still the leaves seem lifeless and thin.

Too, everyone complains about the milk. Even the city dairies are having trouble with the milk having a bad taste and everyone seems to have a different reason for it all.

August 11, 1937

The Ord Quiz

**CARE OF
COUNTY BOARD**

By George Gowen

First Man No Chance.

I can't see that Ernest Coats has anything to grumble about in regard to the hail spoiling his corn. We have been so dry here in my section all summer that even a hail would be welcome.

And speaking of why I don't give the County Board hell, —well, I guess they need it. It is a little like sending cattle to Omaha to sell. One should never be satisfied. If you ever are, your com mission man may slack in his efforts the next time. One should always howl a little. But with the county board it is not very good policy for me to get too wild. The fact of the matter is nearly every year I have to plead before them as an equalization board and on other matters, and I have known instances when they raised the taxes.

And about threshing pigs. I never tried that but I do thresh my kids now and then and they seem to do better afterwards. I used to get threshed myself every day or so and look how I came out. And more, I have seen quite a few people who resembled pigs, or was it the pigs resembled the people?

The Old Folks.

Those people who were so kind as to boom Governor Cochran for cand idate for president shall find out there is one class of folks that will not vote for him and that is the old folks who get old age pension.

As I understand it the appropriation was cut from the old agers and used to bolster up the road fund. It is not by any means pleasant to have the tremendous allowance of fi fteen dollars a month cut down to eleven, but that is about what it is. No intention of starving these old timers. Just half starving them.

It is said that the Governor could see no need for a special session of the legislature to fix up the relief business that was so botched in the last session. Well, I suppose with his salary he can see no need, and there are too many old folks anyway. Perhaps he thinks they should feel thankful they live here rather than in Russia or Spain at that.

Our School Population.

A new situation is presenting itself over the country in the fact that the population is decreasing. Especially is it decreasing in regard to the birth rate. The actual numbers are holding their own largely on account of the fact that the span of life has been increased and people are living longer. But when these old folks who normally would have died ten years soon er are gone, we shall be presented with less numbers.

This is most notably true in our schools. A few years ago we thought we could never get caught up with a building program in our schools. But we have come to that point and in many places there were more school children twenty years ago than now. In Philadelphia the school population has dropped, and 388 less teachers. In our own school in North Loup the attendance is little la rger if as large as when I attended. But we have a building that is several times as large. This fact is most notable in primary classes.

We use to figure that half the population in the land were minors. I had opportunity of counting the children and voters in different local sections a few years back and I found then that pr oportion ran about right. About half and half. But with the constant decrease in births we are approaching the point where the majority are older. There is the reason of the concern in European countries over their military strength. Good soldiers are young men, not old. An army of old men and women would not be very strong.

Perhaps we do not know the blessings we are privileged with by living here where one of our remotest thoughts is that of an invading army. The concern of increasing our military strength by promoting birth, and giving premiums for bringing children into the world, whether in wedlock or out, has never entered our minds. But it has entered the minds of the leaders of the old world, and they are acting on it.

Worse Now.

I have at last found an old timer who says it was easier in many ways to make a living in the home-stead days than now. Few of them will admit it.

In the first place he says, in the old days, there were not nearly so many pests, such as bad weeds and bugs as we have now to contend with. Farming was relatively easy then on that score.

Then there was never a shortage of hay. One could go in the hills and cut hay anywhere and there was abundance of pasture.

There were very few taxes to pay comparatively then. They did not have so many expenses, keeping up with Jones, and we did not have cars which are nearly a necessity now we think.

This man started farming in 84, and up until 1934 he never had but one year when there was a failure of everything. Even that year, 1894 there was good hay and winter pasture.

Must Have Help.

There will have to be help from some source in this section or a new bunch will take the places of a lot of us. Our corn looks worse after the rain of 1 1/4 inches the other night. One man told me he felt like a confessed criminal pleading for mercy of the court. He felt that way because every where else they are getting crops. He wonders what he had done.

There is one thing that has come to pass at our house. We have quit rubbering on the phone. The other day a lady from Ord called a neighbor and told her they are eating and canning sweet corn and they are going to have bushels of tomatoes, and potatoes, and, and, ... My wife didn't hear the rest. She had succumbed. She had suddenly thought of the dried up gardens in this section.

August 18, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Who Loses.

Chris Madsen, the blacksmith of long standing, told me a hard time incident. We were talking about the sale where the nearly new scoop board sold for 70c and the loss to the farmer who has to sell out at this time of the year.

Chris said at a sale a few months ago they sold a wagon box, and it sold for a little or nothing. It was a good wagon box and had hardly been used at all and the men at the sale felt sad that the article would have to be sold at such a sacrifice. They remarked as to how bad it was that the farmer had to lose so much.

But Chris said he made that wagon box a couple years before and sold it on time to the man and the man never did pay for it. Chris asked me who was the loser in that case. Surely not the farmer.

The hard times and drouth affects more than the farmer. The week that the people gave up and concluded we are to have another complete failure business slacked off materially. Everyone could see the difference in that one week. Collections were nearly impossible. Blacksmith work let up, the baker sold 200 less loaves, the oil stations saw their collections from the crops dwindle, even the pump man began to stand around.

Iowa Rent.

A couple men of Scotia went back to Iowa and rented farms last week. They are back home now, their spirits high with their luck in being able to rent farms back there and the prospects they have of becoming rich in the years to come. The corn, they say, is going 75 bushels an acre, the oats 80, the wheat 40. Their rent will be half the crop and five to seven dollars an acre for the pasture and lots, one place having thirty acres to pay cash on.

Schools.

A rather peculiar incident occurred in this vicinity in regard to schools. Si Kriewald says his boy would not go to high school because he did not want to play football and the coach ridiculed him last year because he would not play and called him a sissy. Si said several boys quit because the coach insisted they play football.

On the other hand Bryan Portis' boy wants to go to school to play football and if he can't play he doesn't care to go. If he goes to Scotia and rides on the bus, the bus will not wait for him to practice, and so as a result he plans to go to North Loup.

Scotia has a better school than North Loup in several ways. They have a commercial course, normal training and bus service that the North Loup school does not have. All the children in this vicinity but this one are going or are planning to go to Scotia. But the North Loup school is paying its way with high taxes and no warrants to speak of. The Scotia district is far behind.

New Lows.

A new low in the value of real estate is being made in these parts. A tract of fifteen good acres near town with a house and barn was put up at auction a couple of months ago. The highest bid was \$1,000.00 and it did not sell. At a forced sale a six-room residence, four lots, a barn, a furnace, bathroom, soft water cistern, two inclosed[sic] porches and storm windows sold for \$850.00. In the city of Horace, a good sized house (not in the best repair) and fifteen acres of land sold for \$250.00. Now this last was a mark to shoot at.

Vignettes of Famous People.

Otto Bartz was around the other day looking for extra bin room to store his crop failure in. It is so big his buildings will not hold it. I couldn't spare any of my room. I need all of mine for my crop failure.

Si Kriewald does not agree with me that even a hail storm would be welcome in place of a drouth. He has a river bottom piece that would be spoiled if it hailed. Well as long as we can regulate it we will have his river bottom flooded and we shall take hail on ours.

This lady is famous but I guess I better not tell her name. Any way her husband noticed one of their spoons that had been tarnished and he asked her how it happened. She answered quickly, "I laid an egg in it."

Erlo Babcock just got through spending nearly \$400.00 on his house, fixing the roof, the back porch, painting and making the basement a little larger. In looking over the flume now being built over Mira Creek, he thought of the money he had spent on his little cottage and groaned at the thought of what that erection may cost.

September 8, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

One Drink—\$19.00.

From Frank McDermott comes the following story, of which he says he was fleeced out of \$19.00.

He was driving alone toward Scotia after night and saw ahead of him the lights of a car and the lights of another leaving. He started to drive by when he discovered the car parked on the wrong side of the road. It was too late then and he banged into the car.

Three people jumped out. Frank wanted them to leave the car where it was to show that Frank was right and they were wrong but one of the people moved the car at once. It had been in the ditch. Others gathered and the county judge and city marshal were called and the whole eight swore out a claim that Frank was drunk while driving.

Frank claims he was not drunk. He had had only one glass of beer. More than that, folks that know Frank never heard of him getting drunk and he has the reputation of being a fine fellow. Nevertheless, the eight, to save themselves getting into trouble for being parked on the wrong side of the road, instigated the affair, took Frank to Greeley and fined him, the entire cost amounting to nearly \$19.00. More than that, Frank might be in danger of a damage suit. His testimony against eight would not mean much in Greeley county.

But the point I was trying to make is the one glass of beer. Many claim one glass will not make a person drunk. But if he never drank at all, the drunken charge could not have been brought. I can think of many men, if someone would say they were drunk, that someone would be laughed out of court. They just don't even drink the one glass.

One Good Crop.

The new town marshal, Jim Coleman, this last month killed twelve dogs. The month before five. He gets a dollar each bonus for the dogs he kills, and that twelve dollars sweetens his salary up very nicely. But he says as yet he does not seem to make any headway. It looks like there are as many dogs as ever.

Ollie Fenton tells of his experience with the dog population the first month he was city marshal a few years ago. When he was sworn into office, at the same meeting, the city dads passed the resolution that everyone who had a dog must buy a dollar dog tax. All other dogs must be slain. That first month Ollie sold 42 dog tags and killed 36 dogs.

When the board met again Ollie put in his bill for \$36.00 for killing dogs. And Ollie says, "Maybe you think that board didn't set back and howl at paying the \$36.00. I thought for a while they were not going to allow the bill."

Then Ollie went on to say that there was one cream station man who had a bulldog and he would not buy a license. Ollie asked him several times about it and each time the man would simply answer, "Ah you won't ever kill that dog." Finally Ollie stopped in and said, "How about it? Have you got the dollar for the tag?" Again the man made a joke of the license so as Ollie stepped out the door he tied a string on the dog and lead him off.

"Was the man mad?" I asked.

"He was just as mad as a person could get," Ollie said, "but it was too late. I couldn't let that dog lay around on main street and tax all the others."

Five Dollars an Hour.

Another incident with town boards was one time, one cold day, something went wrong at the top of the water tower. The man then in charge was afraid to climb up and repair the trouble. He scouted

about and found a man who had the nerve to climb up and tend to the repair. The board had to ask several for it is not everyone who will do that kind of work.

It was not a long job. Simply climb to the top, and as I remember, thaw out a frozen pipe, hang on tight and play with the clouds. In an hour or so the steeplejack was down.

But when the board met he put in his bill for \$10.00. The board howled and stormed around, and so did the water man, at that exorbitant charge for a couple of hours work. The mechanic insisted he was the only man in town who would do it and their own employee did not have the nerve, and neither did any one of the board. The bill was finally allowed but not until after an ardent discussion.

Little Vignettes of Big People.

In speaking of the beer parlor, I heard a man say, that is one place he had never been in to take a drink. I asked why—if he didn't like Bill Stine.

"Yes," he said, "Bill's a fine fellow. But it's the principle of the thing. I make a practice of never trading in the home town."

From a member of the school board: We always act conscientiously and to the best of our judgment. It is a gamble whatever teacher we hire. We hesitate to fire a known teacher with a few faults for one we know nothing about that may have many more. The trouble with home teachers. We know their peculiarities. A stranger we have to find out. I have been keeping a list of a few people who I am going to vote for for the board if I ever get a chance. Some who enjoy the most to stir up trouble. Let them have a taste of it.

October 6, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Beavers Again.

At another point in our valley are the people menaced with beavers. Straight east and a half mile south of North Loup on the Chris Stude and Harry Barber farms, the beavers have been working. There is a little island in the river off the Stude land and it is thought by Carl Stude and Earl Kriewaldt, who are working the land that the rodents live there. There are evidences of their damage all along the river bank and the old mill race there. One does not have to go far before he sees the sharp stumps sticking up.

Rev. Hill and I made a trip to the place purposely to see the trees. At one place on the mill race the beavers have started a dam. A nice big cottonwood has been felled perpendicular across the stream. Close by another tree shows where the beavers have started to work. Across the stream several more large trees have been chipped. The plan is, so Rev. Hill says, to fell these trees, from each bank into the stream, then to carry mud and branches to the center and build their house there. All along the bank are beaver slides where the busy animals skoot into the water.

It is a crime that these animals are allowed to exist in our midst of so called civilization. They are very destructive to timber that we are beginning to prize highly. They dam streams so that in flood times surrounding territory is inundated. It is rather strange that they have come to this civilized country; stranger yet that we leave them stay.

Inventor.

Annual Frazer has made a basin lister out of an old corn planter at the cost of less than a dollar and a little time. He and his son figured it out and Annual says it works perfectly.

From the front of the corn planter frame he ran two irons beside each wheel. On these running down are clamped the shanks of two cultivators and on these shanks is fastened a disc. A pin in the

wheel raises the discs at each revolution. A weight had to be fastened opposite the pin on the wheel that raises the discs.

Anual showed me some land that had been listed with this basin lister and some that was listed without it. He said it rained after they finished and where he used the basin lister the water stood in the rows and without the use of it the water all run off. Surely, Anual thinks, this is one method of conserving moisture, and the expense is so small, and the machine so simple to make, that everyone might have one.

Pheasants.

There is quite a little talk concerning the open season on pheasants that is soon to come. Many farmers think there are not too many pheasants in the country and that we need them to combat the grasshoppers that are too plentiful. Most farmers that one meets are of the mind to post their place against pheasant hunting this year.

The drop of the price of corn of about forty cents in the last little while is hailed with delight by everyone in these parts. Not alone has the drouths of the last few years been like suicide to farmers and business men but they are doubly hit when feed that they have to buy goes soaring to such heights.

It was a rather amusing incident of the two governors, from Nebraska and Iowa riding together with the President on his special train from Chicago. The Nebraska Governor was pleading for aid for his drouth stricken state. The Governor of Iowa was pleading for loans to his farmers so they could hold their corn and grain for higher prices. With prices as they were, and we here having to buy, one naturally asks, "What do they want, for heavens sake?"

Better Off Now.

Arlie Street sold out last spring and moved to town. Now he works on the ditch and his wife gets odd jobs. I asked him if he was sorry he moved to town. He answered that he was not. He was sorry that he did not move to town sooner. The place he was on was completely dried out and they would have worked again for nothing.

Poultry Column.

Again taking up subject of poultry, in which every farmer is somewhat interested. Even this last year with feed so high, there has been a few people who have made their chickens pay. It can be done and is done.

It has been proven that hens confined in a good warm coop will lay as well and profitably as when turned out. This is especially true in fall, spring and winter. It is doubtful if it is ever wise to turn out the hens from now until warm weather again. The temperature of the hens can be better regulated in the coop than outside and the health better maintained. They can be kept cleaner and better fed. This is especially true with leghorns for they are a southern breed and suffer more with the cold.

A new method of feeding hens, and many think best, is to have plenty of self feeders, putting mash in part and mixed grains in part. Allow the hen to choose her own diet. Warm water helps and grit should be always available. If we treat our hens as carefully as we do a good milk cow, or as a good milk cow should be cared for, these hens will pay most of the time. And that is more than we can say of crop raising.

October 13, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Lame Back the Worst.

Outside of a lame back, there is nothing that will make a man hate himself like being out of a job. I knew an ambitious fellow once who was in that predicament. He quit farming because it did not pay, planning to go to the city and find a job. They were not so hard then to find as now, but as usual, plenty hard to find anything worth while. More than that he was not experienced in city work so that he was not qualified for anything but common labor.

He walked the streets asking for jobs and answering ads until he was worn out. He applied at agencies. He lived with his mother and if it hadn't been for her he might have gone hungry. He only got short jobs digging ditches. Finally his wife got a job and he kept house which does not make a man any more proud of himself.

His folks wanted to go to church but he drew the line at that. Every one he would meet would shake hands with him gladly and ask him where he worked, and in his position that was an embarrassing question. He had friends in the city but they seemed unable to help him out. He felt a little resentful at them that they did not and consequently did not care to see them.

He eventually found steady employment, through an accident. He had applied at an institution, the boss turning him down but taking his name. Our hero thought nothing of having his name taken. It had been taken a hundred times. But this time the boss had noticed the applicant wore a Masonic pin. The boss was a Mason. That got the job even if our friend had not paid his dues.

But this job was not satisfactory. He and his wife together did not earn salary enough to live as they were accustomed to live. In the spring they moved back on the farm.

Doctors—Good Collectors.

I wish I were as good at collecting as the doctors are. Part of my work is that of collecting regularly from a group of people. For the most part it is very enjoyable work. I have acquired friends this way that I shall always be glad I have known. But I have discovered that the most common excuse for not paying is that the people had sickness and had to have the doctor, or buy some medicine, "and you know," one woman said, "when you get sick you have to do something about it, and the doctors have to have their pay."

\$100.00 Dog.

I was out to Therlow Weed's the other day and he has a dog that if I had the money, I'd give a hundred dollars for. He is a dark brown dog of Chesapeake breeding and will chase a stick. He is one of the best stick chasers that I ever saw.

All my life, when a boy, I wanted a dog that would chase a stick. I have had numerous dogs in my life but never one that would chase a stick I could imagine how my son, who has so much trouble finding profitable employment of his time, could while away many hours entertaining this brown dog of Therlow's.

That Creepy Feeling.

I believe the Aurora Borealis a week ago Sunday night was as bright as I ever saw it. Although without the bright colors that are sometimes seen, the light streaks shot up across the north as high as the north star, with the appearance of huge search lights being placed somewhere under the horizon.

Other nights also they were visible, especially Thursday night, appearing like the first tint of dawn or the last glow of sunset.

Just why I cannot say, but there is a creepy or haunted feeling that comes over me when I see the northern lights. A feeling of awe or wonderment or fear, that the world is near extinction; a feeling perhaps that those lights, which no one can explain satisfactorily, are a pre-warning of the judgment day; a feeling that those lights are an omen of the great Creator and that we better mend our ways; a feeling of I do not know what. One would think, under those conditions I would cease to look at the spectrum when the kids mention it, but I do. I even crawl out of a warm bed and step out in the cold to see them—to have that feeling again perhaps.

“No Ignoranter.”

A friend of mine who has been burning cow chips lately for fuel, was complaining of the hard time he is having to get along. I asked him if he had asked from the relief officials for a feed loan or for a grant.

He replied that he had asked but they wanted him to sell his stuff and his cows down to three. He had two sons who are nearly grown, besides other kids, and he said that would leave one cow each for them to milk.

Another man that I knew went to Greeley for assistance. He was without feed for his cows and chickens and had exhausted all his credit. He had too much stuff and they advised him to sell his milk cows in place of buying feed for them. He had too many chickens for a grant. If he sold his milk cows the mortgagee would get the money. If he sold his cows he would be without any means to live. He never before had received any government assistance. But he came home empty handed. He did not know what to do.

Another man who had been a “rehab,” for a year or two went and got more money to pay bills with. He told me himself that it seemed when a fellow once got funds on that score, that the more you get the better they liked it.

Without doubt the bosses of this government assistance have plenty of troubles, putting the money where it is justly needed and away from where the recipients are only grafters. With the people so universally in distress there are probably not half funds enough. But I was amused and decided there was truth to a statement I read in a story the other day, “These government experts are not any ignoranter than the rest of us but they got their ignorance better organized.”

October 20, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Are Your Taxes Paid?

Upon the selling of a little piece of land owned by Robert Van Horn it was discovered that in the year of 1878 the taxes had not been paid. In as much as the interest had been cut off from delinquent taxes by the last legislature, prior to last March, Robert promptly went and paid the small dab of taxes amounting to something like two dollars in order that his title might be cleared up.

His part of the original quarter was only twenty acres. Rev. Hill owned fifty acres more of the same quarter, so Robert told Rev. Hill of it because the same delinquent taxes would be hanging on the fifty also without doubt. Rev. Hill forthwith proceeded to Ord to see about it and found his unpaid also, his part amounting to about five dollars.

Rev. Hill was a little put out at this when he bought this land some twenty years ago he received an abstract with his land. Then he had two reputable lawyers examine it, the abstract and all costing a tidy sum, and neither lawyer mentioned the delinquent tax. Rev. Hill feels that if the abstractor had reported it unpaid on the abstract the lawyers would have mentioned it. First he was a mind to go see

the abstractor but he could not for the latter was dead. He might have gone to the man he purchased the land of to pay the tax that should have been paid years ago. He might even go to the lawyers, but they were dead too.

Rev. Hill ran over in his mind what that tax would amount to on the quarter if the legislature had not discounted the back interest. They would draw ten per cent interest and perhaps more. It is said that money will double itself in ten years at ten per cent interest. Compounded it will do even better than that but let us use that as a basis to figure. Next year will be sixty years that this tax would have run unpaid.

1878	\$ 16.00
1—1888	32.00
2—1898	64.00
3—1908	128.00
4—1918	256.00
5—1923	512.00
6—1938	1024.00

After procrastinating for a few minutes Rev. Hill deduced that perhaps the abstracter purposely did not mention these taxes unpaid for if he had it would have spoiled the sale of the land. The delinquent tax against the land was more than \$7.00 an acre. It might spoil the sale of most of the land in the country.

Rev. Hill, being an old timer, recalled the incidents of paying taxes by the homesteaders. He remembered of his folks telling that until they proved up on their land they would not have to pay any taxes. Consequently many of the old timers deferred the proving up on their claim for a year or two after the five year time allotted, in order to get out of paying taxes, and they were under the impression the government protected them in it.

Remembering this Rev. Hill walked up to the County Attorney's office and asked him to look it up and see if the homesteader was not exempt from taxes until he had proved up on his claim. The County Attorney proceeded to look and found a statute that seemed to bear this idea out but a footnote that contradicted it. They then went to the cases and there found a case that had gone to the Supreme Court and was identical to this one. The court decided that taxes were due when the five - year period was up.

Rev. Hill forthwith went down to the treasurer's office and paid his share of the \$1024.00 taxes, (approximately) for his share of sixteen dollars.

Child Labor.

Vere Leonard was telling me of watching the football boys practice a week ago Friday in the rain and mud. Vere said the boys were plastered from one end to the other like so many pigs in a wallow in the summer. They would run and slide and slip and when the opportunity presented one would slap a big chunk of mud on the bean of his opponent.

Sometimes a layman might dare to think this football is overdone. It is strange that the boys could not go one day, when the rain was pouring down; without their work out. Vere and I were wondering who laundered the boy's clothes.

I have a boy friend who is on the team and doing his part to die for alma mater. As a usual thing he is alert and "raring to go", at what comes along. He is so worn down now with football practice that his folks can hardly get him up in the morning. He drops in a chair at any time and is dead on his feet like a work horse after the corn is laid by. We would think a man cruel that would work his son as hard as the grind that this boy is having to go through every evening training to "die for alma mater."

Dr. Brady says that a young boy's heart has all it can do to keep up with the ordinary demands put upon it and that football is too much and one of the curses of our educational systems.

Shorts.

The tragedies occurring in and near Ord it seems, continually, are only incidents of the transformation from a country town to a metropolis.

I like such deals as that recent scandal of Black and the Supreme Court, I am just gossip enough for that. There is only one thing I am sorry of and that is that the affair did not last longer.

A "rehab," who was getting a grant told me the other day that last winter his cows freshened and he went to the brass collar and said he believed he could get along without it now. The boss replied, "Ah. You better take it. There are lots of fellows worse off than you who are getting it. If you don't need it pay it on your loan." The money kept coming. I am not telling which county this was in, Greeley, Valley or Custer.

<no date>

The North Loup Loyalist
People's Column

CHILD LABOR—BACK FIRE

Some time ago in The Ord Quiz, an article appeared in the column under the heading of "Care of the County Board." Judging from the subject matter of the article, it was written by one of the well known "Pet Peeves"; a member of the "Timid Soul Society." After pinning up the article on the bulletin board in the dressing room, I was further informed that the writer also belonged to the Never Sweat Club, a very prominent organization in this locality.

It is indeed sad that some people who apparently have nothing to do are cursed with the mania for prying in affairs of which they have not the lightest evidence of knowledge.

This, particular article was headed "Child Labor", and it seems that the writer was bemoaning the fact that the (Simon Legree) Coach in the high school forced the members of his football team to practice in a down-pour of rain one Friday evening, not long ago. His contention was that it was utterly foolish and dangerously injurious to the health of those boys on the team. I wonder if Mr. Milquetoast realizes that the team does not practice on Saturday and Sunday and further that on the Monday following that particular Friday we were scheduled to play Wolbach. In other words, if practice on that Friday had been called off, the boys would have been idle for three consecutive days before going in to the Wolbach game. Even with the lay off over Saturday and Sunday the boys suffered because of the unusual heat on that day. Imagine what it would have been after three days of lay off.

His argument was apparently backed by a quotation made by one Dr. Brady, who believes that football is too strenuous on the hearts of boys of high school age; that it weakens the boys to the extent that they are unable to do any work around home during the football season. It is true there are several Drs. who have made the same statements as Dr. Brady, but it only raises the question, "So what?" The hundreds of high schools in the county keep right on having football and the game itself continues to develop red blooded healthy men. Dr. Brady's word will have to mean more than it has in the past if he expects to become known as the man who took football away from the high school and made 800,000 boys idle after school hours.

The article still hangs on the board in the dressing room and it manages to draw an occasional laugh yet, as compared to the outburst it drew when it was first placed there. Those boys are smart enough to realize that they were far safer from injury as they played in the rain, than the people who stood idly watching them.

(Signed)

W. W. Wills, Coach.

October 27, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Many of the folks who were interested in the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Roger Johnson from his home in Illinois week before last were of optimistic turn of mind and were quite certain he had not committed suicide, such as some of his friends feared. Why were they so certain? Because he packed his grip before he left. There would be no use to pack one's grip if he is going to commit suicide.

It is the usual supposition that he and his sweetheart had a falling out. That is quite possible. Such things happen quite frequently. But, should that be the case, it is hardly cause for one pulling stakes and leaving a good job. The land is full of fine women, some perhaps as fine as the first one, yes perhaps better. Without doubt the break-up is a jolt at first but it is seldom but what the victim recovers, whether it be a boy or girl. Better be before than after marriage.

One of my father's favorite axioms and one that he has repeated to me time and again, partly in earnest and partly to plague my mother was, "Never run after a woman or a street car. There will be another coming along in just a few minutes."

Likes It Separate.

Speaking of the World Herald, a man who had been taking the Bee-News expressed himself that he did not like it because the type was all the same, he liked to have the "Hot news," put in box car type and then he could tell which was which.

Do I Dare Say It?

There seems to be a general feeling of scorn, disrespect and ridicule for the poverty stricken man who gets a grant. If he gets it he tries his best to keep the fact a secret. He must sign an oath that he will discontinue taking it as soon as his income is large enough to warrant it.

But it is a different matter if a person is a Spanish-American war veteran and receives a pension of fifty dollars a month. Fifty dollars a month for ten years counts up to a good many thousand dollars and most of them that I know, in place of being thankful for the gift, are resentful that their pension is not raised to sixty.

I have yet to have seen a man who begrudges any soldier who stood up and faced machine gun fire or any other kind of battle in war, a pension. The general feeling is that men like Bill Earnest, machine gunner, who had several men shot down beside him, Frank Schudel, Mose Rood and others who were in the thick of the fight, cannot get enough pension even if they did come back whole.

But there is a general feeling that injustice is being passed out in the form of pensions to those who spent a winter's vacation in Chattanooga and those who never saw a snitch [*sic*] of battle. It is true they were doing their duty and responded to the colors but many more would have done the same had circumstances been right. One man I know was a year too young. Another tried three times to enlist but his eyes were not right.

Let me ask. Is a winter in camp far away from the din of battle, worth the thousands of dollars that a pension rolls into in the end?

Takes Money.

Taking up religion again, let me ask, is a family ground down in poverty as apt to be religious as those in more moderate circumstances? Many of the more religious people say it makes no difference but I heard a man the other day say it did. His arguments sounded quite right.

Church is the place to go in your "Sunday best." A child, and even grown ups, feel quite embarrassed if their clothes are not in style, if their hair is not properly curled. Many children now days hardly have clothes fit to wear to church. The idea of a boy going to church in overalls.

And passing the platter to a poor man does not make him any more proud if he cannot give. There are many men who would rather stay at home than mooch even his religion.

I am not offering a solution. It takes money to run churches as well as other things. It takes money to get into Heaven, or does it? Well, it takes money to get into Heaven if you have the money. If you are out of money you are out of luck in this world in religion as well as other things. No one knows about the next world.

Happen to Think.

Knocking the weeds down in my front yard I found a marijuana plant growing there.

My kids got the impression their teacher was not going to the teacher's convention this year. It won't matter if she don't; that is, unless they would need someone to make a talk who really knows her stuff.

Heard a woman say the other day, "When a woman marries and has had a few kids she ought to have an operation and have her nerves pulled out. Then she can keep right on working for the family night and day and it will not bother her any."

November 3, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Worth Hearing.

Those who are interested in trees will do well to attend the lecture to be given by Dr. Herbert Wheeler at the Strand Theater at 2:00 o'clock, November 10. Dr. Wheeler is employed by the Government Forestry Service and this is in no way a selling program, but simply to educate the people the importance of trees to the country. There will be no charge of admittance.

After graduating from the University of Colorado, Dr. Wheeler took up teaching, but left this to go into the more adventurous work of Forestry service as a ranger. From this job he was promoted to a supervisor of a group of rangers in Colorado and California, his location then at Fort Collins. After serving there for a number of years he was given the job as government lecturer for the Forestry Service. He has a number of colored slides to illustrate his talk and he travels to every section of the United States in his work.

My wife heard him in Lincoln a few years ago, proclaiming she never saw more beautiful pictures. He is an unusually pleasant talker, which would be a necessity for such a job. It is too bad he has to appear in the day time but he is scheduled to talk in Lincoln that same evening. Perhaps as small a town as North Loup is fortunate to get him to lecture to them at any time.

Cane Hay.

In as much as there is so much sorghum hay in the country it might be well to mention that many old feeders have found it is better to feed that nature of hay first and in the fall.

Dave Bredthauer told me this years ago and later my own experience has proved the fact to be true. I have had cane hay that the stock cleaned up stem and all in the fall but the same hay in the Spring they would not touch it is sweet and juicy in the fall but as winter comes on the stalk dries out like so much wood and stock will hardly eat it.

Occasionally men will stack the stuff. Care should be taken to have it dry for usually it carries a lot of moisture in the stalk anyway and with any extra it is quite apt to spoil. It is better for horses many think, than cattle and the best feed in the world to dry a cow up.

He Did Not Bid.

A rather peculiar incident occurred in the real estate sale a few weeks ago when Jim Coleman purchased the small house in the village. Jim bid \$475 and decided to quit. There was another bid of \$480 and the auctioneer turned back to Jim.

Jim did not shake his head no, and still he did not wink or nod and he says he did not bid at all. He had decided to quit but the auctioneer took his bid for \$485.00. Jim did not yell out that he did not bid but even the auctioneer admitted afterward that he did not. The auctioneer just took the chance and Jim bought the place. Jim knew he had been worked a little but he didn't object for he said he could not tell within five dollars to what a place was worth.

The joker of it all was that before night Jim was offered fifty dollars for his bargain. By that time he become reconciled to the place and wanted to keep it. He would not take the fifty dollar offer and the story is around that later he was offered more than that profit on the deal. And the question arises—was that good auctioneering or not?

Like Alexander.

Although I can hardly believe China can win against the Japs, my sympathy is entirely with the Chinks. It all seems like an outrage, Japan stooping to the level of Alexander and Napoleon. Perhaps it is not our business any more than it is our business if a band of cut-throats would jump on to our neighbor who is weak and unable to protect himself and destroy his property and kill his family.

Looking at it from another light, perhaps it is no more wrong for Japan to take China over for her own profit than it is for England to take and hold India.

And from another light yet, we might say China had it coming.

For centuries she had had no stable government, sometimes one leader and sometimes more, always fighting among themselves. They are backward and superstitious. They were an easy mark, it seemed to any onlooker. But perhaps Japan will not find it so easy. The sheer numbers in China alone may make it hard.

Anyway, if China can only hang on until the league starts functioning, the bache[sic] will cease imprompto[sic].

Short Shavings.

Many have found if they wish to keep the pheasant hunters off it is better not to post their place. When a hunter sees a sign he thinks there are birds there unshot and he proceeds at once, saying if he is caught that he did not see the sign. It is a settled fact that no hunting signs do not keep the hunters off your place. They seem to attract.

Of course this is not true of North Loup but a manager of one of the chain stores in Ord was asked why they did not put a store in Arcadia. His answer was, "we don't need to. Half the Arcadia trade comes here now."

Have you ever noticed that all the luncheons given at the ladies clubs and social functions are either dainty or delicious?

One of the football boys playing at Scotia had a wrist swollen badly with a sprain. Someone was remarking about it and Hook Duryea answered, "That wouldn't make any difference in playing football. It is just in husking corn where a sprained wrist hurts."

November 10, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Alfalfa.

This country is becoming alarmingly short of alfalfa. One man said that if a person had alfalfa hay he should put it up in glass jars. Alfalfa has for the last forty years or more been one of our main crops. It is with a degree of regret that we view such a loss.

There are several reasons for it all. Principally the drouth has caused the loss of stands over the country. New seedings the last year, even on the river bottoms where there was moisture, have not stood the grasshoppers. I do not know of a single man in the last three years who has got a stand of new seeding to live. The normal loss added to the fact that new seedings have failed, has cut our alfalfa acreage to a small quantity.

Although the hay and the crop proved to be a wonderful thing for the people during the years that the stands produced, in this semidry country, in the long run, many think, alfalfa is a menace to the land. The long tap roots suck the moisture for such depths that it seems impossible to ever get the sub-soil soaked up again. Two pieces of supposedly good land in my own neighborhood was broken up eight years ago after alfalfa had stood for a few years. There has not been a crop, not even fodder, where the alfalfa once stood. One can tell right to the row where the alfalfa broke off.

Claud Hill tells of another incident. His tenant, Chas. Fuller, who had farmed the land for many years, proceeded to explain to Claud this fall, that there is a strip in one field where there must be hard pan for the crop is never good there and always dries up first. It was rather peculiar to Claud for he could see no difference in the looks of the land but it was apparent enough that his tenant was right.

It was several weeks afterward that Claud, being an old timer, happened to think that years ago, forty perhaps, there was a field of alfalfa on that patch. It was one of the first seedings in the country. That explained it all.

The story is told that some agriculture expert made experiments and propounded the theory that land that has once been in alfalfa becomes so dry for such a depth down, that, under ordinary conditions and rainfall, it will take 210 years for the soil to become like normal again. Under irrigation alfalfa is a splendid crop but if one values his land longer than ten years, and does not have irrigation, he should hesitate long and deliberate before he sows it. If you feel, as one man I heard talk, that you can get enough hay from the land in ten years to pay for the land, then it is a different affair. Let the next fellow suffer.

It seems to many like a misconception of conditions that the government should encourage people to sow alfalfa in these parts and pay them under the soil conservation act to do so. Many think it is anything but soil conservation—it is soil destruction. There is one farm in my neighborhood where the soil is black and no alkali, but it will hardly grow a crop because almost every acre, in the last thirty years has been in alfalfa. Neither will it grow alfalfa, for the sub soil is entirely exhausted.

Ideas above expounded are, of course, only my own and those of some of my neighbors. Perhaps we are wrong.

Brushing Their Teeth.

I was at Bill Scudel's the other day looking at his hundreds of turkeys. Half of them are ready for market, the other half he is holding for the Christmas market.

He feeds them a full ration of grain in one feeder and mash in another. The turkey is an interesting bird on any score but I was especially amused to watch them eat mash. There is a wire stretched

across the top of the feeder for them to clean their beak on. They eat a few bites, then grab the wire in their beak and pull back cleaning out the mash that sticks there. It is all done so quickly that I couldn't understand until Bill explained.

A Fly Sport.

I may be a sensitive cuss but my mind does not run to killing things. I kill a chicken when I have to, or a sick cat and I killed a dog once. But it is never because I like it.

However I have become used to killing flies until I rather enjoy the sport. I enjoy it largely because I hate the flies too. They bite me, they buzz in my ear when I want to snooze after dinner, they care nothing for sanitation.

On the other hand I seldom kill a cedar bug or a granddaddy long legs. I would rather put them out doors. The cedar bug is a friendly fellow. He crawls around carefully as does the granddaddy long legs and he never bites. They try to be polite. Why should I kill them?

Short Sayings.

A local student likes his agriculture teacher so well that the student said, "He knows everything." "Yes, he knows everything there is to know about the farm." I did not want to dishearten the lad but I did want to ask him to ask his teacher how to make it rain.

Paul Robinson, once of North Loup, now in the gasoline business at North Platte, was in town the other day and said there are three cars going east to one west now, which indicated that the work has shifted to the east instead of the west.

One of the fair board told me that the rubber checks given out by the association would be paid if they had to sell the fair grounds.

November 17, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Too much should not be said, perhaps, this early in the season, for many things may turn up before the end of the year to make us change our minds, but up to date I have heard nothing but praise for the music instructor, Delmer Van Horn, of the North Loup schools.

He has taken a bunch of children, big and little, who had never had any band experience, and by Popcorn Days, Sept. 20 and 21st, had them marching in the street to the direction of a gay drum major and playing real music. At the recent inter-county ladies club meet, he had an orchestra play, a big orchestra too, all of children, and they played music worthy of any gathering. Another item that I heard several times was that his discipline was perfect, and more than that, the schedule is so full, that he has had to practice before and after school hours.

Without doubt he has become a successful musician, earning his living at that trade and giving a service to the community. This accomplishment has been done against odds, he tells me. He insists that music was not easy or natural for him. He says as a boy he could not tell if his violin was in tune or if he was playing discords. But he liked music and persistently stayed by the task until he accomplished the art, his ability now being far above the average musician. In fact, he says, he never learned any subject easily.

The history of any successful man is interesting. Almost all of them have gone through a period of trial and struggle. But this one example, along with hundreds of others only shows what almost any of us may do if we only apply ourselves.

I recently read where some successful man said that anyone of average intelligence can become an expert in most any line by just applying his odd time, his waste time, the time he spends at fool-

ishness—to one subject. It is illustrated repeatedly, continually. Last week my wife had as her club lesson the peace organizations of the world. For a month or more she has been giving all her spare time to that subject. One phase of it brings in another, it is never ending, but the Sabbath school lesson last week, (Armistice Day) was a peace lesson and the teacher asked my wife to talk. We were all surprised at the extensive knowledge she had of the subject, and I knew she had not been at it more than two months. I told her if she would continue that study for a year or two she could be asked to talk the country over on the subject. I'm not sure she shall do it.

The same might be said of Will Schudel and the turkey business. In three years, by applying himself he has become an expert. Floyd Hutchins in a few years is a dairyman. Joe Veleba can talk gladiolas and flowers until one is dizzy and astounded at his knowledge. Bud Knapp is a seed expert. Claire Clement knows the Hereford cattle the same. There are hundreds of examples.

There is a little more to success than the constant application. It is the love of the work. An editor of a national magazine wrote once that the only writer who ever succeeds is the one that writes for the fun of it. If he does not write stories because it is fun for him he will never make it. The apprenticeship is too long and hard and too unprofitable.

Oscar McIntyre said that he never saw a man yet who loved his work who was not a success. Perhaps he was not a millionaire, but who can say Joe Veleba is not a success with the garden of flowers that lie in front of his house. He's not robbing banks while those "glads" are blooming or when they need cultivating. He is not thinking ill of his neighbor when he is picking a bouquet for a friend or a church. There is something more than his salary involved when Delmer teaches a class of youngsters to do something that will be a pleasure to them throughout their lives.

The idea of service also enters into the secret of success and happiness. Along with the fact of making a living for ourselves which is necessary, one should do something that he feels is a service to his fellow man. It fills out his life for our own accumulations cannot be taken with us. All our earthly possessions are only loaned to us while we live. When we are gone on to glory we should leave something more, or strive to, than a mess of junk to be quarreled over. Who quarrels over the free gratis work one rendered to unfortunate friends? No one, but it would be a hard world without it.

It is of prime importance for instructors and parents to watch continually, as several of the large universities including the U. of N. are doing, the children and urge them into a line of work that they enjoy doing. Their chances of success and the pleasures as they go along, will be many fold greater.

December 8, 1937

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

A few weeks ago my wife had for her lesson in the club certain phases of world peace movements. She spent all her spare time for months at it. After her report was given in her club I urged her to write a column for me. She was a long time consenting and when she did she said the subject is so extensive that as short an article as this hardly starts it. If you like it she may come again. R. S. V. P.

Billions for War— Pennies for Peace.

There are some forty organizations in the U. S. working for peace. With all the wars in progress at the present time, and all the extensive preparation for war over the world, the question arises as to whether or not this work of peace is in vain.

In our immediate vicinity our lives and interests seem not to require work in the interests of the peace, but some of we older ones need only to stop and think back twenty years and we see how seemingly over night we were hearing strains of martial music and the beat of drums, the sound of tramping feet, and we know what happened then might happen again if our heads are not kept steady and if the glamour rather than the horrors of war are portrayed.

One of these forty organizations is called World Peaceways, headed by Mrs. Estelle Sternberger. This organization conducts its efforts through magazines, newspapers, billboards, movies and radio programs, much of the work being donated or sponsored by some interested party outside the organization. Some very striking posters have been put out by this organization with the aim to sell the desire for peace and the hatred for war by means of startling terms and vivid pictures. One poster showed a baby lying helplessly on a butcher's block beneath which was written, "Nice fresh babies 79c a pound." So breed mothers breed for the glory of your heroic leaders. Another which most of us have seen is that of the fine looking young man tied to the barrel of a cannon to be blown to bits. Many of the horrible war pictures seen lately may have been supplied by this organization.

It has been said that munition manufacturers have a great deal to do with the peace or war movements. One incident will illustrate. It was related that some people were visiting a munition plant. On one side of a large room were lined up piles of guns with the stocks painted a bluish grey and on the other side were piles upon piles of guns with a light green stock. Upon inquiry of why the different colors the answer came, "The greys go to Paraguay; the green to Bolivia."

Another institution that holds a greater power in the peace situation than might be expected is the insurance companies. Their rates are high on ships and cargoes transporting supplies from neutral to belligerent nations. If they would refuse this profit and let the shipping companies run their own risk, after a few ships were lost—enough to balance the profits—perhaps the losing concerns would be more ready to promote peace.

Many think that education holds the fate of nations in her scales.

If peace is to be maintained, right education must point the way. It deals not alone in our public school system and colleges but it creates public opinion. But this public opinion must be tempered with reason if our democracy is to be safe. Through the ignorance of people, militaristic forms of government are established and maintained. Germany with its education among the higher classes is goose-stepping its way to want and poverty because the education of the people in the lower level is stifled and suppressed. Italy with its contented illiterate is leaving its mind power to only a few leaders. China has given little heed to education and consequently is unable to cope with what faces them. It is the military class alone that is promoting the war of Japan.

Further proof that the educated people do not like war, unless it is the profits from it, is the fact that in all our major wars, we, United States, an educated nation, had to finally resort to the draft to get the type of manhood they wanted. Throughout our history runs the tale of the father who hired someone to take his son's place on the battlefield. More than that, the generals and men educated to the arts of the game keep in the rear, out of range of the bloodshed. It is not a pastime that understanding people seek.

Perhaps if war meant war to us rather than stirring music, immaculate uniforms, gay flags and marching feet; if it meant a funeral march, a shroud spattered with blood, flags at half mast and feet that would never stir again, perhaps we would think more than once before we enter it. Men who have served time in the trenches know best what it is to see their buddies blown into bits, yes, they are the ones who really know.

Nations must be educated to the arts of peace as well as individuals. Between Canada and United States their remotest thoughts are of war.

The Scandinavian countries have enjoyed peace for centuries and do not have the aftermath of debts, pensions, cripples, war hospitals and such. Certain countries of South America never war. They have learned the folly of it. These countries have learned there are better ways of settling differences.

The costs of these peace programs is insignificant in comparison to the costs of war. If only a small portion of the money spent in preparation for war were spent for the causes of peace this world might be a better place to live. In a recent year our government spent nearly \$10.00 per capita for every man, woman and child in the United States for war preparation. It has been estimated by peace advocates that if every person would give 8c it would produce one million dollars and that would be sufficient for the nonce. We spend billions for war and pennies for peace.

We cannot end war by war. Can we end war by education?

<No date on clipping. CB37-1>

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

The Saga.

Joe Fisher has farmed on Davis Creek and Mira Valley for forty-five years. The first eleven years he was on upper Davis Creek on one of the better farms out there. His Mira Valley farms are fair averages. None are creek bottom nor hill farms, mostly under the plow and nearly level. Ever since he began farming he has kept a journal of the prices paid and received of all his business, and the yields of all his crops in detail. It is an interesting book throughout and I am giving only the corn crop as he has it recorded, and as he has it divided into ten and eleven year periods. Fishers are very good farmers.

Pretty Tough to Start.

The first eleven years his corn averaged 21 1/4 bushels.

Year	A.	Bu.	Av.
1893	50	175	3.5

1894—There was no corn this year. Joe cut it all for fodder and hauled it on a sled to the barn and packed it there, toting it up a sixteen foot ladder. He finished three days after he was married, Sept. 14. This fodder lasted three years.

1895	55	700	12
------	----	-----	----

1896	51	1925	37
------	----	------	----

Andy Friend sold to the Leonard boys 1000 bushels that year for \$90.00 and hauled it in the ear. Calico was 4 to 6 cents per yd., sugar \$6.00 a sack, table butter 9c a pound, ca storia 35c a bottle.

1897	37	1325	35
------	----	------	----

This was a good wheat year. 976 bushels from 50 acres at 72c.

1898	40	700	12
------	----	-----	----

1899	27	675	28
------	----	-----	----

1900	40	1622	40 1/2
------	----	------	--------

1901	40	140	3
------	----	-----	---

This was the chinch bug year.

1902	78	2400	30
------	----	------	----

1903	64	2000	33
------	----	------	----

Better.

In 1903 he moved to Mira Valley. For the next ten years his corn averaged 27.8 bu. an acre. This farm is not quite as good as his Davis Creek place.

Year	A.	Bu.	Av.
1904	80	220	27 1/2
1905	55	1550	28

1906	40	1440	35
1907	53	635	15

This year he was hailed on the 6th of July.

1908	35	1400	40
1909	43	1633	40
1910	58	1500	26
1911	76	2400	32
1912	59	1600	27
1913	60	720	12

This was a dry year and 30 acres was on alfalfa ground.

Good Old Days.

The next ten years '13 to '23 enter now into a series of good years with good prices. The average here is 35.1 per acre with '23 topping the record with an average of 52 bushels.

Year	A.	Bu.	Av.
1914	79	1500	32
1915	79	2370	30
1916	66	1800	30
1917	106	2300	21
1918	87	3830	44
1919	87	3000	34 1/2
1920	143	6320	44 1/2
1921	144	4320	30

The wheat this year was good, av. 26 bu

1922	120	4000	33 1/2
1923	137	7125	52

His poorest field averaged 38 bu., and his best field of 80 acres averaged 60 bu.

Not So Good.

The next ten years the average dropped 22.6 1925 being the last year that the corn even approached the 40 bushel average.

Year	A.	Bu.	Av.
1924	117	2350	20
1925	115	4500	39
1926	117	1750	15
1927	141	4700	33 1/2
1928	141	1410	10
1929	132	2510	19

The small grains this year were good. Oats 50 bu., barley 42, wheat 20.

1930	126	3800	30
------	-----	------	----

He was hailed the 29th of June and all small grain was gone.

1931	118	1800	15
1932	128	3200	25
1933	128	2600	20

Small grain was no good this year.

From Bad to Worse.

Now we have four years of his record going into the fifth ten years, and here the corn average nearly drops to zero, or 3 bu. per acre.

1934—102 a. Not even fodder. 15 bushels of wheat from a big field.

A peculiar coincidence is that this failure is just 40 years after the last complete one in 1894, and that was not complete for they had hay and fodder that year.

Year	A.	Bu.	Av.
1935	102	1200	12

1936	129	100	Less than one
1937	128	50	estimated

Post Mortem.

It is very easy to see what a hard time a young man the last ten years would have trying to start up in the farming business, or a man without unlimited capital staying in it. The corn production does not tell it all. The year of '34 nearly ruined a big per cent of the pastures over the country. There have been no potatoes and little hay. On the other hand, these dry falls have made a new crop for a few in the form of alfalfa seed that yielded a good many dollars, although it has been impossible to seed new stands.

It further goes to show that we have had good crops in this country and may again.

<No date on clipping. CB37-2>

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

I stopped out to Floyd Hutchins the other day and he showed me his small dairy that he has established on his small tract south of town. He has made his chicken coop into a cow barn, having little use for hens. He has established a milk route in town, he and his boys doing the work after and before school and his hours at his job.

He has kept a journal of all his expenses for the year except his own labor and the expense of delivery. He did not add to the receipts the milk and butter used by his own family, which he says was a good bit and he felt the delivery expense would about offset the home consumption.

He has bought all his feed, growing nothing except a very few acres of pasture. He has hired nearly all his feed hauled and ground and has used a good bit of commercial feed. He has kept nothing but the best cows, trading frequently when a cow was not producing as she should. Sometimes these trades have been expensive and frequently the new cow acquired was not as good as he expected. He has milked on the average of six cows.

He washes and wipes the bag of every cow before he milks her. He has rigged up a cooler and he says "My wife scrubs the thunder out of the bottles." He weighs every cow's milk every milking so there is no guess work as to what the cow is doing. He does not try to economize on feed for the cow if she is producing milk and if she doesn't produce he does not keep her. He sells his milk for 8 and 10 cents a quart.

In spite of all this exercise and expense, taking the difference in the value of his herd now and a year ago, for he has a number of calves now, his profits from the average of six cows has been close to four hundred dollars. I could hardly believe it but I could not dispute the fact for there it was in black and white, all expenses listed on one side, the receipts on the other. That four hundred represented the work of him and his family, and if I do say it, a tidy bit of pin money to be picked up in one's spare time.

Not all of us can do as Floyd is doing. Most of us are not located close to a village where we can sell milk by the bottle and more, there is not sale for all the milk in the country to be bottled. The price he received is eight cents in comparison to 3 or 4 at the cheese factory or creamery. The difference there alone would make the profit. But it shows that good cows given close attention even in the times of high feed prices, can be made to pay their way. It is a question if he could do it with poor cows.

Post Scripts.

I was into Bartz' store the other day while a farmer was ordering a big bill of groceries. I was paying little attention until suddenly the customer leaned over the counter and whispered something to Otto.

Of course, then I was intently interested. What could he be so secret about? Otto nodded and smiled a little and went off. There are many things a person might buy and not like to blab it out conspicuously before a crowd, but sleuth like, when he whispered, I was determined to find out the secret if I could. I watched closely and soon Otto came back, his hands over a couple of packages, and he put them quickly into a sack, but not quite quickly enough for my prying eye. He had two pounds of oleo.

Under the picture last week in the Quiz of the sub-structure over Turtle Creek, it was said that there was an error because the flume will not be of cement but of sheet iron.

The Boss fooled me last week. He changed the order of his subjects in his column and I read one paragraph by mistake. I used to think I could skip every other one. He's a sly old fellow, that boss of mine.

For the Bulletin Board.

I heard a lad the other day (I'll not say in which town I heard it) say that he liked his coach fine if he didn't swear at them so much. How frequently swearing goes with football. One would think it is part of the business, but on the other hand, when Coach Bible went to Texas at \$15,000 a year for ten years, the University President, Benedict said, "If he wins half the games I'll be pleased. If he doesn't win a game I think the influence of Bible on our boys will be worth the fifteen thousand."

Erlow Babcock is the chief mechanic at Clement's garage and the other day a good friend of his drove a car up and called Erlow out and ask him to look the car over and tell what he thought of it. With a kindly spirit Erlow lifted up the hood and listened to the car's inwards. He gave the tires a glance or two. He stood back and surveyed the whole. I am not sure if he looked at the teeth or not, but anyway he felt he would do his friend a good turn. The friend, he thought, was planning to buy a pig in a poke.

"Why!" Erlow exclaimed, "That car sounds like a corn sheller. I wouldn't give ten dollars for it. No, it isn't worth five. Man!" he concluded, walking off. "It'd cost more to make that run right than it'd ever be worth."

Erlow was quite happy for a while for the good turn he had done his friend -yes happy until the next day when he heard that when he had done his talking his friend had already bought and paid forty dollars for the car.

Elmer Kirk and I got in a terrible argument the other day as to which school has the best teacher, 46 or Riverdale. Finally when all other arguments failed I said ours must be best --we pay ten dollars more salary. And Elmer was stumped to know what more ours could do to earn the ten dollars than theirs is doing. But the strange part of it is that the girls are sisters, daughters of Elmer Williams. Or is it strange?

I heard tell of a teacher who asked one of her pupils what the meaning of the word junction was. The child thought a minute and answered junction is a place to keep junk. Well, anyway, one cannot say that child was not using her reasoning ability; and with those methods she will pass examinations frequently when others fail.

And then the question arose what is the singular for dice. It's "die" of course. "The die is cast," you remember. But I didn't know either until yesterday.

<No date on clipping. CB37-3>

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

We Are Taking Sides.

I can't help but think at the foreign policy of the government of not selling arms to belligerent nations is all wrong. This rule has and does only aid the stronger nations. During war we should sell freely to all nations and especially the defending or weaker nation.

In the instance of China and Japan, Japan has been preparing for this conflict for a long time. She does not need to buy the arms for she has them in great quantities, purchased from us and others in peace times. But China, who has not prepared, is whipped at the outset, for as soon as they start war, even in defense, we cease to sell them arms and consequently help the Japs.

It seems to me to be the greatest of outrages, equal only to that of Alexander perhaps that the Japs should be allowed to step over and slaughter the Chinese people as is being done. For a deed not half as bad, we condemned the Germans, their biggest crime being that of crossing a neutral country. We stand by now and even aid the Japs by refusing to sell arms to the innocent, peace-loving people who are trying to save their country. In the world war we eventually organized an army and put them in the field to stop the invaders and "save the world for Democracy."

Putting an army in the field would not be the only way to aid in stopping a bloodthirsty maniac. Embargoes and boycotts have far reaching effect. But there are two countries, two big portions of the world, who were not "Saved for Democracy" with Germany and Italy we run into more snarls. Yes, we run into such troubles that all we do is to stand back and let them kill and capture and destroy. No, I guess we are not our brother's keeper. Not yet for a few centuries at least.

Competition.

Upon the purchase of a ticket on the railroad to Los Angeles, a couple of weeks ago my mother could not help but recall the difference between the train service over that of twenty years ago when she made the trip.

Twenty-seven dollars paid for the ride on the Challenger. She could stop off enroute. She asked the agent if she would have to spend money for tips to get proper service. "No," he blurted. "There would be nothing to tip for. Everything is furnished free of charge. You have pillows furnished, well ventilated cars, luxurious cushioned seats, lights dimmed at night, stewardesses and porters. You needn't take a lunch. The diner service is as cheap as any restaurant."

How different over the trip we made twenty years ago!

For the Bulletin Board.

At the North Loup-Cedar Rapids game a few weeks ago a C. R. lad was terribly hurt. He did not die and recovered and so the incident is hardly worth mentioning. No one was tackling him and that made it better. He brought it all on himself. Three men brought him in a car, prone and passed out, sweat running from his head, to the doctor's office where I helped lug him onto the table. There the doctor worked over him for a long time, intermittently, feeling his pulse and looking under his eyelids. The lad was there all during the game and just at nightfall I stopped in the office again to see how he was. He was still stretched out but the doctor said, "He's coming out of it, but he had a pretty hard rap."

At the Scotia game, among other things a N. L. lad was sloughed in the eye by a fist. He was hurt so he nearly cried and his knees trembled. But that was all right.

Recently, upon departing to play a larger team, a coach, (I'm not telling of what town) informed his lads if they did not get penalized at least twice for ruffing it, he'd punish them when they got home. They only got penalized once.

I recently asked a football lad why his team didn't win any more games. He didn't know. Finally I insisted what the coach claimed was the trouble. "He is on the job," I said, "and an expert. What does he say? Are you too small, or not fast enough, or what?" The boy replied, laughing, "The coach says we're yaller."

A father of a local football lad was glad the season is over. He was trying to cut wood and wanted his boy to help after school but getting home at seven was too late to help. I was wondering if the lad would cut wood with the same gusto and in the same danger of getting hurt as he played football. Yes, I'm a wondering.

Football is a wonderful game. There is no sport that I know where every member of the team has to do his part like football. It requires universal teamwork all the time, it requires brainwork, it requires sportsmanship.

I have long been sort of a fan. For three years I saw every game played on the Nebraska field. I saw the four horsemen of Notre Dame play. I was at the pep meeting that helped sever the connections of the teams. I was a personal friend of Chick Hartley and Vern Lewellen. I also enjoy listening to prizefights, but each sport has its rules to save fatalities and to mix the sports just does not work out right.

Postscripts.

Was up to McClellans a minute the other day and spied a carload of nice fat black hogs there. Something we don't see so often any more and, although I never liked hogs, the sight of them I enjoyed and the smell too for a minute. Reminded me of old times.

And if there is a better herd of stock cows than Clifton's I don't know where they are. Purebred shorthorns, reds and roans and whites, and although I do not care to get in any arguments over the merits of the different breeds, I believe, perhaps from sentiments sake, they are my favorites.

Lloyd Wheeler was in town visiting the other day from his new home in Illinois and he says he is getting along there and has a crop. He said when I made my trip to South Bend Ind., last year with Frank Schudel I drove by his place and if I had stopped he would have paid up his subscription to the Quiz. I'll surely stop next time and have dinner too.

In looking over a Holstein steer I am fattening to butcher by and by, Bill Schudel said that breed would fatten as good as any. The only trouble is that the good cuts aren't there. They are somewhere else. Well, now. Can you figure that out?

For some elective office at school, my son Dick told his sister that he hoped so-and-so would be denominated.

<no date>

The North Loup Loyalist

ONE MAN'S OPINION

By M. R. Cornell

To our Honorable governor, Mr. R. L. Cochran: You are to be congratulated for that fine road that you and your most capable assistants have built from St. Paul to Grand Island. While its wide, and sweeping curves have a tendency to tempt the motorist to speed up, the road is also conducive to

safety. No, Governor, we didn't want a paved road up here particularly, but we motorists would be tickled all over if you would put one of those fine structures from St. Paul on to Burwell.

I saw the red in Coach Wills' eyes the other day, after he had finished reading a half column of racket to the County Supervisors. It was a half column of incoherent clauses, tending to tear down, rather than to construct, to which no self-respecting editor would think of signing his name.

The position of dignity held by our Superintendent-Coach does not permit him to carry on such newspaper conversation. While we think his wrath is justifiable, we also deem it advisable to defend the high standard of our school, turn his "other cheek", and let the Oscar Odd of Greeley county shoot his wad, make his boasts, and go about his way rejoicing, thinking he has rendered an invaluable service to mankind by magnifying the problems of North Loup to the other three corners of Valley county.

By virtue of the same dignity, our superintendent-coach would not care to treat the matter the same as a goodly number of you, because you might knock the sap out of the one who implicated you in such an unpleasant form of publicity.

It is neither fair nor decent for anyone to use the newspaper for a battle ground of personal scraps.

There, kind reader and fellow citizen, if you'll consider the source, or the lack of source, and still give Mr. Wills the benefit of the doubt, continue to love him and respect him, as you surely would if you could grow to know him as I know him, I'll do my part. I'll do all I can to keep Mr. Wills the fine sterling young man he is.

Please do not expect to read any more about this matter in this paper.

<No date CB 2>

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

My System.

Up above the kitchen table, within easy reach, is a wall pocket and in this wall pocket there should be a little book and with that little book should be a pencil. Here at this table I and my family eat most of our meals and as we relate the happenings of the day and as I think of something that might be of interest to the column, I make a few hieroglyphic marks in the little book. When the time comes to pound out this bunk, as some one referred to it, all I have to do is to grab the book and soon sally forth with \$5 worth of copy.

So when H. D. mentioned John Ward's card system, the thought occurred that I tell of my high powered arrangement and show all my patient followers how easy it is to write this and toot my own horn a little, so I reached up with my left hand and scrambled in the wall pocket for the little book, planning to make a note and then I found I could not find my book. It was gone and the pencil too. Hoping the blasted thing would turn up soon I did not buy an other and trusted to my memory for this week's column and now is the time to write it off and no notes or memory either. As I sit here pondering, I wonder if John's cards ever get lost, and what he does if they do.

I must write something or there will be a big blank space in the paper, and perhaps it would be as well, but the bosses insist on something so here goes.

Meet Some Friends.

I remember seeing Deacon and Elmer Hornickel last week in the blacksmith shop and asking them if they had their corn out yet.

With attempted solemnity, but punctuated with occasional hee haws we conversed. They said, "Yes. All out."

"So soon?"

"Yup. Before Thanksgiving. There was only one year, in 1934, that we got our corn out quicker than this."

And then John questioned, "Feeding this year?"

"Yup. Feeding 300 hens. Have more trouble getting the feed for those hens than I used to to feed that many steers."

"Why aren't you feeding steers? Won't Leggett loan ya the money"

"Nope. That's one reason."

Then Irvy Sheldon piped in, having been an onlooker, "Wouldn't think you fellows would be hard up. All good farmers and good republicans."

We were silenced for a jiffy. Then I questioned Deacon, "What ya doing this year? Shellin' corn?"

"Well," Deacon studied, "The sheller is out every day."

"Out by the barn, ya mean."

Bud Was Shocked.

And then I remember being in Knapp's hardware store when Deacon Cruzan came in. He was working for Rev. Hill repairing a little house in the northeast part of town that belongs to the Reverend. The Deacon asked Bud Knapp for a door lock. Bud produced the lock and asked the Deacon where it goes, meaning whom to charge it to.

The deacon turned in his haste to leave and replied quickly and none too plainly, "Goes to Hill."

And then seeing Ed Jefferies and he saying there are four of us to do the chores now at our place. He has three fine boys at home and nothing for them to do. He said he used to worry about his work and his corn shucking, over whether he would get it done or not and now he worries over where to find work.

And then hearing some farmers who had borrowed money from the government worrying over what they would have to live on and proclaiming that they were approaching dictatorship about as fast as one could think. They can neither buy feed or sell stock or do any business without first asking the brass collars in Ord.

And then hearing some merchants complaining about the prosperity that the new ditch has not brought yet. Up to date there has been no beneficial employment down this way and then one fellow asked one of the committee if there were not more people employed in the office than on the ditch.

Politics Again.

Then I met Dell Barber. He has the credit of being the only democrat in the se parts who was elected in the last election. Someone said Harlon Brennick is a democrat but he ran on both tickets. He and Norris were on the same ticket. Dell is the only purebred democrat. He ran for overseer. He got four votes, his opponent two. He can feel quite happy. He must have had two friends granting he and his wife voted for himself. And then perhaps he shouldn't feel so good. It might have been there were two people who were mad at his opponent and voted for Dell just for spite. Anyway Dell got elected by a two to one majority. And that's good enough.

And then as I walked on up the street I met a pair of Jakes. I said "Hello Jakes." They laughed a little and said, "You're right. And we're country jakes too." It was no one but Jake Barber and Jake Earnest happily visiting.

Now let me ask, can John Ward do any better if his card system gets mislaid? . . . Or any worse.

<No date CB 3>

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

A Vacation.

I have often said that I am the busiest man in the countryside and do the least. Whether this is true or not, for many years I have longed for a vacation. Of late years, since the depression and drouth have bore down on me with all their fervor, I have given up hope of a vacation except such as is forced during storm. And I find on stormy days I am usually busier than ever.

Be that as it may I have come to the point of near envy to the person that is sick. Lying in bed, or sitting in a padded arm chair, with the good wife and kids bringing a drink, or a foot pillow, or an orange, or a flower, and I just indolently taking life easy would be next to Heaven. I have frequently had a yearning to be sick and rest. Rest all day.

Last Saturday I was lazy. Tired and listless. Ashamed to sit down so often. A funny crinkle crept up my back in the evening and my throat was a little sore. I was sick the next day.

I nearly turned wrong side out when I coughed. The light hurt my eyes. My back ached no matter how I lay. My sciatic leg took on extra ardor. I couldn't eat the orange that was offered me. The rose had no fragrance. My nose was plugged.

I staggered out and milked the cow. The kids did the rest of the chores. I retired to the house and lay down again. I was tired, TIRED. If I could only lay a little flatter. If the water only tasted like it usually does. They must have put something in it. And my backache was grabbing into my neck.

Night finally came, but it was a long time doing it. I ought to have hauled a load of hay. But if I don't feel better soon it won't matter if the steers do starve. I staggered out to milk the cow again. I vowed I'd never teach my daughter to milk. I reasoned if she learns some man may have her milking all the time. I wished now she could milk. Gee but the cow gives a lot tonight. And how the cats do howl for their feed. Let 'em yowl. If I could just lay down right there in the cow barn and die and have it over.

I sought out the cot again but not a minute too soon. One more squirt from that old cow and all would have been over. The wife and kids pulled my clothes off. They were terribly rough. And then a cold compress. She used to say she loved me. She's trying to murder me now. But I have ceased coughing. Things looked portentous and far away. The pictures on the wall swim around and appear like through the small end of a field glass. That's terrible paper. Just forty-two flowers on the east wall. I never saw that spot on the ceiling before.

I awake and try to change positions. This one may be better. Not much. Try this one. Helps for a minute. Move my leg. Turn my head over. I hear the clock strike two. And three. And four. If I could only sleep. I think of many things. Especially my debts. And the cattle need a load of hay. If I could only sleep. Why don't she hear me. I want a drink. Bah. That's a wful water. What's the matter with it anyway. Try to sleep again. How can that woman sleep so soundly.

A friend calls the next day. Says would feel bad for you if you died. Just shows where he thinks I am going. "Couldn't be much worse," I reply. Bare chance it might be better. Be hard on the folks to have to haul that hay for the steers and milk that cow. She gives so much milk.

My mother calls on the phone to find out how I am. Glad someone thinks of me. The wife answers the ring. "Yes. He's been kinda sick. Says his lungs are a little sore." Listen to that. "Kinda sick." and "little sore." If that's "kinda" I guess I rather be well and work.

Come To See You.

A little business to the North part of town. I live in the center of the city. Ord suburb to the north. Scotia suburb on the south. Greeley suburb to the east.

I hurry to do my business. At the Quiz office, at the post office, at the bank, at the court house. I try to talk politics but no one is very enthusiastic. One man said the democrats feel sure and the republicans feel hopeless. Another thought the R. would win many places. No one cared much and the primary is but two weeks off.

At Kruml's office Ellsworth Ball greets me. He and Kruml tell me that in one county they hurried the first thirty applications for old age pensions so fast they were all returned. None of Kruml's have been returned. He took a little more time and tried to be more careful. He did not think the requirements would be so bad, and surely it should be a great benefit to many who are in hard straits now. I never found Kruml anything but a fine fellow. I wish I was half as good.

Enough Is Enough

In Scotia they are building a community hall which will be a library and meeting place together. They are getting a federal grant to help build it.

One man out our way lauded the enterprise. Said "it would surely be fine. They, (in Scotia) certainly have the pep when it comes to putting on public things. In North Loup they are dead. They just as well do the same over there."

Another neighbor is quoted as follows, "In Scotia they never know when enough's enough. They have a school on which they can hardly pay the interest on the bonds. They had to issue more bonds to pay running expenses. Now they are building a community building to tax the people more. I'd sure hate to own much real estate there. North Loup men know better."

Many a town has hung itself with large public buildings. In those places renters are the only fortunate ones. They benefit from these public buildings and the owners of property pay the bills. And the real estate is put into a position it is nearly worthless and unsalable. Will we never learn that there's a limit to the tax real estate can bear?

We boast that our state has no public debt. That is fine. But we have enough school and city debts over the state to make up for the state debt.

<No date CB 4>

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

In attempting to organize a Farm Bureau in Greeley county the promoters held a meeting in Scotia, at which I attended along with Bill Schudel and Claud Thomas. The principal speaker was a sleek man from Illinois by the name of V. Vandeman, and Claud whispered to me that he must sleep in too short a bed from the baldness of his cranium.

Nevertheless he was a fine talker and seemed to have an everlasting supply of stories to illustrate his points, and if his stories didn't illustrate the point, he would make up a point to fit the story. All of which makes a good speech more entertaining at least.

Following are a few sentences from his talk. "Ninety per cent of the city press are fighting the farm program. The republican president was not friendly with agriculture. Coolidge especially, an eastern man, thought cheap foods for the laboring classes are more important than prosperous agriculture. We should not mix agriculture and politics. Both parties should have an agriculture program. It all depends on the farmers and how they fight. We will have to fight for what we get."

In regard to the American Farm Bureau I gathered a few sentences: "A few things the Farm Bureau is advocating now are 3 per cent interest rates, which would be on a par with other industries. 5 cent tax on oleo and 10 cent on the products that are not raised in United States. Against coconut cows. I dare folks to find anything wrong with the basic principals of the American Farm Bureau. We are for an intelligent, constructive program for agriculture. Not the radical, violent type."

In making the plea for us to join, which would cost five dollars I'll quote a little more. "In Illinois it costs twelve dollars. The dairy men there and Wisconsin are the most active. They sit down to milk. The harder they milk the madder they get and by the time ten cows are milked the dairyman is ready for action. They feel there if a man is not a member he is fighting them. An enemy in their midst.

"Why do pigs pile up on a cold night? To warm the other pigs? No. To warm the mselves. But they warm each other. And so with the farmers. We should pile up so as to warm ourselves. With the country and city press against the A. F. B. program, who is going to do the fighting? It costs to belong to the Brotherhood of Pullman Porters \$9.00 a year, the coal miner \$50.00 to \$75.00 a year, the newsboy on Chicago streets, \$5.00 a year, and in each case their investment is nothing compared to the farmer."

He advocated not more than an eight hour system for the American farmer, eight hours in the forenoon and eight in the afternoon. He laid all the credit for the improvement in agriculture prices to the reduction program that has been tossed out the window by the Supreme court. He said nothing against the S. C. but I though I could read his sentiments between the lines.

In regard to who paid the processing taxes he said, "Some say the producer paid it. Some said the consumer paid it. But it has been proved neither paid it. The packer paid it because they got it back.

One Story

And then I'll repeat a story, one of his many and I am not sure how it applied but in some manner at least. John and Tom had been the best of friends but one had moved away and they had not seen each other for several years. When they met they told of what had happened to each other in the meantime.

Tom said, "I've got married since I saw you. I married the nicest girl you ever heard of. She has a twin sister. They dress alike and look alike and no one can tell one from the other."

"Can't tell one from the other!"

John ejaculated, "Well I swan. How do you tell which one is your wife then?"

"Oh that don't bother me any. I let them worry over that."

Old Age Pension

I hear more wailing now-days about the old age pension than any other subject. One lady came to me in distraction because her husband insisted he was going to get a pension. The little place stood in her name and she was afraid she would lose it. I assured her I did not know and she said he had his dower right at least. I told her that the place was not worth much and what would she care after she was dead and gone anyway. But she still was in distress because she added frequently, "they may have a ruling today and change their minds tomorrow. The best plan is to just stay away."

Other people are unable to get aid because some of their children cannot sign they are financially unable to care for them. Others say that they give a pension and premium to those who have squandered their money, and the thrifty self-supporting people are left out. This is true in some cases sure enough, but there are also folks who have been downright unfortunate and have lost out in spite of their thrift and management. But it is true enough, that the thrifty, hardworking, self-supporting citizen who has accumulated a little property, is not eligible, except to pay the bills.

I was told of a man in another county (not here) who had been the lowest of a deadbeat and drunkard all his life, never working but little or paying taxes or saving money, and he and his wife have recently been pensioned. No doubt his wife deserved it.

And then the question arises how we shall pay it all even with the few we grant.

<No date CB 5>

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

What High School Grads Should Do To Succeed: By One Who Has Failed.

In the first place do not be discouraged if you are not an honor student. A canvass of the honor students shows they are no more successful in later life than the average. It seems sometimes they are more often failures. Surely they are more of a failure if they do not succeed, for with their natural ability they are to a great advantage.

President Theodore Roosevelt said he never excelled in anything and he was a sickly boy. Thomas Edison was told by a teacher he better quit school. He'd never amount to anything anyway. He tinkered too much. Hoover, an orphan, never graduated from high school. A Quaker minister, helped him get into Stanford, by suspending the rules, and there Hoover would have flunked in English had the teacher not slipped him through. Samuel Avery, long time chancellor of U. of N. was a dull student and had a hard time with his studies until he found chemistry. Ford attended school very little and the world is full of successful men who were poor students. Not that the honor students do not succeed, but why shouldn't they?

When you are through school work. Work for pay if you can find something to do. Don't be too choosy. There is hardly a person but what thinks he'd rather do something else and would have been more successful in another line.

Get a hobby. Something you love to do. Work at it all your spare time. But make that hobby something that might get you a job doing it sometime. It is barely possible you would get so good at your hobby and so expert that you could get a job with pay doing the very thing you like to do so well. McIntyre said he never knew a man who loved his work that was not a success.

Make friends with everyone. You can never tell when you will need that very person as a friend that you do not care about. No one has too many friends.

Especially make friends with those who have succeeded. Tex Rickard said, "I like to rub shoulders with the big fellows and then perhaps a little of their bigness will rub off on to me."

Use those friends to help you get your job or your business. That is the way practically all jobs are gotten. Through a pull if you please. But the pull will not help very often to keep that job. You must do your part then. When you succeed you can pay back by helping someone else. I have known of missionaries, who were asking to sacrifice their lives so to speak, that had to have recommendations and "pull" equal to a postmaster.

Keep friends with your Dad and Mother. They are about the only persons that will help you without expecting return pay or accommodations.

Do not booze. Booze and success never run together. I am continually reminded of Grover Alexander, at one time the world's greatest baseball pitcher. In his very hey day of success, after winning a world's pennant, he was not rehired because he was eternally drunk. Buffalo Bill, one of the greatest showmen, lost his business and self-respect because of booze. Liquor never helped anyone.

Constantly strive against jealousy. That one human failing causes more grief than any other. Try to keep in mind there is chance at the top in this big world for you and the other fellow too. Be glad of his success and hope you may learn something from him.

Marry a fine girl or boy while you are young and have a few children. That's part of living and about the only way you can pay for your raising.

Be honest. Pay the other fellow even if he doesn't know you owe him. Be able to sell him a horse without him looking at it. Let it be said of you like I heard of a man a few years ago. "I'd trust him with my pocketbook and not count the money before hand."

Then remember success is not piling up a lot of dollars or the accumulation of a big estate. One man said financial success was to pay your debts and have enough money to bury you in the end. In these times that is hard enough. Success is doing things, not making money. Quite often the two go together. The work of Jane Adams, William Booth, Livingston and Booker T. Washington outshine the Rockefellers and Morgans in the sight of man and God both.

There is more yet to success. There is the responsibility to your government affairs, to your community, to your neighbor (helping the other fellow), to the church and to your family. A person must be balanced. He must be respected by his fellow men.

And then in conclusion, success seldom comes easy. Anything that is worthwhile is hard to get. Geo. Bernard Shaw wrote for years without recognition. Presidents Roosevelt and Coolidge were life long politicians. Such examples are without number for competition is keen in all lines.

And we may be a success without having our names in the headlines.

An Evening Caller.

A rather peculiar incident occurred at the Bert Craft home last week. Their house not being complete, they live for the most part in the basement. One warm evening last week while Bert was sitting there reading with the door open he heard a noise and looking toward the opening saw a coon descending the steps.

Bert sat very still watching the animal and in a few minutes Nellie, Bert's girl, decided to come down from up stairs and stepped behind Mr. Coon. The coon did not seem alarmed so after watching it a few minutes she scuffed her toe at it. In place of being scared the coon played with the toe and before long both Bert and the girl were playing with the animal.

They are still in possession of the coon as I understand it and think it must be a pet of someone's that has escaped. They say it is a very cunning animal.

<No date CB 6>

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Bankruptcy.

The members of the school board of North Loup are fully resigned to the fate of having to go into bankruptcy, or some similar procedure, within a year or so. Many other school districts with like bonded indebtedness are the same.

There has been more talk concerning it the last few weeks on the streets than any other subject. Most people are to the point of welcoming the procedure. One man, a farmer, said it is no worse for the district to go into bankruptcy than for all us farmers to go broke and lose our farms trying to pay the taxes.

What started the extra fervor of late was the fact that a lawsuit was instigated by Harry Klingingsmith and thirty-nine others asking to get the levy on their farm land reduced, stating that their land was not worth as much because it was located in a bonded school district and the taxes being so high. They won the case and as a result the taxes on the farmland was reduced 17 per cent this year.

The adjoining farmland in the North Loup district is quite extensive and has more appraised value than the city and as a result the income to the school is greatly reduced. In as much as the levy was

nearly as high as it could be (the limit is 20 mills) and it took all the money taken in to run the school and pay the interest on the bonds and the bond payment, this suit will leave the district in the red.

Another fact that has caused unlimited comment is that the bonds could be refinanced now (it is alleged they could be at least) at a greatly reduced rate of interest, saving a thousand or more a year. But the bonds were made negotiable and non -optional and cannot be paid until they are called. More than that, the board might go to the bond holders and bargain with them to release the bonds but no one knows where the bonds are.

Blaming Someone.

This non-optional feature has caused so much comment that the members who were on the school board when the school was built and the bonds were issued have been looked up and condemned. Three have moved away (one recently returned) and one has died. But the condemnation of these people is unjust. They could not build the school or issue the bonds without the vote of the people at that time, and non-optional bonds drew a less rate of interest at that time.

The property owners in the village are also wrathful. They say it is grossly unjust to lower the taxes and levies on the farm land and keep the taxes the same on the city property or even higher. The farmlands are as much the district as the village and voted for the school building the same as the city people.

As far as the value of the farms being less, the same is true of the city property. It has got to the point that city property in North Loup practically has no sale value on account of the taxes. Within the last year a man purchased a nice property that had been renting for ten dollars a month. When he went to pay his taxes he found them to be five and a half dollars a month.

Some folks of the village have talked of instigating a suit to have the appraisement of the city property reduced because it is not as valuable as in towns without such indebtedness. Others think the legislature should take action on the situation.

One farmer said that the country district never was in favor of the school building and it was voted on them by the big vote in the village. As long as the city people wanted the big school house let them pay for it.

Suing Himself.

Another feature is the fact that the town is not as large as it used to be and there are at least six less businesses to tax. The school is not any larger either. The bond holders may force the district to pay but they cannot force people to stay here.

One member of the school board said the sooner the district goes into bankruptcy the better it will be for the taxpayer and the people in general.

No one seems to exert any energy sympathizing with the bond holders. One man said it is to a point of dog eat dog. "I'll lose my farm paying taxes and then they'll laugh at me." But the bond holder may start some action in the courts, some foreclosure, or sue the district and carry it to the supreme court. And one man replied to that. "We'll give 'em the school house and we'll build another. We will be way ahead."

There has never in the state been any school districts liquidate or go into bankruptcy, but there has been several cities. To do that the district must levy the limit and then this levy fail to produce the necessary funds. And that is what shortly is going to happen with the appraisement on the farmlands reduced.

There has been some peculiar circumstances arisen. Two members on the school board, Jim Johnson and Art Stillman, are among the thirty-nine others on the suit before mentioned. So as a result they are suing themselves. There has been some wild arguments at the school board meetings (so it is alleged) and frequently one member will say, "Art or Jim, how about it? You are doing the suing."

Another unusual incident is the fact, so the street talk says that one of the thirty-nine others, who has been one of the hardest workers with the suit, also holds some of the bonds that may be defaulted because of the suit. And it might be that he would be one of the bond holders that would sue the district for his pay that the district is unable to raise because of the suit he helped instigate.

It is all wild talk because such action never has come up before and no one knows what the result will be. It is all speculation.

State School System.

It results, many think, in the fact that sooner or later there will have to be state control over our school funds and the money passed out equally where it belongs. This ruling of the courts that land in a bonded school district must be appraised less, may only hurry the case along. Surely the legislature should do something about it this winter and pressure should be brought on the solons until they did do something.

Citing a few examples of the injustice of our present system. The district of 42 has a very light tax on account of the railroad running through. That railroad tax rightfully does not belong to those people any more than people in other districts. It is not fair that just over a line (a road), the tax should be very light and very heavy on the other side. Both have the same education privileges.

One year the Nebraska Security Company, when they had so many cattle on feed, paid over five hundred dollars personal tax, and a good part of that went to the 42 school. That alone made a big bite toward paying for their school. It is not fair they should have all that and across the road to the south the district have nothing.

The suggestion has been made that the school money be all kept with the State Superintendent or State Treasurer, and it be portioned out from there on, a more equitable basis than it now is.

<No date CB 7>

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Not For the Farmer.

All of us farmers now days who work in the field have a flock of gulls. They follow the plows, sometimes a few, sometimes a hundred. They are so friendly in their flight that we can nearly touch them as they swing past.

Their round little bodies are as white as mother's sheets on wash day and there is a touch of rouge besides. The top of their wings are grey like the hills across the river on a foggy day with a sprinkle of pepper on the tips and a silver lining on the edge. Their feet shine black and are held tightly backward. Pulled over their head is a mask as black as India ink and the slit where the eyes peek out is too large showing a speck of white from underneath. They seldom alight, except to pick up a worm, and He must have meant it so for they are more beautiful with their wings spread to the wind. And every one is like the other.

Yes. We farmers know. We invite you town folks out to see our flocks, and you better hurry, for they go as quickly as they come.

Poultry Column.

This is poultry time of the year so I better write a few hints for that as I go along.

Dr. Van Ess of U. of N. says ninety per cent of the poultry disease is caused from filth.

Nothing is as good for little chickens as pure water unless it is more pure water. Mixing your own mash from a formula such as the Creamery published last week is the best feed one can get, but we must be sure everything is in it. Why is it better? Because we know what is in it. We could hardly expect great quantities of buttermilk, costing \$8.00 a hundred, in feed costing \$3.00 a hundred. There might be a handful to a hundred pounds more or less.

H. C. Crandall, who has charge of the poultry at the Curtis Agr. School visited me last week. He trap nests and has for years. He says whenever he attempts to make egg records he finds the size of

his hens decreases. The small hens are the big layers. The big hens are the poorer layers. And he says we have in America as good Leghorns as Baron ever had. He says the English Leghorns are no better.

He raises a thousand or more turkeys every year similar to the way Win. Schudel is doing. H. C. says the turkeys pay him the best for the investment of anything he does, and he has charge over all the farm operations. He has turkeys now that weigh 5 pounds, hatched from California eggs. Their turkeys last year made about a dollar apiece and they have to figure labor as part of the cost.

Cod liver oil is only necessary when the chickens do not get sunshine. Sunshine is cheaper.

John Bremer says poultry sells for a higher price than any other livestock we raise and he is about right.

We used to think we must have 3 to 4 square feet in the coop to the hen. Now they claim you can keep twice that many hens.

The approved method of feeding now is with two self feeders. One contains mixed grains and the other mash. The hen will balance her ration and then the budget.

If you want 100 hens this fall you should get 300 baby chicks.

And this is in earnest. It is easier to go in the chicken business than any other. Borrow a setting hen from one neighbor and fifteen eggs of another. Hatch the chickens, raise them as I have outlined. When the hen has weaned the brood she will start laying. When there are 15 eggs return them and then the hen and you have gone into the chicken business.

I Like Ord People.

I always have, a good time when I go to Ord. So many folks there I know, and they see me so seldom they have not learned my devilishness.

At the Co. Clerk's office where Klima told me I should be upstairs to the republican convention. McCarthy of Greeley was there and I had him verify that over in our county even the word R. is not in our dictionaries. Mc. said for a long time we kept one R. for seed but now he has died. Mc. had forgotten about my politics and I forgot I lived with the Irish. A stranger in a strange land.

Into the treasurer's office where C. B. was nearly swamped taking in money and I saw one man take a roll out of his pocket and peel off a few twenties from the top and pay his \$290.00 taxes.

Then having to drive to the outskirts to see Joe Knezacek at his home for he was sick, but still smiling and friendly.

Slipping into a back seat at the republican convention where Geweke was just elected chairman, and hearing him make his speech and feeling sorry for him. He acted like I felt once when I made a speech. I forgot all those dandy phrases I had thought up before hand.

Lingering a little longer hoping to witness some fireworks and hear someone give the democrats hell. That would have been interesting, profitable, inspirational, and educational without doubt. But there was none of that and in disgust I left.

Meeting Coats in the hall and he telling me he had hired a professional dairyman now to care for his 40 cows. He advertised for such a man and there were hundreds of replies, for the most part experienced men and very anxious for work. This man is from California and milks twenty cows twice a day. In California he did nothing but milk. He told Coats if he had to milk thirty cows he might be a little late for breakfast.

Spying Mrs. Cushing coming from the republican convention, alone.

Stopping at Goff's hatchery where Mrs. Goff was very busy. Noticing her bite her lip when she misspoke and said "we".

Home again and the kids doing the chores and wondering if the car had broken down. Too many people in Ord to talk to.

<No date CB 8>

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

School Finances Again.

In regard to the financial situation of the North Loup school district, which I wrote about two weeks ago, I must amend the statement a little, or add to it. North Loup is in not as bad shape as many other districts. Their interest and bills are all paid. The tough time is coming.

Many districts are already in the mire. At a meeting at Ord a few weeks ago a man from a neighboring town said their district could not go another year. Scotia is hopelessly swamped already with debts. North Loup could go two years on warrants. Ord is not so bad yet as are most larger places because the percent of farm land adjacent to the city is smaller.

The suit of Harry Klingensmith and 39 others was to recover taxes that were over charged for the last three years because the appraisement was too high. This sets a precedent, and although the other farmers do not recover for the last three years, after this their appraisements will be lower.

Another situation has presented itself. Should the school board at North Loup increase the expenses and thereby run behind they could default their bonds sooner. One member thought that would not be very good judgment. Another person thought that was the very thing they should do, and bring on the bankruptcy sooner. If not, the other towns, like Scotia would be liquidated and started over sooner than N. L. More than that it would put the city real estate where it could be sold sooner.

Another outrage is the fact that the real estate is having to bear the most of the burden. Many families hardly pay a cent tax. As it is our real estate is encumbered nearly beyond hopes.

And then Hank says I did not offer any solution. Who does he think I am, Ulysses? How could he expect me to solve the knotty problem when so many smarter persons than I are bewildered? I only attempted to give the facts, and I may have got them twisted considerable.

I recall one of the arguments presented when the school building with all its frills was built. The State Superintendent came up and told the school board if they didn't build a new building he would take the credits away. Our graduates (aside from me) had always compared favorably with other schools in scholarships, but no more could they be without a seventy thousand dollar building. The principal advantages in the new building are a basket ball floor, an auditorium, a kitchen and a big coal bill. It has more seats but they don't need them.

Too Much Collecting.

A fellow shouldn't try a case before the courts have a chance, but it seems like things are going a little too far when men have engaged in swearing and fist fights to collect a bill. I'll warrant there was a different tenor to the voices when the tractor was sold.

Advertisement.

This is an advertisement. I bought chickens of a hatchery and they are from the best flocks in the world. Without doubt it is true for the hatchery man said so. Ed Christensen did not do quite as well. His chickens are only from the best flock in this section of the state.

Well. Here it is. We are going to trade roosters. Now if any of you folks want to—(Whoa there. That's going a little too far, Editor) want to, —want to see some good chickens, —(that's better Ed) just come around.

Soil Conservation.

When the man for the Soil Conservation plan of the government came around he asked me divers questions about my land that I was supposed to answer with yes or no, such as rolling, level, drained

well, weedy, etc. The last question was the prize one and it was if it was drouthy, and I answered somberly, "No."

Rubbering.

Rubbering over the country line we heard a little cross talk from Gus Wetzels. This may be a trifle inaccurate in figures, but essentially true. The potato bugs are bothe ring their tomato plants. Each morning before breakfast they have to hike out and pick the bugs off. It is only a slight chore for they have only 4500 plants.

And they have set out something like 10,000 sweet potato plants. Well that's a lot of sweet pututies.

The Pagan in Us.

Ed Lee's new horse which he went to Iowa to purchase had had his tail docked. Ed says all the purebred horses there have been docked and it does not matter if they were raised in America or the old country. If by some chance the tail has been missed, they will dock it if the owner wishes. Well, casting my opinion again, that should make the horse a lot better. Surely would do a lot better job pulling a plow.

But I don't know as that is any worse than docking a pup's tail. Or hurt any worse than dehorning cattle, or catching skunks in traps, or coon hunting, and glorying over the fight of the coon and dogs. And permitting my opinion again I would say we lack a little yet from the ideal civilized state.

Perhaps my nature is too sensitive. But once I decided to go into the trapping business. I borrowed some bright shining new traps from my brother and sallied forth to make some money.

The first night I caught a mink. He had wrangled for hours with the iron jaws that gripped so firmly on his broken and mangled leg. He had struggled so hard that he was limp and exhausted. I looked at the little beast from afar. There was nothing for him to do but plead for mercy and with his little brown eyes he looked up at me with my fierce club in fatal submission for what ever more there was to come.

I lost heart. I thought of the little home he would leave vacant and how the other mink would wonder what had happened. In place of whacking his tiny head I used the stick and opened the jaw and freed the captive. I took up the trap and hurried on for fear I had cruelly caught something else.

Upon my return home, with a few tears yet in my eyes I met my brother. He asked what luck I had had.

"The worst kind of luck," I replied throwing the traps down. "I guess I'll let you do the trapping after this. I'll get rich some other way."

<No date CB 9>

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

On Growing Artichokes.

For years I have been a grower of artichokes. The suggestions for their care has been derived from long experience. And if it had not been for this experience I think my chances with Saint Peter would have been better. Now some of the things I write about my information is gathered from other people. How to succeed for example. But not so with artichokes.

I speak about artichokes in regard to the wild ones. And I know only of the growing and the care of the plant. I am not versed in the planting, or getting a stand. Someone else had taken care of that.

I have found that artichokes grow much better under intensive cultivation. In fact it seems as if the more we work them, stir them around (not around them) the better. One thing that makes them grow

extra well is to plow them under about six inches of wet dirt. Do this in May or June, and your success is assured. They will be six inches to a foot high then.

I have found wonderful results also, by listing the artichoke ground, and letting a few plants stick up in the ridge. Harrowing and discing the crop has proven to be very beneficial treatment although a little mild.

In former days I was burdened with unbounded energy. While the team would be resting during cultivating time, I would, with fervent enthusiasm, yank artichokes up roots and all. After experimentation with stakes and plots I deducted the artichokes thrived even better under such treatment. I was a little bewildered once however when the hired man tried to play a trick on me and moved one of the stakes.

The harvesting of the tubers is very easy. Simply turn the hogs in the patch and the porkers will stand on their heads, or snoots, digging the artichokes up. But don't worry. The pigs never dig them all. There is always enough left for seed the next year. And if at any time it is necessary to bury a horse, the hogs will have left many nice holes dug about the field.

Random Thoughts.

Ed Christensen tells me his brother Fred living east of Arcadia sold \$260.00 worth of eggs last month. If there is only \$60.00 profit that is \$2.00 a day. But Ed claims there was more than that.

Joe Veleba is planting more gladiolas than ever this year in his flower garden that he cultivates with his tractor. Some of the rest of us cultivate flowers with our tractors, but the flowers are usually sunflowers. I'm going out to his place this fall. He said no one ever left there without a bouquet.

Was at Doug Barbers the other day for dinner. They have a family of four boys and three girls and a fine bunch they are too. I asked Mrs. Barber what her secret was that kept them all home and working so well. She replied that they must be on good behavior today. She had concluded long ago that the legislature didn't need to pass laws to keep her kids from working.

And then a little later the boys got to sparring with one another and I asked them if their folks ever got after them for scuffling so much. "Mother sure does now and then," Mut answered, "especially when we break down the bed."

"How about your dad?"

"Ah. He's as big a kid as we are."

Saw John Bremer in town the other day. He had gotten up before the sun, and it being dark yet, had grabbed the first shoes he came to and as a result got two shoes all right, but one belonged to one boy and one to another. And then when he went for a drink he found the well had gone dry, and in the wild scramble to fix that he forgot the shoe business. I don't know as all this matters only I have been wondering ever since how his boys made out the day.

Art Hutchins, who is on the school board at North Loup says school teachers and prize fighters are alike. Both have to go into training every so often or they lose out.

Nothing is so pretty as a field of checked corn about six inches high.

Harold Schudel acts like quite a nice kid in spite of the fact he was valedictorian of his class.

He passed me on the street the other evening and he was with a girl that was not at all hard to look at. But that is beside the point. What I was going to say was that Harold spoke to me and that is something for a senior, and a valedictorian, and a fellow with his girl. Yes that's something.

That reminds me of what a man once told me at a banquet. He said concerning the ladies. "Of course those that don't know me won't speak to me, and those that do know me won't either." The trouble with that joke was that it was not a joke.

At Bill Schudel's, at the turkey talk, the speaker said something about swell heads in turkeys and the treatment. I whispered to Donald Sandy, the agriculture teacher. "There's other things that have the swell head too. Do you suppose that treatment would work with humans?"

He whispered back. "I'd sure like to try it. We could find some mighty good specimens along about the senior year in high school."

But Jake! Don't tell anyone Sandy whispered to me. He was looking daggers at some of his class about that time for not sitting still.

Proverb.

I don't expect or want the other person to always do just the right thing. If he did then folks wouldn't appreciate what a nice fellow I am.

<No date CB 10>

The Ord Quiz

**CARE OF
COUNTY BOARD**

By George Gowen

Random Thoughts.

I have found one advantage in living in Greeley county over Valley. The premiums on hail insurance are one cent cheaper over here. The hail does not pound nearly as hard here as it does a half a mile west.

Oh yes; There are other minor advantages too. One thing was that the prohibition laws never bothered Greeley county officials to speak of. The sheriff never wasted any high priced gas or charged up any great amount of mileage over that foolishness and the President signing the repeal law with seven pens didn't mean anything one way or another to Greeley county.

And there is one other worry that has been eliminated over here. That is, locally at least, the republicans. The republicans just "ain't." Or at least I used to think so. Of course I was always rock ribbed but I kept pretty quiet about it. A fellow does not like to be an outcast.

But I had courage the other day. I saw a man walking slowly up the canyon road toward Horace and his head was bent over. I was fixing fence. I trotted the team so as to see the stranger and the kids thought it was a tramp and their hearts went all a flutter at the idea.

But I had seen the man before. His name was Moody and he lived north of Horace. He said he had delivered a horse he had sold. A poor horse. I asked how much he got for a poor horse. He said whatever he got it would be too much for that kind of a horse. But I am wandering from the subject.

This Mr. Moody knew me by sight. Said he had to think of "nightgown" to think of my name. We chinned a few minutes and some little thing he said lead me to believe the unbelievable. "It can't be," I stammered, "We are of the same faith?"

He prepared to run, "I vote as I please," he said.

I shook his hand. "Brother, I'm a republican too. How does it happen? I thought I was the only one."

"Oh no" he assured me straightening up with courage. "There was eight republican votes in our precinct this last election. But I do not know who a one was beside s myself and my son-in-law."

I was shocked the second time. There's a man who stands in good with his son -in-law. Perhaps the son-in-law hasn't been married long.

Then he gave me a little political speech something like as follows: Some years ago we all spent money. Too much money. If we didn't have it to spend we borrowed it and spent it. And we are suffering for it now. That is what put us in the plight we are in. We found out we couldn't get rich or prosper by spending. Now the government is

He hadn't finished when a friend came along and offered him a ride. I have been wondering ever since what he was leading up to and what that had to do with politics.

Guy Earnest and I were loitering in the garage the other day and I asked him if he could tell his twin girls apart yet. "No," he replied unconcerned.

And then he told me that his wife claimed she could tell them apart and Bill's wife claimed she could. But one day Mrs. Bill came over and thought she picked up Thelma. Mrs. Guy always had

placed one on one end of the bed and the other on the other end. But that day the babies had gotten changed and Mrs. Bill picked up Velma. Which went to prove Mrs. Bill could not tell which was which.

But Guy added. "Of course we can tell them. One has a birth mark on her back."

"Well," I pondered, "That's a great note. When they grow up you will have to undress them or put on low backed dresses to tell which girl belonged to which beau."

For a long time I was bewildered when it was said that some friend had a lap supper. All I could think of was how a dog drinks.

To Greeley to get my corn-hog check. Very nice. But I shouldn't take it. I'm not a democrat. I know several ex-soldiers who do not believe the bonus should have been paid. And also I know one that is a republican. I suppose they shouldn't take the bonus either. Nor if they don't believe in the principle of the pension they should not take that in a few years when it comes.

There are two reasons why I should sign up and take the corn-hog payments. In the first place I complied to the best of my ability to conform to my part of the contract. The government made the offer and I accepted. Why shouldn't I get paid even if the whole thing seemed foolish to me? It would be the same as planting artichokes. I have fought artichokes all my life and the thought of growing them now for pay seems foolish. But if I did I should receive the money the contract called for.

The second reason I should sign up for the government AAA or the Soil Conservation Act would be that I help or will help pay for it whether or no. I better sign up and get my share.

And then Roy Cox said a traveling man friend of his who is a stand pat democrat said, "We won't need to worry about paying for all this." Then pointing to Lyle Cox (8), "He's the fellow that will have to worry."

Now this should be a lesson to all the readers not to even start on a Random Thought of mine. I had nothing to write to begin with and have said nothing.

I had an idea to put into the column this week about the school meeting at Arcadia. But carelessly I told Mrs. Rood about it and she put it in her paper getting a "scoop" of the affair before I had a chance. And that is the reason for all this. I'll learn some time to keep my mouth shut.

At a dinner a gentleman sitting near a lady columnist politely asked her if she knew anything of interest to tell the guests. "No I don't," she replied. "And if I did I'd not tell it. I'd save it for my column."

<No date CB 11>

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Snipe Hunting.

Mrs. Dallam tells the following story and tells it for the truth, and says it is true for she was right there and saw them do it.

Up in Nuckols county this last winter when she was visiting there one of the projects was to rid the land of the too many jack rabbits that then existed. So hiring men at \$4.50 a day the government undertook the task.

They built up a barricade of woven fence and brush and what not. Then a large group of men were employed and they went abroad the countryside and yelled and whooped and took sticks and beat the bushes and "shooed" the bunnies into the trap.

A good deal of time was put in doing that work and Mrs. Dallam does not know the catch of every day, but when she was there and taking observation, the men had assembled seventeen horses, eleven cows and three jacks.

Giver of All Good.

All of which reminds me of the story which perhaps is old by this time, but it will fill up space.

The Sunday school teacher asked the class who was the giver of all the good and noble things on the earth.

One patriotic little chap spoke up without hesitation, "President Roosevelt."

"But Johnnie," the good teacher corrected solemnly. "I don't think you understand me. Jimmie can you tell?"

Jimmie was also adamant that President Roosevelt was the giver of all the good that he knew about.

The teacher was not ready to give up yet and went on to Tommie this time. "Can you tell them Tommie who I mean?"

Tommie was beaming and replied correctly, "God."

This was a little too much for Johnnie and he turned to Tommie with a dirty look, "Ah shut up, you old republican."

This is True.

The story is told by Dr. Hemphill and it must be true if he said it. I have no way to prove or disprove it, but it sounds interesting to say the least.

He says at one town near by the workers on the projects were very much disgruntled at the city dads because they (the dads) would not apply and try to get more work and more buildings to build, and (perhaps) more rabbits to catch, and more money to spend.

So when the city election time came, these workers put up some of their own men, and elected them too, by jing. Now they'll find out who's boss around there.

Envious.

For many years I have been a little envious of both Arcadia and Elba. I thought they were towns with a little sense. They didn't bang themselves (so to speak) with palatial school houses, and consequently their taxes must be more reasonable.

Arcadia had the misfortune of losing their school building by fire and so were forced to build another. I was at Elba last year when they were starting their new building and I asked the man that I was doing business with, "What's the matter down here? Want to pay more taxes?"

He was a little piqued at me for that remark and I mildly added he should have driven to some of the towns up the line and inquire a little about taxes before acting.

The Owner Pays Rent.

It all may seem unimportant, but let a man try to sell his land which lies in a district with large schools and bonded indebtedness. He will find at once those farms to be cheaper and the courts have ruled that they cannot be assessed as high.

Taxes will run from one to two dollars an acre and more at such places, and in these times that alone is good rent.

The same idea carried along to houses in the villages. Houses that rent in North Loup for ten to fifteen dollars a month will be taxed seventy to eighty dollars or (mind you) six or seven dollars a month. Then the trouble is to find renters and the next thing to get the rent. It is nearly impossible to sell a house on any terms.

These bonds were contracted in better times and times of better crops. But how does anyone know what times shall be forty years hence.

A feature worth mentioning is the fact that many who voted for the school and bonds were not tax payers and were voting to get employment on the building, many of them have moved away since completion.

Shouldn't Tell It.

The interest on the bonds in these districts is no small item. By the time the seventy thousand dollars worth of bonds are paid the interest will be another seventy and by the time we started paying on the bond themselves we had paid thirty-five thousand dollars, or half again. And by the time the bonds are all paid off the building will be nearly as old as the one that was sold and torn down for kindling.

North Loup people hate to have me write such stuff, but it is the truth and very little different than many other towns. North Loup is better than some. Their interest is all paid. But the point is that the taxes such fine things create might ruin a land, if it hasn't already.

Perhaps this is all water over the dam and cannot be helped now, but we can help more expenditures that are not positively necessary such as rabbit hunts. There comes a time when "enough is enough."

Talking Politics.

I am not supposed to talk politics but I cannot refrain a little. The election will be over by the time this is printed so it may not matter. But never-the-less I'll vote for any man who puts in his platform as the boss did, "I am opposed to any increase in real property tax," and "I advocate and will support a program of economy, —our taxes have increased to a point where they are destructive."

Yes I'll vote for that man and hope and pray he does not forget that pledge as soon as election is over, as some fellows I can think of without half trying.

<No date CB 12>

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Dry Weather.

Someone asked me when it was going to rain. An intelligent question. Something any of us should be able to answer. And a question that is ever asked. So I answered it. I can answer any question. I said, it is like this. The more days that go by without raining the less we'll have to wait it'll just be so long, and there's no use of hurrying it.

I have been wearing colored glasses lately. Green ones. Herman Noss accused me of wearing them so things would look greener. The grass and the corn. It's not a bad idea. That may be the reason I have been so good natured about this drouth.

A fellow on Davis Creek bought him a pair of dark blue glasses. Putting them on made it look like it was going to rain any minute. He wore them all during harvest. In the first place it helped keep his courage up in regard to the corn, and second, he would work harder so as to get in before the rain.

Joe Methe, who lives on the O'Connor place along the river says it is dryer this year than in '34. There was not a time in '34 but what he could push a stick down to water on his river bottom but this year he cannot.

This is a land of clear skies.

Everyone you talk to says they don't know what is going to happen. "I am just waiting to see. We can stand one or two years but it has been seven now. There's a limit to all things." And still they fuss over an irrigation ditch.

More Ditch Advice.

And here is a suggestion for the men in charge of the ditch. The ditch that isn't yet. The ditch that is going to be passed any day, or minute. Tomorrow. Well anyway, here's the suggestion. This one's going to be free with the paper. Cost a dollar if you don't take the paper. And that'll be cheap enough too. Look what engineers charge for their advice. I put in five dollars myself. And we haven't got anything for that advance money yet either.

Oh yes. I about forgot the advice. Well here it is. But don't expect too much. I'm just a dried out farmer. Farmers are not supposed to know anything. If we did we wouldn't be farming. We'd be working for the government. And may be we all will be anyway by spring.

Well, here it is in a nutshell. When they make the next proposal for the ditch, or survey, ask for money enough to build a pond enough to float a battleship. Then we can attach our little bill of a few hundred thousand or a few hundred million on to the navy appropriation bill and they'd never know it. Any year we could do that.

That would help in more ways than one. Should there be a war our battleship would be protected where there would be less likelihood of some aeroplane sinking it. These battleships shouldn't be sunk for at least five years after they are completed. Of course they are slightly out of date by the time they are completed but we have to put up with a few inconveniences.

Then by maintaining part of the fleet here, business would be boosted so extensively by the money the sailors spend that it wouldn't matter whether we had the ditch or not. And we'd just have to have a few night clubs then, and it wouldn't matter if my wife did leave like she has been thinking of doing the last month.

Wife Leaving.

Now I've brought that up I suppose I'll have to explain. It was not so much getting a divorce. She and I have been thinking of getting out. Well, I do not know as we would have thought so much about it, but the creditor has been thinking of it. And the landlord and the loan companies. I wouldn't feel so badly, for the loan companies to take the place if those guys that send out those "past due" notices had to farm the land. But they don't. It'll be some other poor devil of a farmer. Stamps and "past due" slips must be cheap for the loan companies, they send out so many. If their postage costs like it does for me the interest they get would be used up by the time they get it.

And now sticking close to the subject of drying out. Claude Thomas said it bothered him at first. Really he worried quite a lot about it when the drouth first started. But it didn't worry him anymore. He guessed he was becoming numb.

Electric Engineering.

And George Baker said he did not know. He wouldn't say as it was true, but he thought the idea would be worth studying at least. But ever since we have had the radios we have been drying out. And more, the storms we have been having the last few years have been very lacking in electricity. He said it might be (he wouldn't say for sure) that the radios are taking all the electricity from the air and consequently no rain.

I suggested we might turn off our radios for a night and see if it would rain. But most of us would about as soon do without the rain as the radios. We miss out on so many political speeches. I know one man who lives off the government who keeps his radio going eighteen hours a day. We farmers can't afford that much music. Most of us can't afford to run our radios at all anymore. We have to just sit around and hate ourselves and read the County Board.

And then I suggested (I am full of good suggestions) that for a day everyone take the bulb out of a socket or two in the house and then turn on the switch. That way we'd shoot a lot of electric juice in the air. Perhaps we better sit a tub or pan under the socket, for if the air would not absorb the juice fast enough the pan would catch it. That would save spoiling the rug. But if the air absorbed the electricity like it does water the last few days, we wouldn't need to worry about the rugs.

We farmers are mostly using coal oil lamps now, being so ground down. So to keep the spirit up every farmer could sit the lamp out on the table and not light it. Just how much electricity a coal oil

lamp would exude if it wasn't lighted I can't say, but the cost would not be exorbitant and I am sure for such purposes the oil man would charge the bill even if he turns us down on all others.

Now perhaps if everyone cooperated, and the loan companies would all turn on their sockets for a day in place of sending out past due cards, and the merchants would all light their stores and take out their bulbs, and the motors over the country would be all turned on and then take out the plugs, and all the coal oil lamps would be set on the front room table without lighting, then it might be that we would get a thunder shower and the families that have sons in the CCC and the like could run their radios too.

<No date CB 13>

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

I was favored with an invitation from Mrs. Rood to attend the wedding of her daughter Margaret to Dale Halverson.

The weddings most of us attend are few. I think I can count the weddings I have attended on one hand. One man said he never attended but one. That was his own. Rev. Leslie Green, the man who did the marrying, said, considering his profession, he had had very few weddings. He had had lots of funerals but few weddings. At one pastorate, where he lived several years he only had two weddings.

I think this wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Halverson was the most beautiful one I ever attended. The decoration by Clara Holmes of elm leaves, roses and ferns transformed the church into a garden, and the stained glass windows moderated the bright sun of nine o'clock into the golden dawn of eventide. We were ushered to our seats by precise boys and awaited in silence one of the three important events of a young couple's lifetime.

The last one to be seated was the mother of the bride, Mrs. Rood and then the doors were locked. St. Mathew, 25-10 says, "And while they went to buy (five of the ten virgins went to buy oil for their lamps) the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage; and the door was shut."

The minister, the groom and best man came from the door to the south soon after Margaret Sayre sang and then down the aisle slowly marched the bridesmaids, maid of honor, ring bearer, ushers and the last was the bride. She was dressed in cream white satin and in contrast with her black hair and dark eyes we all thought the word beautiful was not quite enough. Her lace veil trailed far behind and Mrs. Rood, sitting near could not refrain from reaching out and touching it and allowing it to slip softly through her fingers as it moved slowly past.

The bridesmaids in their misty pink and blue organdies and the ushers with their dark suits did their parts with mechanical precision but none looked nicer or was better looking than the bridegroom.

Little Randall Harmon carried the ring on a pillow. In the rehearsals he had tripped twice and his folks worried for fear what might happen in the actual. But he never made a mistake. When the time came to give the ring the minister himself dropped it and had to reach to the floor and hunt a minute, and that trivial mishap has been an item or remark ever since. The boy was especially amused that someone besides himself should cause the fumble.

They all marched out, in formation to the east similar to the marching in except that the groom went with the bride and the best man with the maid of honor. The minister was left standing alone on the rostrum as if he knew not what to do and finally, which seemed a long time but was only a

minute, he smiled and turned to the south and walked thoughtfully away alone, as if, he had done his duty and had made one more couple happy.

The bride and groom stood by the door while we all walked by and shook their hands and we wished her much joy and congratulated the groom. A tear was in Margaret's eyes as I came up, tears of gladness and friendship, I thought Mrs. Rood's eyes too were red as she was seated, but I know she was not sad, and I know too she could not wish for a nicer son-in-law.

We all gathered on the walk and lawn and waited to see the bridal couple leave. As they stepped out, framed in the large doorway, she immaculately white, enwrapped in her train and still holding flowers, and he tall, light hair and dark suit, they were bewildered for a minute. There was the picture we should have had. And Margaret exclaimed, "What do we do now? How do we get home?"

Art Willoughby volunteered to take them and they left and we all stood around and watched and to my knowledge there was not a kernel of rice or an old shoe thrown.

And then the argument arose over whether the minister pronounced them husband and wife or not. Some said he forgot. Others said they knew he pronounced them such. Some took the matter seriously but not too much so. But we are all going to give him the benefit of the doubt. We know he meant to.

One man told me after it was all over that he and his wife and two small boys were invited to the wedding. One boy would not go. "Ah it will only take a minute and it is not worth the trouble of getting ready." But the other boy got up early so he would be ready in time. At a wedding a week before the parents were invited but not the children and this lad was very disappointed. He wasn't going to miss this one.

I have not heard a person say yet that attended but that it was one of the most beautiful weddings that has ever taken place in our little city. And I ask the question, "Why are there not more such ceremonies?" The Roods and my folks and myself have long been friends and I was more than pleased to be asked to be one of the witnesses, and I know that Mrs. Rood did not invite me to write this for the paper. I think she would rather it would be written for her own.

A Little Unusual.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Barber are soon to celebrate their golden wedding. They were married fifty years ago on Davis Creek. Mrs. Barber said in those days they did not have maids of honors and best men, but instead, witnesses. And those witnesses are Mrs. Ida Brown living east of North Loup and E. E. Davis living in North Loup. Perhaps a little unusual that all four would continuously live in one vicinity for fifty years. They have lived here longer for they lived here several years before the wedding. Another slightly unusual circumstance is the fact that the young son of Dell Claud Barber, Theron Duane Barber, has three of his great grandparents living. Chas Barber and wife and John Goodrich.

<No date CB 14>

The Ord Quiz

CARE OF COUNTY BOARD

By George Gowen

Thirst.

In finishing up a job of cultivating the other day I became very thirsty before I finished and went for a drink, and when I did I found it difficult to swallow.

I was reminded of a story an old man told me one year when times were good and we spent the winter in California. He was an old timer by the name of Mat Williams, with bushy white whiskers

and a nugget for a watch charm. He lived in the same apartment house we did and he told me many stories of his early California days.

He came to the state in 1850 with a covered wagon seeking gold. As they neared the destination, that is the California line, a group of the young men took their packs on their backs and went on ahead for they could walk much faster than the oxen with the loads could travel.

At one place they had to cross a thirty mile desert. They started early in the morning. I do not remember him telling me now they carried their water if they carried any. But never-the-less before the day was near done they all became thirsty.

Some of the men wanted to turn around and go back. Mr. Williams said he urged to go on as he thought they were half way through. Finally they took a vote to keep going by one majority.

They trudged on, silently, single file, the sun boiling down fiercely. The sand hot, and not a tree or a thing in sight except the trail they were following. All were worried, hoping for the best. Some were beginning to lag but the stronger ones could not help for it was a question if they themselves could make it. It got to the point of every man for himself.

Then as they were about choked from thirst they came to a place in the trail where someone had pulled off the road with his wagon. The men pondered, unable to speak aloud, whether to turn off or stick to the trail. Wandering around in that desert, off the trail would be certain death. And then they knew the man that pulled off had a reason. He would not have done it either had there not been water.

There was no voting this time in as much as every man was for himself so part of the group turned off and part kept going. Mr. Williams turned off. And in the course of a little ways they came to an alkalie stream, flowing level with the ground. None of the group died for the others came to the stream also but further along.

But here is the point of the story. These men lay down on the bank, on their stomachs and tried to drink but they could not swallow. He said it was an hour before they could get water into their bodies. They would take water into their mouths, hold it and spit it out. Upon trying to swallow they would only vomit it back.

As a boy I was a little doubtful of that point of his story but dared not dispute. It might have been true at that.

When I Get Rich.

I'm going to get a maid or a butler to kill flies, and if there is one single fly left to buzz in my ear in the morning when I'm trying to sleep, there will be one butler or one maid looking for another job.

Ditch Talk.

If Hardenbrook doesn't bring back the bacon this time I'd suggest they employ the navy to get the money. The navy has as much luck getting into the coffers as anyone. The \$1,600,000 would just be pin money for the navy.

My wife stopped into Gus Wetzels the other day and nearly got stuck in the mud doing it. They were irrigating there and she said she couldn't help but think of how much cooler the air was there than away from the place.

The common expression is that "we won't believe again that they've got the ditch until we see the money on the barrel head."

Some think we shall get it soon now that election is nearing. Well, the ditch would compensate for a lot of things, at least we'd be getting something for the money spent, and that's more than we can say in some instances.

In event we don't get the ditch I'd suggest the county employ Hugo brothers to stay around all summer.

I'm hoping they do get the ditch for I invested \$5.00 in the thing for expenses with the understanding that when the money came I'd get that said five dollars back. I could use five dollars pretty handy right now.

Fly Bait.

Bill Stine is the champion fly catcher in town. He has a few traps set around his back door and baits them with beer and sugar.

Going Begging.

Now that the corn crop is gone I've been wondering if Hank will take enough of my dope to make up for that loss too, like he suggested about the steers. Ed Lee bought some steers the same time I did. He's wondering how to economize more than he is doing and all he could think of was to cease shaving and cutting his hair.

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

December 7, 1934	321
December 14, 1934	321
December 21, 1934	322
December 28, 1934	323
January 4, 1935	325
January 11, 1935	327
January 18, 1935	328
January 25, 1935	329
February 1, 1935	330
February 8, 1935	331
February 15, 1935	332
February 22, 1935	334
March 1, 1935	335
March 8, 1935	336
March 15, 1935	338
March 22, 1935	339
March 29, 1935	340
April 5, 1935	342
April 12, 1935	343
April 19, 1935	344
April 26, 1935	345
May 3, 1935	347
May 10, 1935	348
May 17, 1935	350
May 24, 1935	351
May 31, 1935	353
June 7, 1935	354
June 14, 1935	355
June 28, 1935	356
July 5, 1935	357
August 23, 1935	358
August 30, 1935	359
November 8, 1935	360
November 15, 1935	361
November 22, 1935	362
November 29, 1935	364
December 6, 1935	365
December 13, 1935	366
December 27, 1935	367
January 3, 1936	369
January 10, 1936	370
January 24, 1936	371
February 21, 1936	373
March 6, 1936	374

March, 13, 1936	375
April 10, 1936	376
April 24, 1936	376
May 8, 1936.....	377
June 26, 1936.....	378
September 4, 1936.....	380
November 20, 1936.....	381
November 27, 1936.....	382
December 25, 1936	383
January 8, 1937	384

December 7, 1934

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Our city of North Loup is not half big enough. We should have at least two of every kind of business, and more would be better. Years ago, when we only had one bank, our friend Geo. E. Johnson insisted there was not business enough for two. In spite of that, The North Loup State Bank was started, and both banks prospered for many years. The fact of the matter is, one man cannot get all the business, and enough goes to other towns to maintain a second institution.

The same can be said of the butcher, the baker, and the undertaker. Then if the hardware man goes to the wrong church or works too hard, or not hard enough, or his daughter is a nose turnupper or his son makes your foot tired, we will not have to go to a neighboring town to trade, but just across the street. There is enough grocery business going from our own territory every day to supply a chain store. Why not one here?

There are two businesses in our midst that competition in neighboring towns do not seem to worry. They are the pool hall and the dance hall. (Dr. Tschauner's church my boy used to say. Now it is Bud Knapp's I suppose.) Both institutions seem to be running full capacity now. But when the town has reached the Utopian size I am advocating the present accommodations would be grossly inadequate.

I presume then under those conditions we would have two Loyalists too. And two boobs like me to write screeds. Well I am afraid that would be like the old deacon praying for "a barrel of flour, a barrel of sugar, a barrel of salt, a barrel of pepper," and then he sensed his error and exclaimed "Oh Lord, that is too much pepper."

"Our bank will perform any service any the others will do," remarked a man on the street. "The other banks will not loan any money and neither will this one." That statement is not entirely true. All the banks pretend to loan on good security. But there is the canard. Where is the good security?

And then when all is said and done it would not be a good business policy to loan too much money. If they did there would be none left to pay salaries, dividends and encourage bank robbers. There is just one panacea for the bank robbing malady. That is to arrange it so the bandits will have to give security before they get the funds, the same as is required of us poor duffers. The bankers are so inconsistent sometimes it seems to me.

I do not quite understand why the President went to all the exercise to proclaim Thanksgiving this year, unless he is thankful for his own job. About all I can think of to be thankful for is that the year is gone but not forgotten and besides none of our boys have died from playing football this season. Come on Ford. The chip is on my shoulder.

December 14, 1934

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

The Townsend Old Age Pension Plan created a quite a fervor among some of our older folks. The original plan was to give everyone over sixty years of age, two hundred dollars a month with the stipulation that the money be spent and the recipients refrain from any productive labor (Just loaf.) The idea, so the old folk say, is to start the money to circulating again in place of lying idle in the

bank as the most of it does now. The plan has many backers all over the land, and especially in California where it was originated. These supporters are fortified with arguments against any criticism pronounced, and to save me I cannot see why the idea is any more fantastic than some of the things that are being done. The tree belt for example. Lately, some of the folks have conceived the idea, the age is too high fifty-five would be better. If it is a good plan to lower the age to fifty-five, I suggest they go a little further and set the age at thirty-five, and then I might qualify. The whole thing seems wonderful to me, (in fact too good to be true), but what worries me the most is I am afraid my mother would be dead and gone before the measure is passed. That would be tragic in more ways than one, for there is where I plan to get my beak in. Then the question arises as to whether the old folks could spend so much money or not. That feature does not seem so complicated to me. A little fling into Omaha night life might help some. One man from Scotia lost forty dollars there a few weeks ago and did not know where it went. Then I would suggest my mother reinstate her life Insurance, which I attempted to pay the premiums on for a number of years. If she would live to a ripe old age, the premiums alone would dig deep into the \$200.00. A dip into pari-mutuel betting might bring results, besides furnishing amusement. Then if all these schemes fail, one might go and purchase a few implement repairs or pork products. It all reminds me of Irvy She Idon's story of the bum who had recently inherited \$700.00. He (the bum) was telling how the money had slipped from him. One night he lost \$150.00 in a crap game, another night some wild women fleeced him of another hundred, and according to his own words, he "just fooled the rest of it away."

<A hand written note: This paragraphing was an error of the linotyper.>

We Americans, politically speaking are prone to leadership and rather enjoy the distinction of having bosses, such as Tammany in New York, Huey Long of Louisiana, Arthur Mullen of Omaha, and Clew Meyers of North Loup.

While in Omaha last week, Arnold and I saw a carload of white-faced heifers that topped the market. They were beautiful beasts and they got a write-up in the paper. Yes, they topped the market, but they lost money, and the owner was going home with a sad heart. Another case was of a man that hired some young cows fed on contract. After the cows were sold, there was not enough money to pay for the feed. I am afraid the Christmas bells will not ring in these two homes this winter.

There will be no street lights in Greeley when the moon shines, according to the reports of the Greeley Citizen. W. T. Hutchins has it figured out there will be no more street lights at all, for he says there always has been and feels sure there always will be plenty of moonshine in that town, even on the darkest nights.

December 21, 1934

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Will Wetzel might be called my foster father. For fifteen and one-half years continually, while I was growing up, he worked for my folks, with the exception of three years he spent living on the Ford Eyerly place. I dare say, during these eighteen years, I saw him oftener than I did my own father.

Now Will has been ordered to bed to recoup. I can hardly feature such a thing for I never remember him ever being sick and he is only a few months younger than his old boss, who has gone to his reward sixteen years ago.

I cannot remember when Will did not work for us. As a tot, climbing in the back end of the wagon when the brones were turned loose or trying to ride the hogs while they were being fed, to later years when I was taught to set a two-row or to mouth a horse, Will was ever present.

He was never sick. He was always on tap. So regular was his coming to work either to the yards or the store and returning at night, our clocks were set by his routine. And his work was equally prompt.

I believe Will is endowed with the keenest sense of natural wit of any man I ever knew. What small bit of humor I have has all been instilled in me by that man. His jokes and stories told me throughout my years of adolescence stay by me yet, and hardly a day passes but what one of his puns is recalled.

He was no better a joker than he was a workman. No man could drive a straighter row, could grow a better crop, could better fatten a steer or horse, and that no doubt is one reason why he was never fired.

And to day, through his thrift, he is worth more financially than his old boss ever was.

We all hope he will soon recover.

One of our local teachers told her pupils, as she dismissed them the night before Thanksgiving, that now perhaps they would get a chance to go somewhere to get some Christmas presents.

It reminds me of a teacher we had a few years ago. She had been carefully saving her money so she could have more to spend when she went to the teachers convention at Kearney. Among the other regalia she bought was a new hat. Someone mentioned to her that one of the members of the school board sold hats. The teacher huffily replied, "I earn the money and it is nobody's business where I spend it." Even at that, the fact the purchase might cause disfavor by the hat member of the school board and eventually cause the job to be given up to someone else, caused the poor teacher to go bare headed most of the year in the attempt to keep the purchase a secret.

The report is that Julia Meyers is to receive a job in Washington as secretary to one of the brass collars. Not so bad I would say. I would be a democrat too for a job. Many people thought it was foolish for Julia to give up school teaching to go into politics. It might have been rather foolish to have given up her job to get into republican politics. And more, it is not any worse than to give up a good job teaching to marry a sand hiller. That is what our teacher did last year. No explanation can be given for actions in love and politics.

A friend of mine asked me if this column is supposed to give a person the colic. He gathered as much from the heading. I replied, "I do not care what happens, if they give you the colic or the plain old time belly ache, as long as I get my five dollars (?) a week for writing."

December 28, 1934

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Several people have censured me for tossing, in these times of distress, such an expensive bridge party as I did a few weeks ago.

Although we did play bridge, it must be definitely understood it was NOT the Bridge Club. There never was but one Bridge Club in the universe and I do not and never did belong. The club is an antiquated, elite society, with a patented name, the remaining members of which condescend to play cards with us barbarians now and then. But that subject is so extensive I will have to write a special dissertation on it at another meeting.

The headlines proclaimed we served creamed chicken in rosette cases, parker house rolls, graham cracker roll (puddin) and coffee. Sure sounds grand.

The creamed chicken was made out of two old Leghorn roosters that had died from the guillotine the morning before the night after. Had they been live roosters they would have been worth about 1c a pound (heavy cocks 4c, Leghorns 3c less) but dead roosters are worth nothing except for fish bait or bridge parties.

My wife's kind sister gave us the cases, perhaps because she thought it would be useless to charge us.

Had we bought the rolls at the bakery they would have cost us 35c. I do not want to expose the profiteering of our baker by telling his cost of the actual ingredients.

A quart of cream might have brought us twenty cents. It did not cost us anything. And we mixed a little milk with it too.

The ingredients of the "puddin" cost about 50c. We traded some eggs for them. We found a nest of eggs laid last spring. They were too old to eat or set so we took them to the store.

The coffee was some cheap FERA coffee that was so bitter we could not down it ourselves. It had been on the top shelf of the cupboard for several years and we thought it a good riddance.

The tally cards were remnants of other parties, and also from times when we had not won a game.

The favors were Christmas candles we had borrowed from the school house a few years ago.

We fed the crowd some candy saved from last Christmas. We had bought it at a chain store and could not eat it ourselves.

Albert said we might use his bakery as an advertisement in hopes some one else might want to rent the room at another date.

It took a gallon of gasoline to go over to town and back, for we got stuck twice. I had the gasoline charged and may never pay for it.

The prizes, a couple of handkerchiefs, were winnings at other bridge parties.

We spent quite a little time, but as long as I do not belong to the FERA, my time is worth nothing.

The write up in the paper was free gratis also.

The party was a little like the Biblical story of the bread and the fishes. There were enough crumbs and stale coffee left to last us for a week afterwards.

It was reported there were fifty to a hundred people present. There were not but I wish there had been to help drink that coffee. As long as I am not a member of the FERA I guess it would have been all right anyway. The business of the FERA is everyone's business.

Now friends, creditors and others if that is extravagance, make the most of it.

The North Loup Loyalist
December 14, 1934

GOWENS ENTERTAIN

AT BRIDGE PARTY

Monday evening the local club was entertained by Geo. and Addie Gowen at the Backcock Bakery. George says the roads were so bad and so extensive were his friends that he was forced to rent a hall for the important event. George also added he is sure he didn't invite all his friends and is not sure all that he invited were his friends. The high score was won by Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Thorpe and second high by Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hudson.

Couples outside the membership of the club who were invited were Mr. and Mrs. Frank and Bill Schudel, Alfred Christensen, Irvin Thelin, Roy Hudson, Jess Thorpe, Warren Bailey, Harold Hoeppner, Art Hutchins, Oscar and Arnold Bredthauer.

The lunch consisted of creamed chicken in rosette cases, parker house rolls, graham cracker rolls and coffee.

January 4, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

More or Less Panegyric:

At the S. D. B. Children's Day program last June, little Miss Marion Maxson, garbed in a raincoat and carrying an umbrella, sang an aria in quaint and plaintive tempo

"What's the use of our complaining."

"When it raining, raining, raining."

and the chorus of children chimed in with oscine tones,

"Hear the patter, patter on the window pane."

It was not raining that day, nor did it rain for many months. Nevertheless, at our home, for every fugitive, amethyst cloud appearing on the horizon, throughout the throes of the long summer's lashing, we would offer a silent prayer and the refrain Miss Marion taught us. Not until now have our parched fields been watered, and none of us is complaining.

Again at the S. D. B. Christmas program, Miss Marion won the hearts of the audience, taking the part of a crippled girl, and singing her unrestrained and unembarrassed way. I do not dare say she was the best singer on the program, but she surely carried a stellar part.

Yuletide Spirit:

The new dog belonging to Bill Schudel, came from a home where there were many kids and dogs. In order to ameliorate an acute attack of nostalgia, the dog continually escaped to the neighbors to play, placing Bill to untold anguish in temper as well as wear on shoe soles bringing the hound back to the home and fireside. As a result, Bill just chained the new pet to the windmill post.

This incarceration proved to be a howling success in more ways than one. Bill declared he was going to keep the dog tied there until after the 25th, so Touser would have a Merry Christmas when he was turned loose.

A family in town is operating along the same line of procedure, only in place of a dog that runs away it is a small boy. So futile were the efforts of the mother in attempting to foil the small boy's escapes, she hid his clothes.

This method has also proved to be a howling success up to date, for the boy will stay at home in preference to taking the jeers of his friends, should he go calling in his pajamas. The mother declares she is going to keep the clothes hid until after Christmas. Santa Claus has many novel presents in these years of depression.

Slightly Ironical:

In as much as we have to import a photographer from another city to take the school pictures, why would it not be a good idea to exempt our home photographer from paying school taxes in this district? Perhaps a better idea would be to deduct the amount of the school taxes levied on our home photographer's property from the out of towners' bill and use it to pay the taxes. Surely the out of towners would be glad to make that reduction.

The same reasoning for shipping in a photographer to supply our school might be propounded for shipping in a plumber, a stationer, a broom maker, an insurance agent, a lumberman, or a milliner. Our local man is good enough to photograph some of our county officers, but not good enough for our school.

On the Street:

Art Watts and Art Babcock were visiting on the street the other day. A friend happened along and addressed them as the, "Fine Arts". Mr. Watts replied, "No. The Lost Arts".

George Guy. Thanks for the lovely
 Compliment you gave our little daughter.
 Coming as it did 'out of a clear sky', and
 unsolicited, and by the public route of
 the Press, it bears the earmarks of the
 genuine. I will admit frankly I was
 obliged to go scurrying to the dictionary,
 (which I find to contain a world of
 information).

After reading your remarks Marion
 said, "Well, thanks, George Guy." I
 suppose her vanity was touched, young
 as she is, but doubtless ten, or fifteen or
 twenty years from now she will appreciate
 more fully what it is all about.

However, you know a mother cherishes
 those things in her heart.

Sincerely Fern B.M.

January 11, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Perplexity:

Edgar Davis asked me to explain, in regard to the party, how we got ahold of FERA coffee four years ago. The only explanation I could offer was that there are a lot of things about the FERA we cannot explain.

On the Street:

The Pop Corn Days Committee, by their diligent watchfulness and frugality have an accumulation of \$164.70 saved after paying all the expenses for the last year's celebration. Not so bad in these times of distress and despair.

The money will be saved and be available to start the celebration another year. Inasmuch as the stockholders and officers of the North Loup Cooperative Credit Association are not boosters or interested in the Pop Corn Days Celebration, these funds have been deposited in another town and will be left there unmolested until next fall.

Proud Possessions:

Bud Knapp's bull dog that bites your pant leg; Albert Babcock's large rolling pin; Doris Goodrich's natty-pulled eyebrows; Dorris Davis' natural permanent; Dave Bredthayer's big boys; Arthur Hutchins' little boys.

Idiosyncrasies:

Harry Gillespie's Big Bad Wolf laugh; Otto Bartz' black Diamond Dick hat; Lowell Weilman's pet mouse; Postmaster Meyers' pompadour; Alfred Crandalls' politics; Irvin Thelin's dissertations on finance; (as if any of us had money enough to take advantage of the information).

Politics:

A few years ago, when Harding was elected and later, there were such a few democrats, they really acted ashamed of themselves. Now the tables have turned I am sure there are republicans around, but they are sort a "sneakin" about it. Those prize packages that still let their light shine, can nearly be counted on your hands.

Alfred Crandall and Art Babcock are positively hopeless for democratic conversion. Dr. Hemphill, W. T. Hutchins, G. L. Hutchins, Ed Lee, and Ford Eyerly are close seconds. Art Hutchins might qualify as a dyed in the wooler, if he didn't take and read the World Herald. Jake Barker and Ches Chinn can be counted also but they are more reticent about it. Elnor Hurley does not like to offend any one but his father is one that never says for the G.O.P.s and Elnor is a man that honors his father. Bert Cummins whispered to me the other day not to give up. Vern Bobbins never fails, and someone intimidated Melvin Cornell and I might belong to that faith.

I am sure there are others, but they are not so obnoxious, that is obnoxious to Clem and his cohorts.

Troubles Again:

With forefingers bobbing close to my nose, a couple demure P. T. A. ladies accosted me and said, if the following paragraph had been published in the Loyalist in place of the Quiz, they would have answered it. "It was no county affair," they said.

The Ord Quiz--- "The loyalty of North Loupers to one another was not only demonstrated a year ago, by the local restaurant serving Wisconsin Cheese to the Ord Rotary Club, who were at the time on an inspection trip to our local cheese factory, but last week the P. T. A. of which our local baker and his wife are ardent members, served at the luncheon imported bread. Perhaps they were trying to

take a little conceit out of our baker and show him he is not the only man in the land who is in the bakery business."

They further avidly explained that Albert is not a member of the P. T. A. and only had been invited there that evening to give the principle address and be the honored guest.

The fact that out of town bread was served was explained for the same reason the cheese was served. The grocery stores were all sold out of the local bread. That is not such a bad recommendation for the bread at that. We are all looking for an answer laden with spice.

The local auditing committee of the North Loup Cooperative Credit Association audited the books the other day before the annual meeting. The chairman reported it took ten minutes.

January 18, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Too Bad! Too Bad!

A slight touch of Post Office arrogance was displayed to me the other day. I used to think railroad employers and Post Office officials had the world beat for insolence. Since competition has come to the rescue, the former have made remarkable recoveries. Postal clerks now hold undisputed honors.

My little peeve occurred in a close neighboring town. I had an errand to that metropolis and on the way I discovered a few bits of mail in the box. Upon scanning the letters, I noticed one that should be answered on the next train out. In order to facilitate matters I decided to write and answer that epistle before going home.

I stepped into the Post Office and to the window. I waited several minutes for the clerk to finish writing a letter or reading a paper. At her leisure she presented herself at the window. I purchased a stamped envelope. Then I asked if she had a piece of stationery she might give me upon which I could write a short letter.

"No," she snapped turning away, "we do not have even a piece of scratch paper."

If the truth be known I did not believe her. She walked off haughtily to the other side of the room. I wondered for a minute if she had relented and was going to look for a small sheet. I soon discovered I was mistaken, for the mail bags came at that moment and she stepped up and pulled the window down with me still standing there.

Soon madness came over my countenance. A moment's reflection and I decided I would do no more business there. I would just drive to North Loup and mail my letter where I knew Boss Meyers and Hep would treat me courteously. Upon farther ponderance I concluded a better plan would be to just mail my letter there and put that snippy post mistress to the extra task of canceling the stamp.

I minced my way to the waste letter basket, and salvaged an old envelope. I tore the back off and wrote the missive. I addressed the envelope I had purchased and spitefully dropped it into the slot.

I shall admit I looked a little like a hill-billie in my ragged denim, my two year old Scotch cap pulled over my ears, and with my greasy hands, compared with her well preened golden tresses, glossy silk frock and tinted nails. More, that sneaking whipped pup hopelessness of my mien spelled at once I was a republican and taking all in all, I suppose under the circumstances, I received all the accommodations I could expect. In spite of our waywardness we republican feel way down deep in our heart we are still citizens of Uncle Sam and should at least be out of goal.

I presume I am easily touched. One could hardly expect the master to furnish paper for everyone to write their letters on. I imagine if they did it might cost them ten cents a month and with their meager salary they just could not afford it.

Discouraging:

A friend of mine tattled to me the other day that he heard a lady say I made her nervous in church. It happened I sat right in front of her one day and I wiggled, or whispered, or blew my nose or read the paper, or did something too much. I am awfully sorry I affected the poor woman so badly. She had better scan the crowd a little next week and take a different pew, for I intend to keep right on going to church. I wonder if it makes her nervous when she sees me drop fifty cents in the platter, if I ever do.

January 25, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

More or Less Panegyric:

The most enjoyable afternoon in many a day was spent last Saturday in visiting with Mrs. Combs, a unique character, a profuse conversationalist, a sparkling wit. I laughed at her jokes and puns, and she at my foolishness.

We talked of politics, banking, agriculture, inheritance, pensions, health, clothing, children, travel and love. A storehouse of information and experience is enclosed in the mind of that lady of nearly three score and ten. She is as quick and sharp at retort as a high school kid, and a whole lot more intelligent.

In regard to politics she was glad to see Clem get the job, but thought it very unjust for Art B. to get rooted out ahead, of time, and thought if Julia did get a job in Washington she would be like a minnow in the Mississippi.

Something was said about giving anti-toxin for snake bites and she wondered if it would be all right to take it when one is bitten by a banker.

In regard to agriculture she said a farmer now days, was like being out in a bad blizzard, not being able to see ahead and not knowing which way to step.

She was anxious to travel but was tired to death after taking a trip to Wood River and back.

The social life of the community was discussed. She would like to have us come out for a visit or party sometime. I asked her if we might play Bridge and she replied she could go cut a hole in the bridge and let us jump through.

She also wondered why it was some people were invited all the time and others scarcely ever were invited. I have heard that question asked before and never could answer.

However I told her that the crowd I was invited with was composed entirely of married couples and if she would get married I would surely invite her to some of our functions. She replied she would like to come but did not think that the parties would hardly be worth the bother of a man.

This led to the subject of love and incidentally she remarked she had virtually had two proposals in the last few years. She would not reveal the names when I very impolitely quizzed. This caused much exhilaration for both.

I told her she should be highly complimented, for some women go all through life without even the suggestion of one proposal

Our Young folks:

While enjoying the hospitality of G. L. Hutchins and his wife two weeks ago Sabbath afternoon we noticed out the window a six-foot Don Quixote, strolling (gently strolling) up the avenue, forth and back, accompanied, one on each side, by a couple of fledglings, who smiled affectionately and continually up into his noble countenance.

So concerned was our young gallant for the safety and welfare of his natty innamoratas that he placed his big strong arms firmly and benevolently around the waist of each one. Perhaps he was

afraid one or the other might stumble or fall by the wayside, or some ru ffian might happen along and cave man like snatch one or the other from his loving care. Noble! Noble! At any rate he was not partial.

When I was a boy things were very different. Never did our worry in the day time e xtend beyond the gripping firmly to the girl's arm, but we were very expert at that trick. Occasionally, when the night was black and dreary and the bugger men might spring from any niche, we would re lease our hold of a wing and gently lay the hand under the arm, (on the other side) to better protect her, (that is if we didn't get our face slapped). We were always very particular to walk on the outside of the walk, and at the crossings would dodge back and forth with military precision.

Strange how marriage effects us. We old married fellows never worry anymore about "the only woman" walking home alone, or bad, bad men springing from dark corners and running off with her. We know no such things ever happen.

Compliments:

A lady at a party the other night said to me, "What do you get for those things for the p aper? I need a little extra pin money. Maybe I will start writing some." "Are you as good a writer as I am," I queried a wee bit boastfully. "Well", she answered curtly, "I am not so dumb."

Chris Madsen said to me he liked to read "what you put in the paper but I wish you would quit writing it in Latin."

I have heard ever so many say "I surely like to read the ads Mills puts in the paper." That's the test of any writing, whether it is books, screeds, editorials, or advertisements, --if they like to read 'em.

February 1, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

More or less panegyric:

You will pardon me for telling about my relatives but one should never let them spoil a good story. I shall say no more about Art Babcock and his wife exce pt that it seems to me they have officiated as pall bearer and singer more times at funerals than any people in the country.

In less than a week after obsequies of their loving daug hter Mettie, another girl of very nearly the same age died in the community. Mrs. Babcock, her heart yet bleeding from the loss of her own loved one, was asked to sing at the rites and she did. In times of travail we usually call on our friends.

Friends From Afar:

Ed Lee tells of seeing Gus Bailor in Grand Island a mouth or so a go. Gus was very vociferous and curious about North Loup folks and especially his own whom he has not heard from in a long time.

Gus has a little truck garden near the city, but could not profit enough but what he was forced to work on the FERA. Gus maintained the whole thing was wrong, he says that up to the court house those fellows get \$150.00 a month and more working for the gover nment and they work no harder than he.

On Being Clever:

Someone told me if I wanted a real treat in intelligence, to loiter around the post office and listen to the babble of the school kids as they tarry there waiting for the mail.

I remember once when I was a kid, my father got his hair cut while a bunch of high school boys loafed and talked on the side lines and parted with their knowledge. He was not overly impressed, or was too ignorant to comprehend it all, for he told us at the supper table that evening that he was there in the barber shop for an hour and a half and never heard a r emark with a lick of sense to it during

the whole time. What made my father's remarks especially impressive on me was I was a high school student at the time and prone to saying what I thought to be very bright things.

About all I can think of of value on the subject is the little verse of Mary Caroline Davies:

"Sweet maid, be good and let who will be clever,
I'd say, be clever if I thought you could.
But being clever, have you noticed ever,
Takes more of what it takes, than being good,"

Salesmanship:

A lively contest is on between the driver of an out of town bakery truck and our local baker. Both deliver their bread and place it on the same rack at Manchester's. The trucker has a very nice large sign he puts up for advertisement, each day as he delivers his wares, he places his bread neatly on the rack and thoughtfully places the sign in front of Albert's bread. Then when Albert comes along he kindly sets it over in front of the bread it is advertising and so back and forth this sign bobs each day. The bad part of it all is, that some of these days that sign will get worn out and they will have to print another.

Good Sports:

In discussing the fights at Loup City last week, the onlookers who reported said the reason Bob Preston lost was because he was scared, and they believed if the fight had gone three rounds more he would have licked. He was knocked down twice in the first two rounds, but came to his senses in the third and knocked down his opponent. Commenting about it himself, he felt he did better than the other fellow. He received the same pay, (\$6) and two black eyes to boot.

In reporting on the main bout, everyone thought Elwin Auble took an awful beating, and they sure would have hated to take the punishment he took. Rubbing over the phone, we overheard his mother laughingly tell his sister, that although the other fellow won the decision Elwin wasn't hurt much only getting a black eye and besides he made \$10 out of it.

That wasn't all the benefits derived either. The fighters got free admittance and a ring side seat.

Wouldn't it have been a shame if both their eyes had been blackened until they couldn't have seen the other fights.

Personal:

One of the best dressed men in town, who is always so meticulously groomed one never thinks of it, is our dapper Rev. Warren.

February 8, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

News From Afar:

I received another letter from my good friend M. E. McClellan the other day. He is at Covina, California and once in a while we help Farley and Clem out by being sociable. Merrill seems to take quite an interest in my columns, which is quite gratifying, and sends me others he clips for comparison.

He sent me one which tells about how a reader, "began doing the most alarming war dances around me, yelling: 'I'll drill you! I'll plug you! I'll cut you down!'" All his plans seem to carry an unpleasant suggestion".

Merril added, "You see he has troubles as well as you."

M. E. also sent me a clipping, headed with the sentence, "The Fleet's In!" And then Merrill writes, "They feel out here as I thought that fleet belonged here and nowhere else. When it went to the east coast last spring there were plenty of reasons given in the papers why it should not leave here."

The wives and families of those who had such got in their autos and met the fleet on the east coast. There are vast sums spent here also on flying and flying fields and harbor improvements. No wonder Nebraska farmers are poor."

The clipping says the fleet brings the neighborhood of 50,000 people to the vicinity. It spends in round numbers about \$26,000,000 a year and in one month about \$95,700 for provisions. Then the thought occurred to me how hard it is to get three million for a ditch, and how the administration is building a larger navy than ever.

Merrill also added in conclusion that, "We will or at least intend to be back in North Loup in May."

The Weather:

That hoary morning a few days ago, when every tree, twig, wire and blade of grass hung heavy with a white coat of frost, I was reminded of how Rip Van Winkle must have looked as he arose, yawned and shuffled down the mountainside.

And upon further ponderance I shudder at the thoughts of how a friend of mine will look in a couple months if he continues to insist he has not any money with which to buy a razor blade.

Politics Again:

The election of road overseer is principally a contest of who can get the most close friends and relatives to walk over to the caucus.

A very good example of the huge representation at township meetings was when Carl Nelson was elected road overseer for his corner of the township a few years ago.

One man nominated him and one man elected him. Mr. Waterman was the only man present who was eligible to vote. He placed the nomination, and when the time came he likewise cast one vote and his man was elected.

Post Mortem:

Now I suppose we will have to have over the Preacher. What a lot of trouble one little sentence will create. I was censured quite severely for calling him "dapper" I did the very unwise thing of publishing the squib and looking up the word afterwards. I went to Webster's New International, which is final authority when all disputes arise, and here is the definition verbatim, "Brave; valiant; little and active; spruce; trim; neat in dress or appearance lively." I still think it is the right word.

And then his wife reports his trousers are so thin she is afraid any minute they will break, but feels if he stands behind the pulpit only the choir would notice it if worse comes to worse. I suggested he wear a pair of overalls or a suit of red underwear underneath his trousers and he said his clothing on that score is none too good either. Preachers have their troubles as well as the rest of us.

The Season:

The winter is half over, and perhaps is a trifle more than half. Byron Johnson used to say, "Half your corn and half your hay on Ground Hog's Day, and you're safe." I have thought many times the live stock ate more in the months of March and April than all the rest the winter. Perhaps because the supply was getting a little short and nothing in the form of pasture. Encouraging to say the least.

February 15, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Story For The Boys:

A true Indian story was told me the other day by Julius Schoning, about his father.

Old Mr. Schoning had his first homestead shack build down by the river in a clump of cottonwoods west of where the buildings now stand. One morning while eating breakfast he and his wife heard a little noise, and looking up they noticed an Indian looking at the window.

Scared for his life, Mr. Schoning went to the door and asked the big chief with a feather in his hair, and a large bow in his hand, into the house. The Indian entered and was seated at the table. Then Mr. and Mrs. Schoning hurried around cooking some more pancakes, corn bread, and coffee and filled Mr. Indian up. Very little did the Indian say except grunt and so well pleased was he with the meal that he said, "Me no hurt white man".

As he left, Mrs. Schoning wrapped up a little lunch and some uncooked coffee for "papoose", and Mr. Schoning presented a few ears of "Pony Corn". Mr. Indian was very interested in the gun of Mr. Schoning and he was equally interested in the Indian's bow and arrow.

The gun was shot into a nearby red cedar log, and then Mr. Indian drew his bow, and shot the arrow into the log. They were a couple rods distant, but the arrow hit with such force that the men were several minutes getting it loose without breaking.

Old Mr. Schoning had a number of experiences with the Indians, but never had any trouble.

Dog Story:

Upon seeing a couple dogs following some FERA workers, I inquired how it happened the dogs had not been killed; as I understood such an ultimatum was issued sometime back: His reply was that, "I did kill him but he just wouldn't stay dead."

Well that is better than I could do. Once when a boy I executed a fond dog, that had been part of the family for a number of years. The pangs of hunger will have to bear down with a vengeance before I will try that stunt again. To this day I can see those eyes of old Shep look up at me in confidence that I would stand by him through thick and thin as he had done so many times by me.

Idiosyncrasies:

Roy Cox's fondness for chicken; the Doug Bather family's fondness for chewing gum; the McClellan's thoughtfulness at times of funerals; Selma Robbin's ever pleasant smile of greeting; Bernard Henning's swanky green beret.

Proud Possessions:

Harlon Brennick's little white dog, Merrill Weliman's collection of match holders.

Politics Again:

Myra Barber seems to have special eeree[*sic*] or phobia (if you please) because of the fact she thinks people are saying her illustrious County Commissioner husband is hen-pecked. "I tell you he is not hen-pecked," she explained with rising inflection. "I have nothing to do with any of Mr. Barber's business."

I do not know why she worries so much about it. Hen-pecked or not for a small town, he seems to be quite successful, in more ways than one and especially in a financial and political way. Winning with good odds at every political contest he ever entered is surely nothing to be ashamed of. I am positive I am not going to worry over the hen-peck part.

I had a very good friend one time approach me, and with a long face and a low tone explain he never yet knew a hen-pecked man who amounted to anything. If that be a positive rule, assuredly Jake is not hen-pecked, or he is the one great exception. As far as my case is concerned, the less said the better.

Perplexed:

I heard a man remark he guessed he better go and clean out his cow barn. And then in a minute, while I was talking with him, he scratched his ear, and found there a little chunk of manure. I am still wondering about it all, and just exactly how he does his milking.

February 22, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Troubles Again:

Each week, after the paper is printed, some old friend tears his hair, grits his teeth, and rants and raves to the world, anything but loving epitaphs about me. I usually hear of it several days after it is too late.

I use every precaution I can think of to retain my good standing, and still perform my contract with the editor. I scribble my columns and let them age for a few days. Second thoughts often bring new lights. Then the good wife reads the screeds and attempts to scratch out anything that may cause offense.

The copy is delivered to the printer in plenty of time for the editor to read it in advance and look for any signs of possible libel, or hurt feelings. In spite of that every week someone lies awake nights and takes my name in vain. If these columns cause such agony I can't see why people continue to read them.

I cannot decide what action to take. I may have to break my contract with the Loyalist and only write for out-of-town papers. I can count the families in the vicinity and by allowing one hurt soul every week, I will know about the time when I will not have a friend left in the city and then skip the country.

Music:

Mrs. Babcock tells me that when she was a girl and sang in the choir of her father's tutorage, the music was in one book and the words in another. The same words are not always sung with the same tunes. Care had to be taken to find tunes with the same meter as the words and then they were supposed to work fine together regardless, but often they did not, and trouble would be encountered in the middle of the song. Just one more of the reasons life is a little more worth living now-a-days.

Expert Service:

A slight error in the delivery of G. L. Hutchins' fuel for the winter was made by putting the coal for the furnace in the barn and the coal for the cook stove in the basement.

Attractive Frocks:

Roberta Maxson's red corduroy suit. Jean Sample's crazy quilt jacket.

Business Vigil:

The story was told on the street of how a farmer had some corn to shuck and knowing a laboring man who had had no work in some time, the farmer went to the laborer's house and asked if he would like to come and help. Our laboring man replied, "I can't hardly do it. You see I kinda have to stick around pretty close so that I will be here in the event someone would want to give me a job." I'd say that's tending close to business any way.

Politics Again:

In speaking with regard to the ditch, Bill Vodelmal has it doped out the government is treating us like some people wean a calf. They hold the calf away from its mother for a day the first time, the next time for two days, the third time a little longer, and gradually the calf forgets its source of nourishment and eventually its mother is only a memory.

Taking the calf suddenly and forever from its parent would bring disastrous results, in that the calf would feel so badly it probably never would forget, and when the time came it might even take a crack of retaliation at its own mother.

A Devilish Good Story:

Most always pat and apt retorts come to me after the use for them has passed. Frequently they arrive to my mind about three o'clock at night, when I lie awake and should be counting sheep.

But Art Babcock says once in his life he answered a joke promptly. He and his wife were entertaining ministers for Sabbath dinner. His wife asked them to be seated at the table, one on each side of Art.

"Between the devil and the deep blue sea," one preacher remarked appreciating his splendid joke.

"Right you are," replied Art, "but I can't figure out which is the deep blue sea."

A Deep Secret:

In speaking of some veterinary problem, my father-in-law said he thought he was right, but was not sure until he went and read it and then he knew he was right. "That would make it true, sure enough if you read it," I replied turning and walking off. I concluded he did not know all the secrets of the writing profession.

March 1, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Very Solemn:

The most disagreeable job I can think of is that of being town marshal. All public officials are subjected more or less to censure and condemnation of the masses, but everyone is the town marshal's boss and feels duty bound to offer advice or criticism.

If the officer tries to maintain order and strictly enforce the laws, one element is mad and the other pleased, but usually reticent. If he is lax in his efforts to keep the city going in the straight and narrow, the other element roars loud and lusty and the one whispers delight among themselves. Seldom does either element give the marshal a lick of credit. To hold his job he must so make arrests to best please the majority of the municipality of which he serves.

In the recent arrest of the two boys at the dance for disorderly conduct. I heard no one say they should not have been arrested, although there were a few sob sisters who lauded the boys in their actions and these women made themselves a nuisance to the county sheriff.

On the other hand, plenty of criticism and condemnation was circulated. The county officers and marshal conferred together and sentenced the boys as they all thought best, considering all things including the expense to the county and the punishment of the lawbreakers. In spite of that, ballyhoo was raised because the officers did not bring charges against the boys for resisting an officer, and hitting him in the eye.

The case was discussed at length by the people on the street. A common criticism was that it was all right to arrest the boys. They needed it, but why pick on these kids? Why not take some of the older fellows. Why not clean them all up who drink? Why pick on out-of-towners? Condemnation galore was heaped upon our officer.

All I can offer is that when hunting wolves it is nearly always the young and inexperienced that are caught. Furthermore, it is a very difficult task to catch all the wolves, even if the people of the city want the officer to do so. He works almost entirely alone, with no deputy and no one offering any assistance. While trying to keep order at the dance, I observed that our marshal was standing alone most of the time. When he would saunter around the hall to the east, the crowd would gather on the other side.

I heard it said that a gallon of whiskey was inside the dance hall, in a corner, covered with an overcoat, one entire evening, and the marshal did nothing about it. If that story is true, our officer knew nothing about it and no one took the trouble to inform him.

If a person fails to display a new plate by the first of February a great howl is heard how so and so is allowed to run his car unlawfully, while the rest of us must buy a license. Then if an arrest is made, or if the offender is called down, he is invariably mad or at least piqued.

Further more if an offender is a mind to scrap a case the officer must be prepared to present proof of the reason for the arrest. He should have witness besides his own word, and occasionally a witness will find himself unpopular and back up on his story the last minute.

Now that has been hashed over, the final and ever present trouble arises. No matter who is arrested or for what reason, almost invariably the offender is mad and so are all his folks and it is a long time, if ever, they recover their respect for the officer.

Even More Serious:

A very nice creditor dunned me the other day. I plead the same sad tale of woe I presume he had heard often, but which was more or less true: "I would like to pay but just can't do it. Everything it seems has gone wrong, the drouth, the high price of feed, the forced sale of cattle before the raise. I don't know what to do now, I have given up hope."

Extending my note he said, "Don't ever give up hope. That is one of the few things that's free. And he encouraged me a little further with the old adage, A man may lie down but he is never out."

If the fact be known, most of our well to do men, thirty-five years ago, after the other drouth, were pretty well whipped. My father told me many times, if he had been forced to sell when he was married, in 1896, he could not have paid his debts. Yet he made it, and had a little property later. Will Wetzel came back from Iowa along in those times, with very little of the world's goods. Irvy Sheldon says he struggled along for years, paying one man by borrowing from another. My mother says everyone was broke in those days. And still those folks all lived through the shuffle, and many of them later in years sprang way ahead of the hounds.

Each year I think this will be the last, without a break. And still I carry on, like most of the rest of you living on hope of next year's crop.

Historical:

The oldest trees in the country could not stand the strain of last summers lashing. The two cottonwoods that stand back of Bug Cox' house are the oldest in this vicinity. This summer they dropped their leaves.

According to a paper read by E. J. Babcock on trees a few years ago, he said that those few were all that were left in the timber nature after one of the devastating prairie fires, the wind whipping the fire mysteriously and leaving this clump alive. Consequently these are the oldest trees in town. After the fire had gone over, his father Elder Babcock felt so badly, he went down along the creek and struck in a lot of willow and cottonwood slips and they are now the trees to be seen north of Mr. E. J. Babcock's residence.

March 8, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

News From Afar:

Not stopping his hegira with his old Ford truck, until he had driven it about as far from home as he could get without driving it into the briny deep and still remaining in U. S. A., my brother Ward writes from Anacortes, Washington.

"Well, the fishing bug has done bit us. We went three times last week. The difference in fishing here and Nebraska, is that in Nebraska one could go fishing every day in the week and hardly get enough to eat, and here, going once a week you can get more than you can eat. And boy! It is fun catching them.

"We go to the wood saw mill and the dock to fish. We catch salt water perch weighing 1 to 1 1/2 lbs., and generally get 10 to 17 in an afternoon. I hooked two big deep sea bullheads (Irish Lords)

and they broke my hooks. I have bought some bigger hooks and a high test line and will try to hold the next one.

"We have been twice to dig salt water clams. One digs them when the tide is out and they are good eating too.

"The salmon and cod are not running yet. The people say we will have some real fishing when they start fighting.

"We were at Bay View yesterday and bought a big sack of oysters for a \$1.00. There will be about 6 qts.

"Crabs are the best of all the sea foods."

Banking Business:

Discussing and deciding work topics, while languishing in the sun, in front of the store one warm day lately, Cliff Goodrich, Steve Finch, Alvin Tucker, Jack Van Horn and myself decide to go into the banking business.

The way it all came about was as follows: I remarked if there was just someone to borrow some money of me I would start a bank today. The mere fact of bank is no good unless there is someone to borrow the money.

Cliff spoke up; "I'll borrow it. A thousand dollars."

"Alright," I answered. "Loaned under the consideration you leave it on deposit in the bank." Now I could say that with all grace, for I have borrowed many a time at banks and I never received any money yet. Just a deposit slip, with a few scribbles.

So far so good. One thousand deposited. One thousand loaned. The books balanced.

Steve wanted to sell out his household goods at the time. Cliff offered him \$1000.00 for his outlay thinking it a bargain. Steve accepted. Cliff gave a check and Steve presents it to me, and I in return give Steve credit of deposits in place of Cliff. The books still balance. Everything is lovely.

Jack has an old car he says he will sell to Steve to leave the country with for \$1000.00, altho the tires are a little soft, and the crankshaft flat it would be cheap as the sunshine and better than ney. Steve buys the vehicle on the spot and gives a check.

Now Alvin gets it in his head that sometime in the sweet bye and bye, he may want to get married, and his chances would fairer if he had a nice house full of furniture like Steve has just traded to Cliff. Alvin scratches his head a little, brushes his coat with his hand, straightens his back, adjusts his hat, stiffens his upper lip and asks Mr. Banker for a loan to buy furniture.

Sallying forth from the bank with spring in his step, because he was successful with me, the banker, Alvin at once buys the furniture. Cliff is glad to unload, for he feels he was a little burnt, in that he had no need for the junk. He at once pays his note, and again the bank balances.

Now it happens that Jack and Alvin have long been boon friends. Jack has the \$1000.00 deposited and can think of no place to invest the money. He is a little afraid of the bank and government bonds on account of inflation, and he says to friend Alvin. "I will just pay your note at the bank and virtually own the junk. You can use it if you are lucky enough or unlucky enough to get married, and in either event my savings will be safe. If the president decides to inflate, those mahogany chairs and tables will be worth from ten to a hundred thousand. Then I will split the profit with you."

The deal was consummated, the bank note paid, the bank closed and liquidated 100 per cent. No capital stock, no 15% cash on hand, reserve, no double liability.

Someone asked how the banker was going to live. No account has been made for running expenses or interest. In as much as I was the banker I will say I got the exercise and the experience. That is all I get out of farming or writing columns so that is all I expect from any line.

Dangerous Partnership:

Our very refined Rev. Warren, and his affable neighbor Dutch Manchester, have gone into cahoots in the hog business. Arriving on the scene at the critical moment of the consummation of the bargain, I could not refrain from offering a little brotherly advice.

"Now Boys," I soliloquized. Placing my strong arms over the shoulders of both, "Don't get in any altercations over this. Quibbling might lead to blows, and blows might bring you to the point where you didn't love each other as you should.

Continuing I explained. An occasional contention, including a fight, with a person living a little distant, might be a quite an enjoyable undertaking, but for such close neighbors, it just isn't wise.

March 15, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

News From Afar:

We have some friends who live in Decker Montana, about fifty miles straight north of Sheridan, Wyoming. Their ranch is up a little coulee near Hanging Woman Creek. Occasionally we drop each other a line. One of the first places either when I get rich enough or poor enough we are going as a vacation, is to see these folks who live in the cow country.

He writes, "No rain or snow all last winter, none last summer, but we would have been pretty well off if the d___hoppers had stayed away. Bought cottoncake last fall expecting a hard winter, but so far have had none. We can't get through another summer without grass. Jo (his wife) and I are the only natives in miles who have not applied for government aid of some sort.

Of his wife he says, "She is as 'ornery' as ever. Did you ever get it all beat out of A ddie? If you can't make this all out, don't mind. It don't a mount to much." Your friend Pike.

She adds a postscript and among other things says, "This country is fine if it rains once or twice in a couple of years. All I know is that we are about dried up, and from the way things are going we will be completely dried out, and then we are going places." -- Jo.

I would judge those folks are bothered a little from the drouth the same as we are.

Looking Backward:

I always have had a particular flare for horses. Although my father had many of them, it seemed like he never had very many good ones. The other folks horses were always better.

But once he had a good team. Of Will Green he bought one of them. He was a dappled grey and was named Milt, for his sire, an outstanding horse of Cleary's. We had not had Milt long until Dad traded for his half-brother of Oscar Cox. This was the nicest team I remember of our having. After Will Wetzel had a little time to bloom them, they were outstanding.

One day while I was playing at our home where Mrs. Stewart lives, I noticed my father and Skay Craft pacing in long strides toward the yards. (Will Wetzel's place.) I knew something was up and tagged along.

The team was lead out and a sales talk given, but their slick dappled coats and kindly dispositions spoke for themselves. In a few short minutes, Skay reached in his hip pocket and took out a bill fold. He counted out four hundred dollars and handed it to my father. We all went off toward town leading the team, the pride of the yards.

I remember how a lump rose in my throat, and how I walked far behind so the men would not see the tears in my eyes. And I remember my father telling mother about the deal at the supper table, but he was not crying.

Close Shaves:

A little incident of crawling down into a well is told by Guilford Hutchins. It was an old dug well on the Robert Preston place, and a cylinder had been hung in it. By means of a trellis and ropes Guilford descended into the well carefully refraining from even touching the dirt at any place. At the bottom of the well he loosened the cylinder and ascended.

After the well was repaired, and made over it was decided to fill the hole. The first shovel of dirt thrown, loosened the sides and many tons of dirt went crashing to the bottom.

G. L. says that was the last well he ever went into.

More About Horses:

Earl Smith says a tall horse and a short one work better on his place. He puts the tall horse on the down hill side, and then they mate in fine shape. Further he likes to work a long horse and a short one together, in going around and around a hill, he puts the long horse below and he does not have to break into a trot so often to keep up.

Helping the Government:

Stopping on my way home the other evening, I ran in and chatted a minute with Will Wetzel. He is convalescing from a recent heart attack. To my surprise I found him sitting up eating his evening repast.

The same dominant jovial spirit was manifest as in other days where his heart perked more regularly. He told me when he got to feeling just a little better he was going to join the FERA. Then if he died, he would be helping out the government.

March 22, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Charge Accounts:

Many of the merchants seem to be experiencing difficulty in making collections these times. Their book accounts apparently grow larger in spite of their efforts to collect. A couple of little stories might prove of benefit and help to anyone having such trouble.

The story is told of the blacksmith who always wrote his accounts on the wall with a piece of chalk. It was during the olden times when practically everyone ran charge accounts, only paying once a year, and that in the fall as their crop was harvested. No one does that trick in these prosperous times.

It happened one day our blacksmith had a very obstreperous horse to shoe, and during the scuffle, the animal backed up against the wall, and rubbing, erased all the accounts of the entire year's work.

Very despondent over the fact of losing his records, or book account, our good hero dragged himself home to reveal the loss to his wife, who had planned on his collections that fall for money to paint the kitchen. Silently they sat through out the evening meal, their appetites having nearly vanished in spite of the hard day's work just done.

Finally the good wife offered the suggestion, "Now pa, you go back to the shop, and take a lantern. You sit there this evening alone, and think. I believe if you concentrate hard, by yourself you can remember those accounts, and rewrite them."

The suggestion was followed. About ten, the good wife, her eyes still red from the tears that had dropped while doing dishes, decided she would saunter over and see how pa was making out and then walk home with him. As she stepped in the door of the shop she noticed many marks on the wall.

"I can't think of all the accounts, but I am getting them against a lot better men."

Perhaps a Better Scheme:

And then there is the story that an old North Loup merchant, Jay Busch, told as a positive truth, the moral of which might be applicable even in this day and age.

It happened when he was a boy. He worked in the western part of the state for a man who had a large general store. They sold goods to ranchers, accounts amounting to several hundreds of dollars. These ranchers paid about once a year, when the cattle were shipped.

In the store was a large saddle, priced at seventy dollars. Our friend Busch kept store open in the evenings, and the boss opened in the morning. One forenoon when Jay came to the store he was asked to whom he sold the saddle. He replied, he had not sold it, and the conclusion was that someone had either stolen it, or taken it out without it being charged.

The boss told Jay they would just go through the account book and charge every man with the saddle. Then when the bills were paid, every rancher who did not get the saddle would complain about the charge, and he would be told it was a mistake. The entry would be scratched off. Then the man who actually did get the saddle would pay for it and say nothing.

This was done. Every man on the list was charged with the saddle. In the fall when pay day came, one man complained, and the seventy dollars was taken from the bill as an error. Otherwise, every customer who ran an account paid for the saddle.

The Weather:

An old timer, Jim Brannon, says we have not had a real old three day blizzard since February 1892. He, and other older folks, insist they can see no reason why we can not have another one. One thing that made those storms worse than storms of late years, was that before these storms began there was a foot or more of snow on the ground to begin with.

It has been said we could not have a bad drouth again. We have found that after forty years we can have a drouth that exceeded anything that has gone before.

Of course we probably have better barns now than when Dad was a boy, but some of them now are sadly in need of repair. If we should get a three day blizzard like the old timers tell about, I am afraid some of our cattle and horses might wink out.

One man says, during one storm, perhaps the 1892 one, he had a good straw shed built. The cattle ate a hole through the top until the wind came sifting through. Then the cattle left the shed. When the storm ceased three days later, several of the cattle had died and frozen their feet, most of them getting in drifts too deep to get out. And he insists the cattle were well fed too.

In 1882 the snow came in such abundance, and blew so hard that Mira Creek drifted full, and teams were driven straight across on top the drift.

In 1873, April 13, 14 and 15 a terrible blizzard came, and that too drifted the creek full. Many cattle wandered into canyons and were smothered by the drifts covering them. It was told of a bunch of mules that they lived through the storm because they constantly moved and treaded the snow under their feet. After the three days of storm, the weather turned out warm, melting the snow swiftly and flooding the whole town.

Finance:

Hugh Adams says those who have money don't know what to do with it and those who don't have money don't know what to do without it.

March 29, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

A TRIP TO THE CITY

Finishing the chores, I trudged through the mud to the house. "Well let's go." I yelled.

Sputtering because I had not told her sooner, the good wife fairly flew, straightening the papers, filling the lamps, and then adjusting her hat. She had been hoping, expecting, and was nearly ready. A day in the city. The height of her pleasures. Why are men so diabolical? Withholding announcements until the last minute.

Shaving, hurriedly, and the transformation from denims to the suit and tie. The backing out of the car and off to town. Filling with gas, inflating the tires, swinging onto the gravel, and gliding southward.

A little late. Speeding at fifty and fifty-five. Must keep my attention to the road. Occasional quick glances, from the corner of the eye, register and disappear.

A herd of bony cows, nipping ravenously at short sprigs of rye, nurturing the last spark of life a little longer. A pen of fat steers, lazily munching meal and concentrates. Not worrying even if their time is chalked. A tall, lank, old man, with tattered coat, white whiskers, stooped head and a bag swung over his back, trudging north. We whiz by, leaving him in a cloud. A glossy steel grey car, caparisoned with bright nicknacks toots from behind. I am tempted to race and crowd the throttle. Carrying four sedate, richly dressed elegantes who not so much as turn their heads, the swallow like carriage shoots around and disappears in the dust ahead.

To the hotel, and up a flight of steps, to where the meeting is already in session. C. Smhra, State manager of The Home Owner's Loan Corporation, is talking to Building & Loan officials. I take a chair in the rear of the small group. R. Hauser, turns his head, smiles winks and whispers "Hello George". He has a knack of remembering names, much to be coveted.

C. Smhra is past middle age I would judge. Long silver hair, combed pompadour, and cut square ly at the back of his neck, thick glasses, a free easy delivery, a wonderful vocabulary, a pleasing voice, a confidential frankness. At once we were his friends. He explains the Home Loan Bank, past, present and (the purpose of the meeting) future. At the end of his talk we ask questions, and he answers them with a spirit of mutual helpfulness, in place of that austere "you underdog" importance so often displayed by government officials. Surely he is an outstanding man.

The meeting over. A few tarry a minute in groups renewing acquaintances. Very soon we all scatter, as quickly as we had come.

To a drug store, to have a prescription filled. A host of uniformed men inquire my wants with super attention and politeness. I must wait a few minutes for the ingredients to be stirred together. I take a seat. I tire of watching the accolades (as I call it) of those over-anxious clerks. A middle-aged, grey-suited man presents a piece of paper to the druggist. "Sorry, Mister." was the reply. "Can't let you have it without a doctor's prescription. It's a narcotic you know. Isn't there anything else?" Folding the slip without answering the inquiry our customer passes out the door and into the crowd.

To the ten-cent store. There a typhoon, mostly women, and every one in a hurry. And there I find the wife, her arms laden with packages. "Great guns, woman!" I exclaim. "Are you buying out the town? I'm not Midas." She is piqued. She hushes me by saying she has not spent two dollars yet. I can hardly believe it, but I know I dare not argue, and more, she is a crafty bargainer. She orders me to take these things to the car, and she will meet me in front of the store in thirty minutes. Chucking the bundles into my arms she is gone again. This is her day in court, I discover, as well as mine.

Servilely I sneak off, anxious to deposit my burden before something slips and the whole potpourri falls scattering to the street. Leisurely I stroll back to the store front and wait. The thirty minutes drags into an hour, but that does not matter. A day of days for her, and she will say, "You have nothing to do anyway."

I observe the folks come and go. Other people meet here too. A couple of railroad men in washed overalls and blue caps talk a minute; a natty minx, a school girl meets her inamorato, and they depart laughing lovingly into each other's faces; a cowboy with a wide hat, his high-heeled boots tucked under his pant legs clatters into the store; a lonely Chinaman with a cue coiled under his hat drags by, a German lady, with a black scarf tied over her head, is waiting for someone and a homely woman with a Toucan, nose and sunken cheeks, all of which you forget when you hear her pleasing voice, greets a couple of friends. And among that composite of races, I spy the wife edging toward me.

Purchasing a few apples and rolls, we turn north for home. Not so big a hurry as when we came. We pass the freight train with its none too big a load puffing toward the city. A long white oil truck

approaches and blurts past splitting the night to bring the liquid that keeps us all on the move. A couple of bums, their backs to the wind, hunched on top the tank, taking a breezy ride into town.

Turning west at St. Paul, and up Canadian Hill we drive into the sunset. A few dark blue clouds are tinted to a fiery red, as if throwing flames toward the horizon. Silhouetted in black against the yellow glow is an idle elevator, waiting for a rainy season; a lonely church spire gravid with benison, stretching toward the clouds; a few isolated farm homes awaiting the nightfall, and scattered trees bending with the wind.

We turn again north. The clouds change to blue again, the yellow glow becomes speckled with stars. We buzz on past a few scattered twinkling towns and are home, tired and weary.

April 5, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

News From Afar:

Two letters in one day from my old friend Ralph Comstock was my good fortune. I intended to make a long column from them, but he must have had the letter writing bug th at day, for he wrote one to the Loyalist also and they printed theirs first. Never the less it is too late in the week now to think up another strip. I will have to give a few extracts.

It seems that Ralph is employed by a millionaire named Babson, and it is Ralph's duty to be caretaker of the lawn, flowers, birds and saddle horses, and also to perform other odd jobs that may arise. He has become an expert on wild flowers and he adds, "some of the botanists accept me as one of their brotherhood and if not deserved at least I like it.

"If you run across any wild sweet pea seed, remember your old friend and collect a little for me. I know of no nursery who handles them and I have a hunch they will grow here if started."

A girl who is now a teacher in Michigan, "once asked me why I didn't write a book on wild flowers and kindred subjects, and when I laughed she said she meant it as she knew a woman who was writing on that line and thought I had her skinned in practical knowledge. I have read about all I could get and could afford on the subject and my contribution would be merely a rehash of something already known, only written differently."

Once when Norris (a millionaire) stopped with his company I was telling one of the guests how much I enjoyed the work among the flowers and trees, I saw him give a nod of approval and there was a look in his eyes as if he thought that perhaps the caretaker was getting more out of the beautiful places than the owners had time for. Money and capital means a pile of added responsibilities and duties which can't be avoided.

Conditions are not prosperous among the farmers here, but they raised considerable feed last year. Milk price is too low to buy feed at a profit.

"Kane County has gone on record as favoring Ned for their manager. Kane County furnishes more milk than any other one county. I think these three counties furnish about two thirds of the Chicago milk. I think there are about 18000 members in the association. Pretty hard job to please that many farmers."

In conclusion of the 20 pages he says, "All for now. Perhaps next time I will write you about Ed Baker, another millionaire, here whom I have met and talked to several times. He owns several of the best harness horses the U. S. ever had. Winnepeg was one.

"Geo. Bernard Shaw (Not the Rev.) once said that most people couldn't take time to write a short letter. Today you have an example."

Yours, Ralph.

We will all be looking forward to the next letter from our old friend. Appears little like another one of our country boys made good in the city.

Goat Feed:

The report is that Albert Babcock is attempting to rent the house where Ward Gowen did live. I was a little at a loss to know why he was so desirous to move there. The real reason, secretly hidden from us all. I have concluded is so he can picket their goats to feed on that pile of old iron Ward left.

The Goat Market:

The goat market is weakening. A herd of ten was sold at the community sale for 30c. Not 30c each, but for the bunch. I believe if I was going into the goat business, I'd give more for one than for ten. One wouldn't take quite so much chloroform.

The Post Office:

In the Ord post office, a few days ago, I noticed those fellows there accommodate the public enough to have a telephone. I never could understand just why our post office does not have one. One postmaster said if they did, people would be calling all the time bothering them. That would be too bad wouldn't it? And they get such meager pay they should not be troubled as other businesses on the street are.

April 12, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Paying in Advance:

The scheme of paying bills has brought Wait Paddock to the conclusion he is not wise. He says he moved into town and paid six months rent in advance. Perhaps he was afraid the city was going to run out of rent houses. I told him he need not worry for awhile yet. When everything else is full to running over, there is the house just west of Chas. Rood's, one might get.

After Walt had paid his six months' in advance, he wanted a bottle of milk. He had to pay for that in advance and pay for the bottle too. That did not satisfy his thirst. He wanted water. He had to pay a dollar in advance or die of thirst.

Then darkness began to gather a round. Groping his way, he scurried to the light man. This fellow informed him stoically that to turn on the bright flicker, he must put up seven dollars.

This was a shocker. Walt scurged, felt in his jeans and could not, with the delicate touch of his finger tips, count seven dollars lying idly there. This advance business about had him whipped. And more than that he wanted some breakfast in the morning. He scratched his head and soberly wended his way home. Stirring up a few boxes of junk just unloaded he found an old kerosene lamp, partly filled with fluid. He touched a match, and there was light. He picked up a paper and read himself to sleep.

About midnight he stirred and smelled smoke. Jumping to his feet, he realized how he was asleep in the chair, and the coal oil in the lamp was low. Hurriedly he undressed, first emptying his pocket on the table. There he counted out just seven dollars. "I guess I could have paid for those lights, but if I had I might have slept here all night. I believe these are the best lights when all is considered."

Arithmetic:

A simple problem has been presented to groups of customers by Coplen in the Barber Shop. He says the best arguments are involved where several are present.

The story goes. A customer purchases a pair of shoes for \$2.50. He gives the merchant a twenty dollar bill. The merchant does not have the change. He goes to the bank and gets it, returns and puts \$2.50 in the drawer and gives the purchaser \$17.50, and the latter leaves with the money and the

shoes. Soon the banker comes to the shop and says the \$20.00 bill is counterfeit. The merchant digs around in the till and pays the banker \$20.00 and takes the counterfeit bill back. The question is how much does the merchant lose?

Answers all the way from \$2.50 to \$37.50 are given. The longer the discussion lasts the more varied the answers. Bates has the idea he knows just how much it is, but after a wild argument or so the rest of us are not so sure that he does.

At any event the merchant is out the shoes, and the twenty dollars he gave the banker and the seventeen fifty he gave the customer in change. That is even more than \$37.50. And then I presume we ought to know just how much profit he makes on the shoes. Did he lose the profit or didn't he. He might never have sold the shoes for a profit to any one else.

Watch Your Step:

Every person on the FERA in North Loup except one called for a Democratic ballot, so an ambitious patriarch has figured out from the last primary election list. This miscreant later got into a peck of trouble and was cut off from work. As a result he and his large family of tiny kids were put on the starvation list for a few weeks. As far as we can find out he is the only person from North Loup who has had to be disciplined thusly.

Now we know no more of the details of the affair than are reported here. Inquiries have only brought silent stares. At any rate I will bet this Beaner uses more discretion the next time he calls for a ballot at the primary. Perhaps he better confine his voting hereafter to the general elections if he insists on voting his conscience.

Dividends:

Feeling last fall he had driven a hard bargain, by investing forty-five dollars in eight city lots, Owen White discovered recently he has a 16 percent dividend in the reverse to be paid in taxes to the County Treasurer.

The taxes were \$7.34. I told Owen he should have paid more for the lots, and then his taxes, on a percentage basis would not have been nearly so much. If he had just paid \$734.00 for the lots, which would have been like stealing them in New York City, his taxes would have only been 1 percent. And no one can kick on that small a tax. No one's fault but Owen's because he bought the lots so cheaply.

April 19, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

News From Afar:

Received a nice letter April 1st from Rev. Claud Hill, living now in Farina, Ill. He was wondering how the Building and Loan Association of which he is an investor, is coming out. I answered and told him there are lots of us wondering how it is coming out. And that is not all, there are a lot more of us wondering how a lot more things are coming out. Diabolical cuss, he will think.

He wrote further, "We are well and are looking into the face of another spring time with its youth and promise. Fruit here about promises to be a bumper crop providing we do not get an unseasonable frost. We have been fortunate in the matter of feed for stock, already having good pasture. I think a more optimistic outlook than some former years."

"You Might Lose Your Money"

Ralph Mitchell came to work for me the other day. He worked hard all day and charged me fifty cents besides his dinner. It had been several days since he had had any work.

He told me while we were eating that he did no banking. He told me why he had ceased doing business with banks, aside from the fact he has very little money to deposit.

"Four years ago, in Colorado. I had a sale. We had decided to move back to Nebraska. It was a good sale, everything bringing good prices. Seventy head of cattle, eight horses, farm machinery, hogs and chickens and household goods.

It was a cash sale, nearly every <missing words> a few giving their checks. After the sale we piled the money on the table to count and I can see it yet, it nearly covered the table.

"The cashier of the bank was the clerk. After we had finished counting he wanted to know what I was going to do with the money. I had not thought about that, never before having seen so many green backs at one time.

" 'You better put it in the bank', he explained. 'It would not be safe here. Someone might steal it from you. You might lose it.' And then he told me of how bad the burglars were around and if they only knew he had that much money about the place, no telling what would happen.

"I began to get pretty worried before he left for town, fearing some machine gunners would pop onto the scene. I instructed him by all means to hurry and put the filthy lucre into safe keeping.

"It was lucky I paid all my little bills around town the next day, for within a week the bank closed. My wife bought a coat, giving a check for it, but the check did not clear. We had no money to pay for the coat. We took it back. I bought a new truck and had to take that back."

"Did you ever get any dividends?" I inquired.

"Never a cent. As far as I know the bank was a complete failure. We wrote back to Nebraska to some friends and they sent us money to come back home with. We have been working by the day and month ever since."

I do not know as this story is worth relating, as there has been so many similar ones in the last few years, except perhaps it will remind us the democrats have attempted, by the guarantee law, to prevent similar occurrences happening in the future. Give the devil his dues."

Big Checks:

The biggest check given by the North Loup Cheese Factory for the last two weeks' milk was to Joe Methe for \$95.00. The second largest check was to Harry Graut of Scotia for something like \$60.00.

Joe lives on the O'Connor place on the highway three and a half miles north of town. I asked him what kind of cows he milked and he replied, "They are Jerseys, and 19 of them". I asked him if he thought Jerseys were the best milk breed and he replied "No. A good milk cow is a good cow regardless of the breed and there are good ones in all breeds". At different times he has milked all the dairy breeds, he having been in the dairy business all his life. Harry Graut milks Holsteins.

April 26, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

News From Afar:

Received another from brother Ward written April 11 in Anacortis, Washington. Here are a few excerpts:

"We have had green onions and rhubarb from the garden already. One of the neighbors gave us two quarts of cherries the other day. They are about the size of Nebraska wild plums, and sure good.

"March 13, about ten p. m. the fire whistle blew. We looked out and could see a big blaze, so we went down. There were two big piles of lumber, 20 feet high and 16 square, afire. They had six streams of water running, and it took two hours to put them out.

"They do not have much wind here and I only drained my car about a week during the coldest weather.

"There was a South Dakota man here who had an old Chevrolet truck. He traded it for a 5 acre tract the other day assuming a \$100 mortgage. It had a small log house on it. You can buy land and houses here at nearly your own price.

"There is only about one or two feet of top soil here, then it is either clay gumbo or rock. The top soil is good and black, but not extra rich. Every one that can, fertilizes. Barnyard manure sells for \$2.50 to \$3.00 per yard and is hard to find, for there is not much stock here on the island."

Then he enclosed a clipping of a huge tree, 300 feet high, 14 feet through and contained 60.00[sic] feet of lumber. It was estimated to be 608 years old, born in 1327 A. D. when Edward 3rd ascended the throne, and an old tree when Columbus set sail.

Our City Library:

One of the big mogals[sic] of the North Loup City Library told me sadly that she had heard that folks were complaining that these so-called mogals[sic] were knocking a little money on the sly in form of big salaries. In other words they were milking the thing.

She explains emphatically that nothing could be further from truth. That these kind ladies who keep the records and also the order do it all free gratis. Most, or all perhaps, of them enjoy working with books, and reading a few snatches now and then. If there is any stealing, that is all. Just stealing a few paragraphs of pleasure now and then between spells. She also explains that these women have a delightful time mending books, and that helps a little. I don't think I am covetous of that task. I'd rather loaf up town.

Debating:

The debate, on the Townsend Pension Plan at the Fortnightly Club last week had a rather peculiar incident. Myra Barber, Zola Schudel and Esther Schudel debated for the plan, but at heart were against it. Jessie Babcock, Merle Sayre, and Florence Hutchins argued against the plan, and the most of them at least, were at heart in favor of it.

Story Writing:

Another peculiar incident was of the story contest of the ladies club. Here at North Loup, Myra Barber placed first, Mrs. Babcock second and Mamie Kennedy not at all. At Spalding, at the Inter-County competition, Mrs. Babcock placed first, Mamie Kennedy third and Myra Barber not at all.

I had read Myra Barber's story and gave her a few suggestions on it. If I had kept my nose out of the affair, she might have won first at Spalding and not placed at all here. That would have been all right. It is ridiculous for me to try to help Mrs. Barber with her stories when she writes so much better than I on any score she tries.

Another Problem:

The argument of Bates Coplen's about the counterfeit \$20.00 bill has been given an extra impetus by reporting it in the paper. Then the question was renewed as to whether a horse pushes a load up the hill or pulls it. Does he push against the collar, or pull the load. Any way, if we would tie the load to the horse's tail, there would be no question about the pull.

Street Work:

A local man reports that he went to Ord to apply for work on the paving gang. He said he was asked a hundred questions or more, such as where he lived, his occupation, "are you married, how many kids, where were you born, how you were born and why you were born".

This last question stumped him. He could not and did not answer this one. Like many of the rest of us that has been a mystery for a long time. Somberly he had to give up. Fighting the tears back and attempting to forget his troubles, he returned home. The emir in charge telling him, "There is no chance."

Our friend continued, "I have been trying all winter to make my way without working at any of these worthless projects. Now that there is a job where I can earn my pay, I cannot get on because I was not on before."

Far Fields Are Greener:

And then the hue and cry arises as to how the city sends to Ord for a plumber to lay the pipes in our streets and hires our local plumbers (of which we have two in and near the city) only to clean the water out of the ditches.

And I almost got my nose bumped when I asked one of these fellows if he could lay those mains as well as the Ord man.

May 3, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

The Goat Business Again:

The goat business on shares has proved not so good for Pete Barnhart. A man in Burwell had two high-powered pedigreed nanny milking goats. Pete made a bargain with him, to winter the goats. He was to get all the little nanny goats when the time came.

Pete gathered and saved tree leaves, tin cans and other good goat feed from all over the countryside. He took good care of the goats, and they waxed fat and sleek, as Pete's livestock is in the custom of doing. When the time came, so to speak, there were a pair of twins and a set of triplets, but the sorrowful part of it all was, every baby goat turned out to be a boy. I told Pete he should have been raising dogs.

The owner of the goats was a fair dealing sort of a chap. Pete was so down-hearted over it all that the owner told Pete he could try again to get some baby nanny goats.

If Pete isn't careful the deal might turn out like the fellow trading for the sand hill land. Pete will get more than he bargained for.

Should Never Be Colored:

The rape and kidnap case of the Scotia buttermaker, last week at Milford has been the prevailing topic of conversation for the last few days. More than usual interest in the affair was taken because of his acquaintance of many North Loup folks. No one seems to be able to fathom it all. Some think the man must have been drunk or demented. The fact of the police having found a "bottle" in his car has called for more speculation.

Most people think the sentence of 12 years is not severe enough. A man of this type should never be let run at large. There has been many a negro hung for crimes no worse. It is just such sentences, with paroles in a few years, that is the most instrumental in causing the angry mobs to take things in hand and do untold damage. The courts are themselves largely to blame for mob law. The Court House in Omaha was burned over just such a deal, the only difference being, the culprit was a negro. The whole negro population of North Platte was virtually run out of town over such a deal. And then a white man commits a similar crime and is given 12 years. Lucky he was not a negro.

In discussing this crime, some of the other crimes of this neck of the woods were brought to mind, such as the Lefe Paist affair. The universal opinion seems to be that at least the Paist crime was the less vicious of the two.

Paving:

Another favorite topic of conversation is the paving of the main street of North Loup. It seems we are never satisfied. Many folks think this paving is the height of folly. The idea is that we were getting along very well with our streets, and the town would much rather have had the money spent on graveling a few of the main roads into the country.

Merrill Weisman said that about all the good it will do is to make the road nice and smooth so the cars can speed through town a little faster. Never-the-less, we are going to have the paving without

asking for it and that is that. And the country folks can wallow in the mud, that is if it ever rains again.

Fan Mail:

"Are you getting a great quantity of fan mail lately," Neva Gebhardt asked. And when I asked why, she replied she wondered if that was what made my mail box lean so far over.

The fact of the matter is that the mail man and I have taken turns in bumping it. First we would break the post off. Then I took an old oak railroad tie and used for a post. After that when one or the other would bump it, the box would just turn sideways and lean.

I did not tell Neva but what it was fan mail that was tipping it. I further told her I was in the market for a pretty secretary to answer these letters for me and keep office. In that event I probably couldn't get any inspiration to write screeds.

Sneak Days:

As yet we have not heard about the sneak day of the senior class in this high school. Our class was one of the early ones to go on such a galavant[sic], and it really was a sneak day. Even the teachers did not know of it in advance. As I remember, we hiked off to McClellan's, or to the chalk hills one afternoon for a picnic.

The Scotia Senior class this year went to Omaha to the flower show and were gone 26 hours in all. We are to the point now days, where we might expect any sort of a trip. Perhaps in another ten years a sneak to the 'Gay Paree' will be the vogue.

Advertising:

My dad-in-law is another one of these fellows who had a comical idea a few weeks ago. He lives besides the highway, and watches the truck loads of hay go back and forth, first one way and then the other. The idea dawned on him that perhaps it was the same trucker going up and down the road, trying to make people think he has business whether he has or not.

Well, that would be one good reason for hauling the hay first toward Ord, and then toward Grand Island.

May 10, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

News From Afar:

A very welcome letter was received by my wife from Mrs. Randolph Kettleison, of Montrose, Colo. (Mildred Hutchins). She and her husband had returned from a trip to Los Angeles. About Boulder City and Boulder, or Hoover Dam she said, "It is a model government city. It has a population of over 3000 and was built in 15 months. They have over 15 miles of paved roads'.. And about the dam. "It is such a huge affair I cannot begin to describe it. Enough concrete has been poured into it to pave a highway from Miami, Fla., to Seattle, Wash. 18 feet wide and 6 inches thick. We saw them pour one load of concrete of 16 tons."

They had a wonderful trip, seeing so much I cannot relate it all here. She says. "the best part of our trips is the coming home. Since our return, Randolph and I have been extremely busy. Last week alone we had a funeral every day, two one day, and Rosary at the chapel two nights." And later, "This week only one service and one ambulance call. We feel need of the rest greatly. A funeral always sends me home depressed, even though the family may be strangers."

She and my wife were close friends in school days, and now continue the friendship with letters and cards occasionally. Her letters are very welcome and entertaining.

Tickets Please:

I told one of the members of the Senior class and one who had a stellar part in the Senior play that if they would give me a free ticket to the show I would give them a write-up in the paper. I even said I might give them a write-up in two papers. I explained that it is customary to always give the press free admittance to the best seats.

Haughtily she told me that I would have to see Prof. Bailey and I indolently replied, "Let him come and see me". We parted with our noses in the air. I received no free tickets, and so as a result, as far as I am concerned I can say nothing about the play. Others say it was fine, but they are not writing for the paper and I am. I have to do something to make this column pay expenses.

I Attended This One:

The cinema. "Wagon Wheels", shown two weeks ago, was a picture some of these "better than thou" folks, who maintain movies are nothing but a curse to humanity, ought to see. We all went and came home with the song, "Wagon Wheels" ringing in our minds, and thankful that someone could reproduce those beautiful historical scenes of long ago at a tremendous expense and allow us to see them for a dime.

Many of us remember a white-haired gentleman by the name of Cicero Bristol who about 1912 lived with Oscar Babcock for a few years. Whether you do or not, he made three trips to Oregon with caravans similar to this wonderful picture shown.

Real Singing:

At the S. D. B. church last Sabbath, Ex-Mayor Arch Moulton and his daughter Virginia sang a duet. Technically I presume this music was a failure. There was none of that deep down in a barrel groanings, no sky rocketry screeches, no cramped necks or strained Adams apples, —just honest to gosh singing pouring unrestrained from the heart, the kind we enjoy more with our ears than our eyes; the kind we all like to hear so well.

Why Growl:

An errand last week took me to the home of Mrs. Clarence Babcock. Cheerily she called for me to come in. She has been confined to bed with heart trouble for several weeks. So glad was she for a caller that she even welcomed me. And more, so delighted was she with the doctor's last announcement that soon she might get up for a few minutes each day, that nothing but smiles were on her countenance.

Few of us have had more troubles beset us than this fine lady. Forced, against her desire, to live on the disgracefully small pittance of the whims of the county board, this woman manages to raise her brood and pay her bills better than many of us with good jobs.

Despair would come to most of us under such conditions. Instead, her heart and soul are centered on raising her ten children to be good men and women, and she has done a better job at that than some of us. Besides behaving and working, her kids have continually won honors in school and church work. Instead of despair, she hopes she may buy a home of her own some day.

Our business over, we visited for several minutes, and I went on my way wondering what I have to growl about when people like that maintain such cheerful spirits.

Prosperity on Hand:

Prosperity has at last smiled on me in the form of an invitation of friends through the mail.

I have received no less than two chain letters in the last week, each asking me to send a copy of this letter to five folks and place my name at the bottom of the list. Send to the top name a dime, and in turn, when my name would be dropped, I would receive 15,625 letters including \$1562.50.

Sure I sent the letters and the dime too. I am that much of a sport. The fact of the matter is, I have gambled a dime many a time with less chance of winning it back than this. I have gambled more than that. I fed some hogs once, and lost my shirt in the deal too.

I really am not planning yet on where I am going to spend the \$1,562.50. What I really expect is, that about the time my name is ready for the dimes, the whole thing will blow up. That is the way most of my deft calculations turn out. But ten cents won't hurt much.

May 17, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

News From Afar:

Merrill McClellan has requested me not to print his letters but when the last one, written about a week before his departure from California arrived. I just couldn't refrain.

"Friend George:

After reading your article in the Loyalist about the counterfeit money I felt you and Bates (or perhaps both I did not decide) should be in Washington helping manage the currency.

"But after reading in the next issue about the pushing or the pulling horse, I decided you both should be in Washington."

Very Truly,

M. E. McClellan

How about it Bates? Shall we go?

Keeping Vigil:

Geo. Mayo, who in a minor capacity acts as sort of a state policeman, received a card a few days ago from the Covina police department giving M. E. McClellan's name and address and says he is driving a 47-99 car, just in the event Nebraska might want to know M. E.'s whereabouts. Merrill better watch his step while away.

Try Try Again:

The pet cat making its home in the Knapp's Hardware store presented the institution with two tiny kittens. These two little squealing kittens wiggled a little too much and lost themselves in a great pile of invoices. There they chilled and in another day died.

So sad was the old mother cat over the loss, she made another nest in the hack room, and a week later presented the store with another baby. This one has fared better than the first two and is not only the pride of its mother, but also of the proprietor hardware merchants.

In moving from Denver a few weeks ago with Floyd Redlon's, Mrs. Abney not only brought along some baby chickens in the truck, but also a setting hen. The hen sat all the way home and hatched the chickens a few days after their arrival.

P. E. O.

A mysterious convention has been held in Ord the last week. The common question about the city is, "What does the letters P. E. O. stand for?" In as much as I have never seen the name of the organization in print, I assumed the letters must stand for some esoteric title or the organization is some branch of our alphabetical government. It would be hopeless to try to decipher all those names even if anyone did care a darn. The result is that the vulgar mob has manufactured the letters to mean, "Pa's Evening Out."

Again the big check from the cheese factory for milk goes to Joe Methe north of town. \$104.00 for two weeks' milk. Harry Graut of Scotia was second with about half that amount and Arnold Bredhauer third.

Joe is the little fellow who drives the old open model T Ford every morning, the seats and fenders laden with milk cans. Last fall he and his partner came to the cheese factory and asked Art if he thought the factory would keep going all winter. Art assured them he hoped so and they were going to try. Joe and his partner said if the factory was going to close down they thought they would sell their cows and not milk at all. Joe was lucky in that he held over a large bunch of cane and fodder from the year before.

The high test of 4.8 goes to Pete Barnhart on goat's milk.

Chain Letters Again:

Calling for a pint of whiskey in place of a dime was the premium attached to the chain letter received by my brother in Colorado a week ago. He figured it out that if everyone answered as they should he would eventually receive 15,600 pints of the liquor. I do not know how long that much whiskey would last him, but I think it would be enough to keep me satisfied for ten or twelve months at least.

Fan Mail:

My receipts of fan letters and chain letters have increased many fold recently. Now Mrs. Rood, in as much as you and I are both in the fan letter business, I have a problem to present to you.

I have received no less than a score of letters this last week. They nearly all begin by saying how much they enjoy my scribbles but end up asking for a dime. Would you count such a fan letter as full value, or only half? And more than that, I received one today asking for two dollars. What would you deem it worth?

At first I am thrilled beyond speech, and in conclusion depressed to the same extent at the thoughts of all the correspondence involved. I must employ a secretary. Perhaps I could pay them out of the dimes I am to receive.

May 24, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

The request has been made that I write a few stories in place of the local news items I have been relating for several weeks.

No Damage Done:

Story Number One. This choice bit of literature and information was revealed the first time to my knowledge as the profound truth, at the club in Riverdale. It happened a man and lady were crossing a street in a crowded city. The lady was draped with a skirt that attached to her smooth and slender figure by a long row of snaps the full length from top to bottom.

Haughtily and indolently this couple left the curb. As they approached the middle of the street the red light suddenly changed to green, and the traffic came forth with a bang. One smart young fledgling, with a brand new scarlet car was attempting to show the world the unusual agility of the pick-up of the new boat.

Of a sudden the gentleman, the hero of our tale, concluded the red roadster was about to run over his partner. Only quick movement would save the life. The same instant the lady discovered the on-rushing crimson streak and concluded she must race ahead to save injury. Thinking his lady friend was unaware of the immediate danger, he grabbed for her.

Now the denouement of this tale is not very thrilling. No one was hit, no life snuffed out, no big damage suits. The bright cherry car sped on up the street, the lady raced ahead and the man back, and in his hand he carried the lady's skirt!

Too Clean:

The next time I get married, if such fate ever befalls me, there is going to be a little more definite understanding on a few details before the consent is given. (Or is it the lady who gives the consent?) For the most part my present wife does pretty well. As one fellow said, "She has always paid her way, and more too." But there is one detail on which we do not cooperate at all and that is handkerchiefs. I am still hoping our trouble does not lead to blows or the divorce court.

One of my many idiosyncrasies is to have a snout nose. I always carry a kerchief in my right hip pocket, and another cached in my left for reserve.

There is where the difficulty arises. My wife thinks these blow sheets need laundering oftener than I see any need of. She goes through my pockets and hunts not for money but for the slightly soiled nose wipers. Then in a few days, I will hurriedly change my clothes and race to church or a bridge party, only to find I have to use my sleeve or let my nose drip.

As a further aggravation, I have a portentous rag tucked under my pillow. She sort-a has the notion that needs laundering much oftener than I see any need of. Always into the tub it goes, unmindful of the distress that is surely to come from such a scrupulous cleaning.

All goes well. We retire early and snooze happily into the deep blackness of the night. Suddenly, about three strikes of the ticker, I awake and am suddenly aware I should blow my nose and do it quickly. Avidly I begin to reach for the rag. I scramble wildly under the pillows, and then think perhaps it has fallen over the front to the floor. I crawl over the head of the bed, hanging by my loins, my head down, my hands flying wildly about the floor.

After a few minutes of these antics, the frau awakes, and screaming wonders what sort of a nightmare I am having now. After a little wild discussion, I under the bed, she on top, awakening the entire household including the hired man who sleeps in the basement, the revelation is made the kerchief is in the wash.

All of which goes to prove that too many of the details cannot be settled before the final matrimonial step is taken.

Deep Water:

A little trip to Greeley the other day with Claud Thomas, revealed some of the damages done by the heavy rain over there a few weeks ago. Reports of the amount of rainfall vary all the way from four to six inches in that many minutes. Lakes and mud holes are still evident, and one place the highway is still inundated.

Rufus Dutcher's (Claud's son-in-law) folks live the first house by the tracks as we turn south into the city.

Rufus's brother went out to the barn during the rain. The water was about to his ankles on his boots. The rain was coming down like when poured from a pail. As he stood in the doorway of the barn he noticed the railroad grade go out and ran for the house, but before he arrived at the door, the water was waist deep.

Their cellar was filled with water, and everything slightly wet. For further proof, we noticed the trash on the woven wire fence in front of the house, and that showed there was no exaggeration to his story.

Now story readers, does that fill the bill?

Big Fish In Big Puddle:

A saddening hush like the announcement of the death of a favorite son, came over the congregation last week at the S. D. B. Church when the pastor read a letter asking him to come to Plainfield, N. J. This church, one of the wealthiest of the denomination and situated near the headquarters has made it a prize package of the S. D. B. preachers for many years. This church tries to pick the leading minister, and we all feel that their choice is well made. We feel sad should this country-wide, popular man decide to leave us and on the other hand we cannot blame him. What is our loss is Plainfield's gain.

On the other hand, Plainfield is in the purlieus of New York. There Rev. Warren will be a tiny fish in a big puddle. Here, without doubt he is one of the leading ministers of the Loup Valley, a pride and credit to our organization. A big fish in not so small a puddle.

May 31, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

News From Afar:

Anacortes, Wash.,
May 9, 1935.

Dear Geo.:

The weather is surely fine here. Nearly every day is alike and warm but need a coat in the evening. Not much wind and dust at all.

I counted 24 different kinds of flowers blooming in our flower garden this morning.

I suppose you have read in the papers about the west coast lumber workers strike. There are nearly 1000 men here in Anacortes out of work. They were getting \$0.45 per hour and are striking for \$0.75 per hour minimum wage. They keep picket lines around all the mills and will not let non-union men work. The papers and radio claim there will be 45,000 men in Washington and Oregon out on strike by Saturday night.

We have planted a big garden here and it is coming up nice so we will probably stay here most of the summer. Don't know yet.

One of the neighbors here is peddling fish and yesterday he had a dressed halibut that weighed 135 pounds. He bought them off of a boat for 6c per lb. and peddled them for 15c per lb. The gillnetters are catching some spring salmon now 20 to 40 lbs. They sell undressed off boats for 10c per lb. and peddlers get 20c sliced for them.

Veda has joined a ladies club and they play whist mostly and she has won high score 6 times.

We got a large letter from Fred Swansons from Wenatchee yesterday. They have their store started and like the country fine here in Washington.

This is quite a strawberry country and there are acres of strawberries and they are white with bloom now.

Last Sunday we were out to Bill Crosses. Five families of us and we chose up sides and had a kittenball game. The ladies played out in the second inning.

I have talked to several fishermen here that have said every once a while they catch fish when they are out trolling in a row boat so big they have to cut the line to keep them from wrecking the boat.

If you like sea foods you can nearly get a living from the bay clams, oysters, scrimp, crabs and all kinds of fish.

Will close for this time.

Respectfully,

W. E. GOWEN

Traffic jam:

After the recent rain, a big truck became stuck trying to go into the alley west of the Farmers Store. A tremendous crowd of advisors soon gathered. Hugh Clement was called with his wrecker, and it was hooked on behind, in the attempt to pull the stranded van back onto the slab. As a result the highway was blocked for a few minutes.

A car from the east came along about that time. Apparently the driver was in a terribly big hurry for continually the horn sounded for Clement to move out of the way. Nonchalantly and unexcitedly Hugh moved around the truck and car, doing his best to clear the obstruction. It took the third attempt to move the van.

"Listen to that darned fool squawk that horn," Earl Smith expostulated disgustedly, "They are doing their best to get out of the way." We were all disgusted a little.

The van pulled upon terra firma, the impatient car passed on. It turned out to be a fashionable, indolent lady. Upon sight of her, Earl expostulated a second time, "Well, no wonder. I expect she was in a hurry to get home so she could read the paper, or take a nap."

"Yes," added another, "or to get a drink of beer."

Local News Item:

Monday afternoon, Bryan Portis 35, of Riverdale, drove five miles in the mud to North Loup to Shineman's sale which was held at their premises Wednesday afternoon.

June 7, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Random Thoughts:

The idea occurred to me, after noting some of these swanky girls with their hats swung further and further over the sides of their heads, that if they are not careful the sun shade will swing down under the chin.

My reason for selling milk to the cheese factory is one that seems to be overlooked in the manager's sales talk. By selling and hauling it myself just gives me a reason to come to town. I used to come over frequently and have no special reason.

Gus Wetzel, a few weeks ago, dreaded the thoughts of digging in the garden again. He said he hadn't got caught up on his loafing yet.

Talking about styles, Jim Brannon says when he came here in '82, he hired a cobbler to make a pair of boots. Jim was asked if he wanted them to squeek. *[sic]* Jim replied, "Sure". And Jim said, "they were fine boots and would really squeek too". A year later he bought a pair at Wood River, but those he requested not to squeek. The style had passed out.

Was told on the streets the other day by Chas. Drawbridge that the selling of beer in North Loup had brought numerous people here to trade that formerly went to Scotia and elsewhere. I told him as far as I was concerned I had seen no difference. He replied that I was prejudiced and would not admit it if it was so.

Charles may be right. There might be such a thing as the democrats having a good idea sometime, but it would be the height of foolishness to ever admit it.

In as much as the Legion-Auxiliary and the City are sponsoring a yard beautiful campaign, I am not going to be out-done. I have been taking cognizance of the yards around to determine who has the most luxuriant growth of dandelions. There are some good ones this year too.

Talking again about styles, I used to become a little disgusted at my father, for when he would dress up he would invariably square his shoulders, smooth the wrinkles and button the top button of his coat. "The bottom button is the one," I would insist, "and leave the top one loose." But pictures of him taken when he was a young fellow, showed the styles made to button the top button of the coat, close up toward the collar, and then lay the front smoothly back leaving a triangle effect at the waist, a short tie as a dewlap. And he wasn't such a sloppy dresser either from what they say, in his younger days.

Now there is one fellow that will not get offended at the mention of his name in this column.

It is a mystery to all of us how easily it can rain when it gets warmed up to the spirit, and how easily it can stop when it is out of the notion. Or how hard to get the rain started when it once gets stopped. And then the grammatical question.

What is it.

Like the hole in a doughnut. What happens to it when we eat the doughnut? Another question for Bates.

Again talking about rain. The sub-soil on the hills and higher ground has not been really soaked in five years. The last good crop of corn was in 1929, and in the latter part of the summer it was dry as powder that year. Never the less we got a good crop that year.

The Preaching Business:

I was highly honored a few months ago by being the host to Prof. L. O. Green and his wife. For a number of years he followed the preaching profession before taking up teaching.

In talking over the worry and uncertainty of school teachers, and their jobs, he remarked that the preaching profession is far worse, and that he worried many times more in that work than he ever had teaching.

"While I am teaching I am at least assured my pay will continue until the end of the year. When preaching, the least little misspoke word, or unintentional act might cause someone to take offense." Then they cease coming to church, and when they do that, as a usual thing the contributions cease also."

June 14, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Weather:

In reference to the frost we had last Friday morning, Jim Brannon says in 1887 they had a frost the 22nd of June, although it was not so hard as this one. Also in 1924, on the 22nd of May, there was a heavy frost and freeze. That year there were apples and cherries however. This on Friday didn't seem to do any damage.

Hair For the House:

Miss Maud Thomas has a grape vine starting at one corner of the porch and it winds clear around the house and laps a little ways. I am wondering how long it will be before Maud can arrange a coil up on top, like so many ladies used to arrange their hair before bobbing became the vogue.

Old Timer Story:

Art Babcock tells the story which simply indicates their fear of Indians.

He, his brother Ed and cousins Lawdy and Everett, started from his father's home where the Eva Hill house is now, one evening to go to a little store that set then where Will Preston now lives. Practically everything was open prairie between the two places.

After walking a ways, the small boys heard the awfulest pandemonium to the west, Art says, one could possibly imagine. They deciphered that nothing but a massacre was being held at Dr. Badger's dug-out (now the McClellan place). As they scampered homeward, they reasoned, from the terrible war-whoops and blood curdling yells that the Indians were celebrating their victory with a war dance, and soon would be pouncing upon the boys' own home.

Wildly telling his father, Deacon Babcock, the latter ran out of the house to hear the commotion. After a few minutes, he concluded the terrible scare was caused only by a pack of coyotes.

News From Afar:

A card from Rev. Polan, at Brookfield, N. Y., entitled "Dear Bucolic Screeds", says among other things, "How often we think of all the good friends back in North Loup, reading eagerly the Loyalist as it comes weekly. I have cut out a lot of the history write ups."

"I send the Loyalist regularly down to Holt Shawler's and they read with interest the doings of the Babcock cousins." (Those are my cousins, but I had forgotten they lived in the same town as the Polans.)

From the Polan's.

A Bitter Diet:

A rather unusual incident this year is the fact that nearly everyone's cows are giving milk that is so tainted that one can hardly drink it. Early in the season everyone thought it was the rye pastures. The troubles were not ameliorated when the cows were taken off and put on wild grass. It was even worse then.

It has been discovered also that the morning's milk is not so bad as the evening's. Various theories have been advanced for that.

Some fellows say the cream will curdle in the coffee even when it is not sour. That is not true, but it tastes so badly that many people are selling their milk to the cheese factory and creamery and buying canned milk and oleo. The cheese maker says when he opens some cans of milk, the stench even from sweet milk will nearly knock a man over. The local milk men have been having a hard time holding their customers.

Jim and I have doped the trouble out to our satisfaction. Upon inspection of the pasture, we find most of the wild grass has been killed out from the ravages of last year's drouth. About all there is in the pasture is weeds, and the cows are living on those. A few sprigs of what looks like blue stem and buffalo grass can be seen, but very few.

Several folks have reported that the milk is improving the last few days.

June 28, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

News From Afar:

Another letter from Ward Gowen in Anacortes, Washington. Included the following extracts, June 2:

"I took a little trip to Friday Harbor yesterday to bring a neighbor family to Anacortes (Anacortes is on an Island). There were about thirty cars and two trucks on the ferry boat. The water was quite rough coming back and the old tub did a quite a lot of bucking but I didn't get sick.

"I cut wood nearly all last week. It sure was fun to cut wood here. The trees are so tall and straight. We are cutting the small trees only. They are 8 to 12 inches through and each tree makes 8 and 10, 6 foot poles per tree up to the first limbs. They just have a small bush on top and grow so thick in places one can hardly ride a horse between.

"We have been going out to the different beaches nearly every Sunday for picnic dinners. Jim Kimbrels, Crosses and their son-in-laws and we folks.

"Veda is the champion "fisherman" here the same as she was back there. She caught 1 seven pound and 1 eleven pound cod this week. The 11 pound one nearly pulled her into the bay. We saw five deer one day while we were going through the woods fishing. We get lots of black bass here, 2 to 4 pounds. They are fun eating.

"Strawberries are ripe now and selling at 10 cents a box. The later ones will be cheaper. The blackberries are as large as ones little finger and we have had a gooseberry pie already. The woods are full of wild blackberries.

"In this country they raise lots of garden seeds. They raise lots of cabbage seed also. The fields are yellow with bloom from them and mustard blossoms. There are three pea canneries at Mt. Vernon, and a carnation milk factory."

Good Joke on Dad:

A small four year old son of a prominent man in the village came running into the house and told his father he had a flat tire. The father was a little disgusted as all of us are when we have a flat tire but never-the-less he took the thing off and rolled it up to the tire repair shop for repair.

The repair man looked the thing over several times, soa king the tube repeatedly and finally told our hero nothing could be found wrong with it. If there was a puncture, the hole was so small it could not be seen. Mystified and a little more distressed the father traipsed homeward, with his tire, disappointed that it was not fixed.

That evening the son told his mother, slyly smiling, that he sure played a good joke on Daddy today and when asked how, he said he pushed on the valve and let the air whistle.

Advertisement:

The best business concerning the good to the town, is that of Paul Madsen, it seems to me. I stopped the other day for a little repair on my car and there were nearly a dozen men waiting ahead of me. One man from Cotesfield way, two from Scotia, two from Mira Valley (who normally go to Ord) and a couple from north of Horace. The most of those fellows probably bought some other little thing too before they hurried homeward.

Paul is known all over as being one of the best welders in the land. Some one said that Ord has one man nearly as good, but much higher priced. I am not supposed to advertise in this column, but I just can't refrain from mentioning this anyway.

Since Otto Mill's reign at the elevator we have never had a man draw trade from out of the territory like Paul is doing.

The First Auto Mechanics:

And while I loitered there in the blacksmith shop, Chris told of one of his early experiences repairing cars. Chris was the first car tinkerer in the village.

Geo. Smith, our old druggist, had one of the very first, if not the first car in the village. I remember one of them, which was a two cylinder, red, one seated Brush, with no top, wind shield or side doors to monkey with, driven with a chain, steered with a lever, cranked at the side and traveled perhaps ten to twenty miles an hour if all went well. For years Geo. drove it back and forth to the store.

But one morning it would not start. He called on the only repair man in the village. Chris sent Chas. Thrasher down to fix up the engine and send Mr. Smith merrily on his way. Chas. worked all day on the engine and finally coming back to the shop at night told his boss he could not make it run.

So Chris took the job unto himself the next morning. After arriving on the scene of a cation and despair, he took cognizance of the situation in a noble manner. After walking around a few times, turning on the switch, winding the crank and the usual diagnosis, he asked if it had any gas. At that, the discovery was made that Geo. had forgotten to turn the fuel spigot. That twisted, away the engine went.

July 5, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Joke on G. O. P:

Annual Frazer tells me a joke to put in the paper. He says the republicans are roaring about the pavement in North Loup, and how it should be made different, and it is all wrong, and so on. He says they should have put all the republicans heads together and made a block pavement.

Some Record:

M. D. Earnest, who has just returned from a year's sojourn in southern California has an unusual record with tires. He has not had a flat since he left, driving his car both ways, and around a good deal while there. More than that, he had a delivery truck he drove about ten miles a day, six days a week, and did not have a flat on that either.

Wind Work:

A little discussion about wind storms was in session in Sheldon's oil station the other day.

Hugh Clement happened to be at Ericson when the bad wind struck a few months ago. The wind was from the north and naturally that ended the joys of fishing for the day.

They started home, with the wind, and he said they watched the thistles blowing ahead of them and several times they noticed the tumble weeds were traveling thirty-five to forty-five miles an hour.

Other told stories, but the first fellow has no chance. Finally the wind that accompanied the rain last week was mentioned. Hugh summed it up and said it moved his garage eight inches.

Busy Man:

Mrs. Arthur Hutchins suggests to Art that he give up his job in the cheese factory and then he can spend all his time with the different boards of which he is a member.

Making Sidewalks:

The cement rock and blocks from the discarded sidewalks have turned out to be quite in demand. The contractors did not care for them, but had no right it seems to give them away. The city board might claim them on one score and still were none too sure. The contract was that the sidewalks should be replaced where one was taken out and the contractors could use the old blocks if they wished. They did not care to.

Anyway, Art Hutchins, from some source or another got possession of a bunch of blocks and he planned to make a sidewalk from main street to the cheese factory. But in as much as the FERAers were digging a ditch and stirring up the earth so recklessly around there Art decided to wait a while. He had his blocks laid on the edge of the street north of the factory.

Then the Methodist people decided to fix up at their church before the Jubilee and wanted a few blocks. By some trotting around, hither and yon, permission from someone to get a few blocks seemed to have been obtained. Hugh Clement was employed to move them with his wrecker.

So Hugh spies the blocks by the cheese factory and thinking they are about the nicest ones he has seen, and handy, he proceeds to take them to the church. He only made away with three when Art's attention was called to the fact his sidewalk was moving off. He immediately ran out and told Hugh that they belonged to him. Hugh was very sorry. He looked elsewhere. No damage except Art is short three sections of his sidewalk.

Now here comes to my advice. My advice is very much sought after in all such cases. I advise and suggest to Art that he just pick up those blocks of cement and put them in vault until the time comes to lay them permanently in place. Best to play safe.

August 23, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

A LITTLE TOWN CHATTER

"No horse pulling contest this year at the Pop Corn Days", was the remark I overheard. "The committee thought no one cared for it and it just caused trouble. That is the contestants frequently quarreled."

And this man went on to say, "on the same score we better do away with the kittenball game. I heard there was a fight over that the other evening. There might be trouble over kittenball."

And there was trouble over the agriculture exhibits. Some thought some of the contestants were gathering stuff from other fields than their own. Then there was a little dispute over the judging. So that was done away with and likewise the ladies exhibit was a thing of the past last year. Something wrong there too.

"Next year they will probably do away with the floats as it is so much trouble to get them ready".

"But", I asked, "didn't anyone care for the horse pulling?"

"Some didn't I presume, the same as any other entertainment. But a crowd of several hundred stands for several hours and through the noon hour to see how it comes out. I thought it was as popular as anything. Some do not care for the kittenball game either."

I said nothing. I was on the committee once and they have plenty of troubles and I don't blame them for getting out of it. In fact I got out of it all together.

COMMUNITY CLUB

The dolorous condition of the North Loup Community club was the topic of conversation at a recent gathering. One man, who seems to be a loyal attendant said it is impossible to get the men on the street to turn out. "With the bare exception of one man", so they said, "everyone who attends does not own a cents worth of property on the street. They all are employees or men who like the Jew, can pick up and leave at any whim.

"One evening when the community club was supposed to meet, there was also a bridge party. Three of the four men who attended the Community Club were invited to the party, but as important business was to be brought up, these three attended the club first and then went to the party. Upon their arrival, to their disgust, they found several men with many thousands of dollars invested in the town playing bridge and these who attended the club (with the exception of one) did not own a cent of property.

But, I can't blame them. Who would go and worry over the town going to thunder with a bridge party on the offing?

RANDOM THOUGHTS

The best weather prophet in town is no less than Soren Jorgensen. No one looks quite as cunning in their paste board helmet as Geo S. Mayo. The proudest kittenball player of his accomplishment is Floyd Hutchins, and why not. And the most serious and conscientious is Clarence Lee, the "empire".

LIFE INSURANCE

Several Life Insurance men have made me the center of their attacks lately. They plead with me. They take great concern in what my wife will do should "I shuffle off the mortal roll". They tell me of this man and that who have been killed lately. One man saw my tractor and threw his hands in horror. He related in vivid detail of how a farmer was caught under one and was crushed. At that gruesome tale I nearly faltered, or succumbed.

I think I might have given in and signed the dotted line and also the check, but I was haunted continually with the idea that I am always an unlucky cuss. It would just be my luck, should I insure, not to die or if I did fall under those sharp lugs, to be pounded into a pulp, but still live.

August 30, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Roads:

I have remarked several times to the dislike of some of our township officers that the road northwest of the Riverdale schoolhouse up as far as Sternecker's Boulevard is the poorest road in the county.

As yet I have not changed my mind. Without question it is a hard road to deal with in that the water comes from the east and washes across, filling the ditches with dirt and gutting out the road.

Never-the-less, after the other rains, two months ago, and now, there is a mud hole north of Julius Schoning's, that is nearly impassable. It was impassable for some time after the other rain. The track leads up to the edge on both sides, as if cars are going through. In place, most of the cars drove to the edge and backed away. Those that did try it got stuck.

There are several washed ditches across the road that have no danger signs near, any more than the mud hole has. Before one knows it he is on them and has nearly broken a spring.

The mile of road straight north of the Riverdale school house is nearly as bad, but passable if one goes slow enough. The road is terribly washed and one culvert is entirely gone.

I heard cross talk over the country line and some of the folks were scolding a bout it all. They seemed to be agreed that they would go to North Loup no more to trade until this road is fixed. One lady said they ought never to go to that town any more if we cannot have a better road than that. If anyone does not believe this they should ask Bill Cox the mail carrier or Curley Goodrich who attempt to travel this road daily.

It is not much wonder those folks are so prone to go to Ord to trade. By some hook or crook that city inveigles the county board to maintain a road up to the county line, when for the last mile the only place this road accommodates is that of Sternicker's. The maintaining of that last strip of road is as ridiculous as it would be for the county to maintain the drive into my house.

Albert Babcock, in his bakery has been short a machine that most bakers have. It is called a dough break and, ringer like, it rolls the dough many times, pounding the big holes in a million little ones, and consequently puffing the loaf into a larger size.

This machine cost only \$450.00, but for some reason Albert didn't seem to have the money. So Albert's father, along with Erlo and Albert took it unto themselves to make a break. They have been working at it for several weeks and have finally succeeded. Art procured couple of pieces of cast iron water main to use for the rollers. They tried to drive it with belts but finally had to resort to gears and chain. But now it works.

It takes a little different formula to make good bread with the break than without it. Also bigger pans. But when things get worked out Albert hopes to compete in size of loaf with any of the bakeries.

He explained the business this way. He puts the same weight in his loaves, but the folks just cannot believe it when they see the two sitting side by side. And all strangers think they are not getting their money's worth. Even while Albert is telling them he is giving as much weight, he says he can tell by their expression they do not believe it.

Postmaster:

Someone asked me why I did not take the examination for postmaster. "That would be a nice job all right", I replied. "But I would have as much chance getting it as I would have to get into Heaven." And he agreed then, I'd as well save my exercise.

Running Close Second:

There has been a little contention over whether Geo. Mayo's pasteboard helmet looks the worst on him of anyone in town that wears one.

I will admit there are a few others in town who are running Geo. a close second for first place. My father-in-law and Art Babcock are surely giving George a run for his money, but if I would bestow the honors on them everyone would say I was partial to my relatives.

November 8, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

News From Afar:

A letter from Herbert G. Van Horn of Plainfield, N. J., who plans to be in North Loup this month says in part:

"I have known Paster Warren and his wife from College days.

My greatest regret in helping forward their call to the Plainfield church was that they are being called away from a people who loved and appreciated them, and a church and a community where they were tendering a good service. I sometimes wonder if we have done right. Thirty-six years in the ministry causes me to feel less sure of a good many things, procedures, etc., than I often felt in younger days.

"I read your Bucolic Screeds when I have time and that is usually. (Glad someone does.) The Loyalist gets a little more of my attention than any other local paper. I remember the very first issue of it, started by Mr. Black in the eighties. We moved from Salt Lake City to North Loup when North Loup was nearly eleven years old and I was past nine."

Sincerely,

More News From Afar:

A 12 page letter from Ralph Comstock at St. Charles, Ill., says in part:

"Ruth Mayo came from Chicago yesterday and stayed all night. She had one of her little pupils with her. Two weeks ago Inez Hutchins Fox and her man stayed all night with us. Will drive over to Gary some day to see them. Not so far or long when we get started.

"You asked in your last letter if I or you supposed we would ever go to preaching. Gee! Wouldn't that be terrible. I can't imagine the country getting into such a goshawful condition as that. But you can't tell what a war might lead us up to, or down at.

"You worked me into doing some awful things when I lived back there but I kinda figure your hypnotic influence is now weakened by distance.

"Another milk strike has come and gone. I did not help this time as I usually do. My sympathies are with the farmers and they deserve the price they asked. Milk usually retails in Chicago for more than twice as much as the farmer receives. Namely, the farmer receives 3 cents and the consumer pays 10 cents. Too much of a spread for the distance of haul and time it is out of the farmer's hands.

"Rugged Individualism hasn't evolved anything wonderful in the fluid milk distribution yet. It may be handled as a public utility yet. The hot bed of the strike was north of us mostly. Around Elgin and north to Wisconsin.

"The strike was partly to get rid of the manager. He gets a salary of \$15,000 a year and many think he is grafting on the side. He quotes a small portion of the membership revolting. Milk is not drawn from the members but from the cows.

"Did you notice you haven't seen a milking machine advertisement in the farm papers for four years? Just goes to show how that industry has been hit by the farmers' poor buying power.

"Also I notice the Nebraska Farmer seldom carried a flower advertisement. Of course I never thought of that when I was farming. Farmers ought to have leisure and profit enough for a decent yard as much as any class. No personal criticism. Mostly thinking how I used to look up into a tree to see how much wood there was, or wondering if the fences were up everywhere and scanning the distance for that reason.

"Thought I'd write this letter and one to David Davis but this has so weakened me both physically and mentally that I need to crawl between the sheets (of the bed).

"Please excuse any intentional good writing."

Yours, Ralph Comstock

November 15, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

The Ord Quiz last week lead an article off as follows: "Joseph H. Capron, 79, last person still living in Valley County who set foot in the Loup Valley at as early a date as 1874, is dead."

With no disrespect to Mr. Capron, I'll warrant he would not rest well if he knew the fallacious statement that lead his obituary. I can hardly conceive of the Quiz making such an error if they as much as read the copy of some of the old time articles that have been printed in their own paper the last year.

There are plenty of folks down North Loup way who set foot in the Loup Valley before 1874. But perhaps North Loup people do not count in the Quiz's estimation. They count North Loup people like they do when one of them runs for office. Just as if they don't exist.

As a sort of a reminder a few of those old timers might be mentioned, and by the way, they live in Valley County too and are still living.

Chas. Rood, Mrs. Mansel Davis, Lowell Wellman, Mrs. Herb Green, Art Babcock, Myra Gowen, Mrs. Otto Schoning. All these folks came in 1872 and there are many more who came in 1873.

Well that's that.

Bayard (Mose) Rood, who with his wife have been sort of cosmopolites for the last eight years spent part of their time living in Milton, Wis. He tells me that the customary belief is a person cannot go to Heaven if he has not lived two years in that town. He said he had lived there nearly the allotted time but his wife had not, and in as much as he did not want to be separated from her when the final scythe is swung, he finished the term out to be safe.

I wonder if it would not do as well to live in Wesleyan or Central City two years in place of Milton.

We are glad the walk is being repaired to the cheese factory. The last time I leaped to that place of business I was reminded of Eliza crossing the ice. Then Dutch Manchester's dogs bayed in the offing and the only thing left to complete the picture was a pickaninny.

Speaking about the City Library, Harry Johnson presented the library ladies a number of very fine sets of books. Among them were a set of French Novels.

These demure ladies feared those French novels might contain stories not quite in keeping with polite dinner table conversation, as is so frequently the case, and also feared the young folk might avidly get to reading them, as if a French novel could teach our kids anything new.

So each one of the board toted one of the heavy books home and read it thoroughly (couldn't harm these old ladies) but found not a thing unconventional. (I almost said to their disappointment.)

My kids in school are given an extra mark for washing their teeth. An inspector, appointed, gives every kid a once over each morning to see if this important task has been performed.

Dr. Brady says that washing teeth is a method of the dentist to keep his business booming. Be that as it may. Ed Knapp told me a month or more ago he had never had a tooth filled and only one ever pulled and he never was sure that one needed pulling as bad as the dentist needed the money.

Then I turned to Ed. "I suppose you brush them diligently after every meal?"

He smiled at me rather sheepishly, "Don't brush them at all. Never even had a tooth brush when I was a kid."

My boy and Garry Brown got in a terrible fight on the way home from school the other evening. Their sisters had to pull them apart.

When they reached our place they had to play ball a while and Garry's sisters had to nearly take him by the ear to get him to come on home.

November 22, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Not So Bad:

It has been a favorite pastime when nothing of more importance occurs, to fill the pages of local papers with the propaganda to trade at home. Merchants become embued with the spirit to a great

extent, especially for the other fellow. For themselves, of course the case is different, but this squib is not becoming personal and drifting far from the original I had in my head.

What I started to write is that I think North Loup people have that spirit instilled into them to a far greater degree than is found in some other places. I find Ord has the same difficulty and worry, only their people drive to Grand Island, and the Grand Island people drive to Omaha. Fred Coe said he thought a paved road to Grand Island would harm Ord more than the good it would do, by making it easier for people to go there and trade.

A little illustration may suffice at this point of attack. A group of fellows were talking about the N. L. bakery. Chas. Clark thought it was shameful the way Ord people bought out of town bread with a good baker in their midst. A small percent of the bread sold there is home baked.

At a church social recently wrappers from nearly two dozen loaves were gathered up and it was discovered only one wrapper was from an out of town bakery. It is distressing to loyal North Loupers to see the bread trucks stop in our streets but a comparatively small per cent of the bread sold is from those trucks.

Taking it a little further, there is very little cheese sold in town that is not manufactured in our factory. And our broom factory has supplied the brooms for our town for years with relatively no competition.

Just patting ourselves on the back is all.

At Another Angle:

Looking at the case from a little different angle, if the merchants expect the patrons to be loyal and trade at home, there is a corresponding responsibility of the merchants to give equally good service, prices and merchandise, with the neighboring towns.

It is ridiculous for the merchants to expect many of their people to trade with them if it is going to cost more to do it. Even should they expect it, they will get fooled, and if the truth be known those same loyal patrons will be sneaking off and totting home a few articles and saying nothing about it. There is always a slight sinking of the heart, after a person has bought a bill of groceries to find he might have saved fifty cents by buying the order at another store or a nother town.

Loyalty will not stand up under that kind of competition.

Some Cows, Which?

Will Cook, one of the large patrons of the cheese factory, has recently decided to change his breed of cows from red to Holsteins. Lately he purchased four pure bred spots and these four give more mile than his fourteen read ones do. The test from the Holsteins was only one tenth of one per cent lower than the red ones.

A Nose for News:

A most interesting report was given by our kids of a visitor at the school house the other day. Besides her physical makeup being similar to that of Ella Cinder's step mother, the kids reported this lady held her arm straight up and scratched underneath, yawned without putting her hand over her mouth and picked her nose.

All of which was very interesting to say the least, but we have been wondering what the lady saw that she might report on the kids.

"Everybody Works At Our House"

The presents in the window of the Bakery, to be given away for coupons has caused a great consternation at our house. Dick wants the air rifle, Geraldine the mirror and mother the brush and comb. All are scrambling for the wrappers in order to get their pre sent.

Oh, Yes, I forgot to tell about myself. Well, I get the change to pay for the bread.

November 29, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Left Forty Years Ago:

While in Lincoln last summer my mother cared for a house of a lady while she was gone on a vacation. While there, another lady came and wanted to rent a room. My mother had had no instructions to rent the room and consequently declined. The lady insisted saying she had roomed there before.

My mother and the stranger set down on the porch and visited, they both being of an affable disposition and in the course of the talk the stranger asked mother where her home was. In answer, naturally, mother replied, "North Loup."

"Oh, North Loup!" The lady straightened up. "North Loup. That's my home town too."

Of course this remark led to surprise on mother's part for she had lived here ever since the town was in the morning, standing by ever since, and thought she knew all its denizens that ever were.

"I've been gone from North Loup forty years and lived in Lincoln ever since I left and you are the first person I've ever seen from there." She was tickled to see someone from home. Her name was Clair Wilson.

True Enough:

Wesley Hutchins tells of how he was riding in Iowa on the train when the brakeman came through calling "Wesley". Wes was about to jump up and see what was wanted of him when the train rolled into the town of Westley.

The train pulled out and before long the brakeman came through again calling the name Hutchins. Wes then was sure someone wanted him pretty badly, only to discover that the next town they came to had the title of Hutchins.

I doubted the veracity of this yarn of Wes's in that he is quite a joker and likes to tell stories that might be truthful enough, but sound not so good. So I went to my map and sure enough there are two towns in Iowa, setting side by side on the same R. R. one by the name of Westley and the other Hutchins.

Might Resort To Worse Things:

A farmer rather cryptically stepped into a local store and purchased two pounds of Oleo. He was a poor duffer as I was told and just couldn't resist the temptation, in that butter is 35 cents a pound and oleo is two pounds for 35 cents.

He asked the clerk to put the Oleo into a sack so as he walked the street people would not see it and talk. He sells cream from his cows to make butter of.

This incident rather amused the clerk, but he kept his trust and would not divulge who the customer was, which would have been the very best part of the story.

However wicked as it may seem, I can sympathize with the man. Two years of crop failure, and to have a ??? quit laying and the hens quit giving eggs (as is my case right now) a man might resort to things worse than eating oleo, which is quite largely a cottonseed product produced by farmers in the south who buy our pork and mules and corn.

Try It:

Claude Thomas told me if I suspend a brick to the ceiling which weighs four pounds, by a piece of binding twine, in less than five minutes the twine will break. We tried it and sure enough the twine broke.

I hurried home and told the folks including Mose Reed who was helping me that day. The kids and Mose and my wife raised their eyebrows at each other. They had heard of how an advertiser had proclaimed this twine strong enough to pull a car.

So I found a good piece of twine. They tied it securely to a brick, and I stepped on a chair and held the mechanism with my hand, wife sternly refused me hammering a hole through the ceiling.

"Your arm will get plenty tired", they snickered.

They could not discourage me. I stood taunt. But I beat the record. The twine broke in less than a minute.

New Competition:

The culinary parties held lately in the vicinity seem to be running competition to the revival meetings held at the S. D. B. church. Those who did not attend the latter for fear of high pressure methods certainly couldn't feel gratified in attending the skillet demonstrations. The revivals were very lacking in that regard.

December 6, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

I am, at this minute, at a loss to know what to write. The copy is past due now, and here I sit rocking furiously and no thoughts. I am bound by contract to fill one column, and if I don't there will be no check and a great blank in the paper. Perhaps that blank space be more interesting.

It was like this. I wrote a column that would make you all call up each other over the country line and that would make even dogs prick up their ears as they innocently [??] by little groups that gathered on the corners. But they refused to print it so here I am trying to think up something else with the dead line five minutes off. Some thing that will make no one mad or glad or be worth reading either.

Should I Die--

This will not be worth reading. But I was thinking (which don't happen often) should the grim reaper call me as quickly as he did Otto Smith. Then what. Well, that's a problem to be sure.

Anyway, I want Rev. Warren to do his best regardless of the uphill job he would have. I'll say he and I have been good friends. Strange the company he makes. I like him because I never heard him say a mean thing about anyone, and I feel he does not about me regardless of how he may feel. And then when he's done his best by me he'll know enough to quit. That's something.

The pall bearers would be a conglomerate mess to be sure, but every one, I'd say, a prince.

There's Geo. and Art Hutchins of course. We were raised side by side and were hellions together. And their dad was mine's best friend. And Ralph Comstock. We write twelve page letters and fought a dragon once (in play). It was wonderful. And Floyd Hutchins. He comes to fix my tractor and don't know enough to go home. I stayed until twelve at his place once too.

Irvy Sheldon, long ago, run a store account with my dad, paid with a note, and next year renewed the note. Then when he got to going he did the same with me. Of course we are friends.

And Earl Smith. We entertain the loafers with terrible scowls and adjectives arguing horses and tractors, and then walk home together and laugh. He traded me a dead horse once but that didn't matter.

Riley Brannon and I get along real well, and Leslie Green eats my grub and I his, and he asks me for advice. I give it freely, and then he always goes and does the opposite. Not so dumb, at that.

Mose Rood has long been one of my best friends. I hire him to work for me occasionally, but my wife says we tell so many stories we're no good for work.

Ed Lee and I put in quite a little time gassing and never hurry. Claud Thomas and I have always so much to tell that we don't dare go to each other's places on a busy day. We have been neighbors for many years. We borrow without reserve, and we trade work and never keep track. We dun each other too, but that's all right. Why not?

Then there's Oscar Bredthauer. Accused of being brothers once--we were around each other so much. I'm sure he liked that, but I didn't mind. Herb and Arnold are good scouts too.

Dr. Hemphill is a good old duffer too, even if he does think the world has gone to thunder, and I want him present when I draw my last breath. I was sick as a cat in '32. He laughed and said an election caused it but he pulled me through just the same, to vote again next year, I hope.

Roy Williams worked for my folks when I couldn't talk plain and I bawled to sit beside him at the table. I still like to sit beside him.

Dutch Manchester and Arnal Frazir are my good friends. They're wet and I'm dry but that don't make us mad. We josh each other about it. Art Stillman and I argue wildly but always leave smiling. As long as my wife and G. M. don't object, Mrs. Rood and I will drop our work to chat, anytime.

Frank Schudel is a good soul. He laughs at my jokes, and that shows a kindly spirit. Some folks don't.

There's another man, a mighty smart fellow too. But I put his name in the column once and that ended the friendship. Now that he is mad I may as well tell you who it is but I'm afraid the editor wouldn't print it. This spiel may end some more. I guess I'll quit. But I'm not half through. And more that that, I can only have six. I'm glad I don't have to pick'm. I'll finish the list some other time. If I have any friends left by then.

I told ya it wasn't worth reading. Serves ya right.

This Is--

Guilford Hutchins has been sick for the past week and has called the doctor. He also had his seventy-second birthday Friday. Since he was four years old he has not had a doctor on account of illness. He had his foot hurt once and the doctor looked at it but he did nothing. Since their marriage forty five years ago, his wife says he has never had a day off on account of sickness. Good enough for Ripley.

Well, that's that. Don't blame me. But perhaps the peace and security of myself and the printing force is more dependable because Jim wouldn't print that fine piece of news.

December 13, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

One of My Fans:

O. A. Abbott is running for district judge. He is another of my friends. I met him first as court reporter at Greeley. He has been one of my fans strange as it may seem and for a long time been a subscriber to the Loyalist. He sends me literature once in a while and comments on the column, and I drop him a line now and then in return.

Of course I'll vote for him although I have nothing against either of the other judges.

Putting Us On The Map:

A little item that is probably worth mentioning is the fact that Myra Barber submitted some of her poems to the Nebraska Farmer and they picked out one or more that they can use and wrote Myra for proof that she wrote them. Poems of that much merit do not usually come from amateurs and they were a little doubtful if Myra was really the author.

Along with this proof they asked for her picture, all of which is a little more boom for our nice little hamlet.

Of course some of us may not care for her poetry, I myself for one, largely because I do not care much for poetry of any kind. Be that as it may, there are not many of us that can do as well, and fewer yet out of the village that have been asked for a picture to be printed in a state paper.

White Corn:

Claud Thomas is a man that has never been known to brag or to stretch the truth, but he has long been a grower of white corn, preferring St. Charles.

He has proclaimed that it always yields more and on one or two occasions where the corn was planted and cared for identically, the white has actually yielded double the yellow. That might be easily done where the yellow would go five bushels and the white ten, but probably would not double in a good year when the yellow would yield forty bushels. Most everyone thinks the white is a better dry weather corn.

At that the fooler came this year on his forty acres east of Gus Wetzel's. He and Vern claim that field was going twenty-five bushels to nine rows on the white corn and it was so good they were disappointed they did not plant anything but white. But when they got to the yellow, it was even better. They said it was better largely because there was a better stand.

Best Town:

A little baseball talk probably is in order in that no one is playing baseball now. All this happened at a game where Floyd Hudson was present. Some of the Ord players were saying how North Loup was a hick town, and Floyd told them "at that it is better than Ord because it is fourteen miles nearer the city".

Oleo Again:

Art Hutchins say the sales of creamery butter to his milk customers has fallen off half since butter got to 35 cents a pound. More than that a trucker told him for the last few weeks his orders for oleo have doubled in volume.

Another item that is on sale everywhere now is that of lard substitutes, while a year or so ago there was hardly a merchant that handled package compound. There was a lady that would not use lard (although her husband raised hogs and sold them) and she had to order the substitute special.

I am not sure but Dan Casement is about right when he says the processing tax is just educating the American people they do not have to have lard to get along, and consequently losing our best market.

Irrigation:

I was told in Ord the other day about the last irrigation excitement. When the word was circulated around that the ditch was passed for sure, it was alleged Bert Hardenbrook said he had known for a number of days that it was going to be granted, but he did not want to tell it before it actually occurred.

Then the report turned out to be an error in names and it was another ditch that was passed.

Has To Be Done:

The Meyers Brothers, (Boss Clem's boys) have an old Ford that they have painted signs on telling the world how much it was assessed. Assessed more than it was worth and consequently making them pay such high taxes unjustly.

All I can say is that the money has to be raised some way to pay this thirty billion deficit that Franklin is piling up.

December 27, 1935

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

News From Afar:

A letter from Rev. Claud Hill at Farina, Ill., says in part as follows:

"I wish North Loup and vicinity could have some of the surplus winter moisture that we receive. We have just had a two-inch rain and would have been glad for dry weather. It is still damp and foggy and so humid it seems difficult to get one's breath. The weather here has been warm—in fact, I

took the lawn mower and clipped the grass from the lawn and fed to my flock of hens, hoping they might be induced to provide a half an order of ham and eggs, and failing in this they will probably grace our table in form of dressed fowl. (Claude has the spirit of a minister. They are fond of chicken always.)

"I was hunting a week ago and after missing half the shots I succeeded in getting twelve quail (the limit) and two rabbits. Illinois is a fairly old state, but in spite of that, there are many kinds of game here, ducks, and waterfowl being abundant in season and foxes in season become a livelihood for many people.

"I remember in Nebraska about '93, when all the money I got ahold of was from the sale of quail, prairie chicken and rabbits, and about all the meat we had was rabbit. Let a fellow tramp all day and carry from twenty to forty pounds and at night a cooked Jackrabbit stands no show at all, and in those days considered quite a delicacy. I don't know as in those days if people underwent greater hardship than we did, at least there is less dissatisfaction than I hear today.

"I noticed by the Loyalist that you had a article, presumably rather vitriolic in nature, blue penciled by the printer's devil, and left you high and dry. I am sorry for it would likely have done you good to have gotten it off your chest, and later given you reason to repent. I rise to ask. Was it of political nature? If so it should have gone in no matter if the heavens were to fall."

Then Claude sights a little touch of tragedy that occurred only because the man was not of the right political faith and says, "thing has reached such a state in Illinois and Iowa that only an administration democrat can get a hearing."

All I can say to that is, that back here the last election was so disappointing to me that I was sick for six weeks after, my malady beginning on the very day of the election. Dr. Hemphill had about come to the conclusion the only cure for me was to hold another election, and then after thinking that over, he was afraid that would kill me outright.

One Way To collect:

I was talking with a man the other day in regard to collecting rent from Building and Loan properties. This fellow has a house to rent, also, and he very emphatically proclaimed to me that he never let his renter get behind where he couldn't pay.

I asked him how he managed it all and he said as soon as his renter fails to pay a month he (the landlord) just marks it paid and forgets it. "He isn't going to get behind with me if I know it," the man declared.

Devil Won't Do It:

Reverend Brink told the fellows in the oil station one day he was going to do something the devil wouldn't do. When asked what that was, and a little surprised that the Reverend would do such, he (Rev.) said he was "going to leave ya."

Never Fails:

At the sale Geo. Mayo pointed to Walt Cummins and said I better put something in the paper about the copper-colored fringe Walt is cultivating along his jawbones. Well I've said it, but the saying don't mean anything. It is the seeing that really counts. Perhaps Walt feels like those are the one and only crop that doesn't fail now and then.

Happy McDonald:

Many of us will be interested to know that Happy McDonald, who years ago dwelled happily among us, is now on the police force at Grand Island. I met him on the street. He was as happy to see me as he was years ago when we'd meet. And he was a fine looking officer in his immaculate navy blues, his white cap, his shining shoes, bright star and vicious pistol strapped to his belt. And happy too with his job, but why not?

January 3, 1936

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

News From Afar:

I arrived in Denver at eight thirty A. M. with the train an hour late, laden to the hilt with Christmas mail and students and CCC boys going home for their vacation. John met me at the station and reprimanded me for not giving him more than twelve hours notice of the visit.

Our first chore was to go to breakfast, and then to Herman Negley's where John has a room. George was still in bed, but that was all right for he has a job in a bus station working nights. Dean works in a parking station and Herman is a watchman of some nature for the government.

George roused up to say hello and asked how all the folks were back home and said he was coming back for a visit this summer. He said he sure liked it back there. Things were so quiet here in the city. Go down town and it always looks the same, and the same crowds and buildings all in fact distressingly dull and monotonous.

A little errand to Edwin Burdick's barbershop. He and his wife were busy making their customers more beautiful, and their little heir apparent, Brownie, had the floor, from one end to the other strewn with toys. He and another lad were in the midst of an Indian battle and were at that minute shooting up the place.

About town then seeing to a little business of John's. I found his business was largely stamps. There are some half dozen stamp stores there. They trade in stamps for collectors, and some also deal in arrow heads and other trinkets. John looked over the stock of each one, picking out, with a pair of tweezers, any specimen that was not in his collection.

I was introduced to a number of other stamp collectors, but none of them apparently with more knowledge of the subject than John. I began to quiz him about the collection and he said he offered his to a man who wanted a collection in a hurry, for fifteen hundred dollars. This man nearly bought them but left without saying the final word. In a few days he returned to buy the stamps and John had by that time changed his mind and raised his ante to seventeen hundred. In the mean time a new price list had come out and stamps were listed higher generally.

Upon our return home he showed me his collection. Book after book, with different series arranged in order, some canceled and some mint (uncanceled). These will always be worth face value as long as the United States stands and in any cases, such as commemorative stamps, are soon doubled in value when they cannot be purchased again from the post office. Frequently such stamps will double in value in three and five years. One collector said that unused stamps were like miniature government bonds, and if properly purchased yield far better dividends. This collection of John's consists of 40,000 stamps, 27,000 of which are duplicates. They are foreign as well as of United States.

The crowds on the streets made going nearly impossible and it was a task to cross the streets and also to purchase anything. Having found a few presents for the kids we went home again and got the car to do a little more calling.

We found Will Green and Chio and were gladly invited in for a visit. Will looked as healthy as when he left, the only difference that I could see was that he was slightly deaf. Chio teaches little tots in the city (or as she says tries to teach them), and it must be she fits the bill for she has been at the job for many years.

The next day we drove to see Davis's. Minnie said they were all working on a house near Littleton, so we drove out there. Apparently they call themselves the Davis Construction Company, and they contract to build the complete house. Here they had a barn, garage, house and dog house nearly finished, built mostly out of brick and cement. Orsen laughed when he said he was the boss. David,

Grant Burdick, Keith, Billie, Jim, and Elno were all working, although a couple of them were off that day.

David said he has not been feeling well at all and would like to come back to North Loup and live again. He would like to get on a farm where the work would not be so hard. Orsen expressed no such ideas. David said he may come back for a visit a little later.

To pass the time Orsen and I engaged ourselves in a little friendly argument over whether it was the proper thing to put new shingles on over old ones or not. After he had expressed his opinion I had to toss a monkey wrench in the machinery and ask him what was the matter with his head not to nail the new ones on top. He ceased work at once and proclaimed if any ignoramus would pull such a stunt on a house of his, he would be sorely tempted to at once walk out and burn it down.

After a few remarks as to his not knowing any too much John and I deciphered it was time to go and drove off, but not mad. We drove to the east to see Roy Coleman and after walking into his little store we were told he had left that very morning for Nebraska.

Home again and supper where we got thirty cents worth of grub and forty cents worth of style, finger bowl and, all. There are dozens more North Loup folks out there but I did not see them all, and if I did it would take dozens more paragraphs to tell of all their idiosyncrasies and that is more than the editor wants, if she wants this.

January 10, 1936

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Some Interest:

One of the most interesting things about my trip to Denver last month was the telling me of the cooperative bank organization organized by the city water department for which my brother works.

In the past there seemed to have been no usury laws at all in Colorado, or if they were, they were grossly neglected. I was told of the interest rates and they are beyond explanation in detail here. The usual rate is and has been one percent a month, the interest taken out in advance. Then it is paid on installments and interest charged on the full amount until all is paid. In addition to that if the borrower is delinquent in a payment, a fine of a dollar a day is added.

An investigation was recently made of some loan organizations and the rate charged would frequently mount as high as 30 per cent or more.

To get away from this the City Water Department organized, and their institution is very similar to our Cooperative Credit Association, except that the accounts are not checking accounts. To deposit or to borrow one has, to take stock, and pay a quarter for the stationary to open the account.

If one borrows he must pay one percent a month but pays the interest in the end in place of before. He can borrow as high as fifty dollars with a co-signer, with security. More than fifty he must give security. Most of the members buy their cars this way for it is much cheaper than on finance.

The organization is quite safe. The city allows it to have access to the pay checks if the borrower tries to escape payment. If he should escape the day he gets his check, he still has five days salary coming, for the checks are given always five days after the work is done, so if the man has borrowed fifty dollars and skips the organization is sure of half.

The City dads allow the secretary and one or two helpers to scalp a little time from the city to keep the finance company's books so no salary is ever charged up to the organization. About the only expense is the filing of mortgages and the stationery and the quarter helps pay that.

Not only do the members of the water department borrow there but they deposit or invest there. The first year they paid six percent interest and this year they think they will be able to pay eight. They have had no losses yet, and have started a reserve fund.

At first there was skepticism about the organization the same as in the Credit bank, but in the course of two years now they have loaned out nearly twelve thousand dollars, and all loans are payable in installments.

Too Much Business:

Doug Barber, our local dairyman was at my house to dinner the other day. He happened to haul a cow and arrived about noon. My wife was gone so I asked him in to eat a bachelor meal with me.

I dished him up some bread and milk and cooked an egg. But he passed up the egg and, stayed by the first dish. He said there is nothing he liked better than bread and milk but the trouble was he didn't get chance to eat it very often. It took all theirs to supply the customers. Like the kid not drinking any milk because Dad needed it all for the pigs.

Good Luck:

Claud Thomas and Vern were driving home a few days ago and the guide rod of their car broke and they slammed into the ditch. No great damage or injury was done—only the front wheel and fender smashed.

I came along in a few minutes. Claud had crawled out and was surveying the situation. After finding that I could be of no assistance I started on and as a parting adieu yelled, thoughtlessly, "Good Luck to you." Like the lady whose tire was punctured by a lost horse shoe. She exclaimed, "Oh. That means good luck."

Free Advertising:

George Mayo took me a ride in his new tan car the other day. That was nice of him for he should have known if he didn't that I could come just as near buying the Empire building as I could that car. But it is a fine car and if anyone else wants their name in the paper they will know now what to do.

January 24, 1936

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

All Honors:

My mother called me on the telephone the other day and said the request has been given around to send a card to John Kellogg at 677 North Oakland Ave., Pasadena, California, as a remembrance of his 90th birthday.

I was only slightly acquainted with this patriarch of the Valley, but all my life I have heard my folks speak with reverence of him. His ready wit along with his sound judgment made him one of the most popular men in the country for years, and he was often quoted such as, "John Kellogg said this, or that." And it carried weight. More I never have known anyone to speak anything but good of him.

His wife, Belle Scott, was not only Belle in name but also the belle of the countryside and it, was only with the stiffest kind of competition that John won her love.

In 1872, when the first S. D. Baptists held that first historical church service on the bank of the river, with a rocking chair for a pulpit, Mr. Kellogg heard the music from across, and waded the stream to welcome the new comers for he was already here.

Most of those sixty-four years, he spent in the valley. The tall conifers where Clyde Keown now lives east from the village, and one of the memorials to this man's efforts, and this homestead still stands in his name. From the letters he periodically writes to the home town paper we gather his mind is in his homeland still.

I dedicate this column to him if that will help.

Again Myra Thorngate Barber has had one of her poems published in a national magazine. I do not quite understand it but she wrote an Indian poem after her visit to the reservation and her sister last

year. Her sister sent it in to an Indian magazine and much to Myra's surprise she received a sample copy and upon opening it discovered her poem on the front page.

And Jake now twits her about what farm they better buy with all the money her poetry is bringing in.

More than this, Mrs. Genevieve Hoeppnor has been foolishly answering ads telling what good flour they make or furniture they sell, and as a result received a check last week from a big store in Omaha for \$29.50.

That's not so foolish after all. I wish I could do half as well with these columns.

And there was only twenty words to it, too.

Politics:

A prominent politician in Greeley one who holds office in the court house and I held a little tete -a-tete the other day.

He had a card of O. A. Abbott on the wall. I asked who he thought would win the judgeship. He replied he thought Clements would get beat, and the two Grand Island men would be elected.

I was a little astonished and asked why. He answered, "I have all kind of respect for Clements as far as a Judge is concerned and think in that regard he could not be excelled. But he is not a politician. It is alleged he does not speak to people even on the street. That he does not recognize jurors when he sees them. In all his time as judge he has never been in my office but once that I remember of and that was on business".

I knew Abbott was a friendly man, and so I asked about Kruger. The reply was simple, "Oh. He's a politician."

Then my friend continued as to how some of the lawyers did not like Clements because frequently he is so unaccommodating. I then said the lawyers are not electing the judges, —it is the people and if they knew this it would probably help in place of hurt Clements. The lawyers did not like Paine either but he was a politician.

And then this man concluded, "I want it understood I have all kinds of respect for Clements as a judge, but I don't believe he can make it."

As a reminder, we should bear in mind that the district judges fill the most powerful office in the land as far as their jurisdiction is concerned. No other office with which we deal directly compares with it.

Wisdom:

Mrs. Estella Parsons was back here from Denver visiting friends and carrying in a whiskey bottle a half pint of the Pacific ocean water. Being one of her old friends I was treated with a taste of it.

She had pressed a lot of leaves and blossoms from the trees of Southern California where she had been visiting Milt Earnests. She was bubbling over with the enthusiasm and joy she encountered on that trip.

Among other things she told of Earnests. They have a big business and are working hard but she feared the profits were less than the work. Enough however. But more than that "wife" (Beulah) is not happy there and Milt told someone in the store "that when a man has spent forty years in a place it is hard to leave and forget." Mrs. Parsons predicted their return to the homeland within a year or so, but that was only a prediction.

Another interesting thing. Milt has recently had his teeth pulled and store teeth installed. But in spite of that he has the toothache. Upon further investigation and X-ray pictures it was discovered a wisdom tooth is just coming through.

Better late than never, Milt.

February 21, 1936

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Grammatically speaking:

I have been trying to find out who wrote the wording on the North Loup Calendar. No one seems to know. Well it's all right. Will Rogers won fame with his grammar that was not hole proof, and Al Smith butchers the Queen's English, and O. O. McIntyre makes no pretense of having everything just right, but we always know what they mean when they speak.

And so with that calendar. We know what you mean, and perhaps it is all right, anyway. I'm not sure myself.

You see it is like this. When I am chided about an error I simply say, "It's the editor's fault. They didn't print it right from the copy." And if someone chides her about someone "spending several days in bed with Mrs. So and so, the editor simply says, "I knew well enough it did not sound right but we followed the copy sent to us."

In a Quandry:

The most precarious position is that of an undertaker. When my brother -in-law was hovering near death's door, Dan quietly slipped around to me and asked how Vernon was. Dan was really worried and offered to do anything he could and would have done it too. I honestly believe he was concerned and meant every word. Never would any other thought have been in our minds from any one else.

But the skeptic would have said, "Ah, He's looking for a job. Speaking ahead. Drumming up business." For their kindness of heart, upon several occasions folks have gone to other undertakers in the end, just because Dan and his wife were trying to be decent.

Perhaps the safest way would be for him to never ask the condition of the sick, even if it is his closest friend, and if he weeps at all, when no one knows. Simply delight in the misfortune.

News From Afar:

A letter from Ralph Comstock begins as follows:

"This is my first letter of the year and I do not think one is due you. I saw in The Loyalist when you picked your pall bearers that I was one of the most favored. Thanks very much. Shall expect my expenses both ways. Also pick out a time when lumbago is not bothering. Enjoyed the week before Christmas very much. Had lumbago and laid on my back and read much of the time."

Then he continues with four or sixteen pages telling of his work and his studies into the insect world that infest his plants. Then of having Inez Hutchins call, and then politics from, which I quote again.

"Suppose the politicians will get hot again this year. Roosevelt will surely be elected. "Fear" will give him a lot of votes. When I first became a voter lots of people were voting republican because they said, "If the democrats are elected we'll have hard times again just as we did when Cleveland was President. Now Hoover will be the goat."

He continues with the statement that Cook County was bought from the Indians for 3 c an acre. The government has recently bought some swamp land back for game reserves for \$640.00 an acre."

Ralph ends with the postscript, "Jessie wants to know what it was of yours The Loyalist wouldn't print."

Banks Have to Live:

Mary Davis had a small account in a neighboring bank. It was there several months when she decided to check it out. She was immediately informed that she had no funds, —that is the charge for keeping the money would have overdrawn the account.

Mary went on to say had she waited a while longer she supposed she would have been notified of an overdraft, —that is the charge for keeping the money would have overdrawn the account.

Religion:

A supply minister gave a very nice sermon at our church a few weeks ago and we all enjoyed it. Along with other things he said, "Among Christian people it has been found there are many times more divorces than non-Christian people." All of which was all right.

I approached the Reverend in the foyer and told him I enjoyed his sermon and then spoiled the whole thing by saying that in our Sabbath school class we have been trying for a long time and have failed as yet to define a Christian. The Minister looked down at me with the expression of "you poor boob," and shook hands with another man.

And yet I hesitate to define a Christian and say this man is and this one isn't. Is that not standing in judgment? Is a man a Christian who goes to church regularly and contributes in the platter, and cheats his neighbor the next day? And is not a man a Christian, although he makes no pretense, who never did or said a mean thing to his fellow man knowingly? Is a rich man a Christian who contributes largely to a church and attends, but hires his help for a pittance?

Now I am getting in deep water, standing in judgment perhaps. Sometime, at this kind Minister's leisure I wish he would tell me, —no, if he did he might stand in judgment.

March 6, 1936

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Loyalty:

One fine fellow over here is a Scotia man. He was out of coal during the time when the roads were drifted the worst. He started out with an old tired team, and by visiting most of the cornfields in Wallace Creek precinct he arrived at the desired town. He was so late in getting there that he did not attempt to return that night. He might have gone to North Loup and back in one day. That's loyalty I'd say.

The next day he loaded some coal and started home but he had had so much trouble going to Scotia on the east side of the river that he returned down the highway. At North Loup he inquired for his mail (All he wanted in that town) and the post master said there are fifty men clearing the road and you better go the regular way. It will be cleared by the time you get there. (We had been cutting across back of the Jay Van Horn place, through the field to the Kildow place and to town).

So he started out and found the fifty men dwindled to a dozen or less and the road only cleared to the bend one half mile east of Christensen's corner. But our hero was in the narrow funnel and couldn't turn back so he pitched in and shoveled an hour or so.

He discovered the town fellows already tired and weary, and the snow drift high and higher. So he proceeded to shovel out a wider place to turn around. After considerable time he was able to turn around, and he back-tracked to town, and the Kildow place and through cornfields and eventually home as the golden sun was sinking in the west.

But he was thankful. He had traded in Scotia. That's loyalty in the superlative, I'd say.

Really Cold:

Speaking about what low levels the thermometer went to, Art Babcock said it was coldest at his place of any other he had heard of. He was getting some real readings, and was looking forward to stepping out on the porch to see what the new record was established that morning, when he discovered the glass in his instrument had slipped down about two inches.

Makes It Nice:

I didn't go to church meeting the other day to elect a new pastor. I figured that if I stayed away, then it wouldn't matter who they elected, I could sit back and howl.

March, 13, 1936

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

All The Same To Him:

Jake Earnest, in telling of his twin granddaughters, says he cannot tell them apart. And he says he watched the girls' mother, Mrs. Guy, when he asks which one is Velma and which Thelma, and Jake notices she looks first at one, then the other, and then back and forth a time or so before she commits herself.

Jake says she just as well speak right out, he couldn't tell whether she was right or not.

Is There No Help:

I wonder if Allen Tappan has shaved his whiskers yet. A while ago he shaved, (in December I think) and he said he was so cold after that he vowed he would do that stunt no more until the weather warmed up. Wouldn't he and Walt Cummins make a great pair though. Heavens have mercy.

A Correction Of Errors:

The fine fellow of whom I spoke last week, that made that famous two-days drive to Scotia during the snow bound roads took exception to some of the details as I set them forth, although there was not the gusto and entertainment such as certain others have displayed.

One point was that it was not the postmaster that told him there were fifty men working on the roads. It was a loafer in the post office. He said I should apologize to the postmaster, so here it is. I apologize, humbly.

Another thing was he was told there were thirty men in place of fifty. Makes a quite a difference.

Another point that was entirely wrong. I called his team tired at the beginning of the masterpiece. That was wrong. The team was not tired until he got home. Not when he started.

More than that, this man didn't have so much against North Loup, but he had some banking that needed tending to pretty badly in Scotia, and he couldn't hardly move the bank to North Loup. And he adds that when banking needs tending to it needs tending to, and little things like constipated roads don't make any difference.

All Kinds of Trouble:

Bill Cox has missed very few deliveries of mail during these terrible roads. But a little point of news that seems to have been overlooked was that of his purchase of a new car.

When the snow was beginning to melt and the roads were nearly at their worst, if there was any better or worse to it. Bill burned out the clutch in his car that he had only a short time and was little more than broken in.

This occurred near Bryan Portis's. Bill sauntered into Bryan's and after ringing a few times found central at the other end of the wire, and she in turn connected him with a garage and he ordered a new car pronto.

The next day Bill started to deliver his mail again and got as far as my corner when he got stalled again. A pin was sheared on his axle. Glen Leydig happened along and he hurried up to my place and wound up my tractor and proceeded to pull Bill out, but in place of pulling him out Glen got stuck with the tractor.

Two wreckers were called and they in turn pulled the tractor out and the car back out of the drift, and now Bill is driving his wife's car. Bill says he sure had to talk nice to her to get her consent to use that car, and don't know what minute she will balk. He also told the car salesman a few things, one of which, "It is a great note. Drive a new car less than a hundred miles and the wheels start dropping off."

No one can say Bill hasn't tried.

April 10, 1936

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Made Good in the City:

A letter to the church from Chio Green of Denver, Colorado, includes the following which was not written for publication, but here it is anyway.

"Father is quite satisfied with his birthday yesterday. Friends called in person and over the phone: also sent cards. One of whom he is fond, sent him a fine big birthday cake, decorated beautifully. I could have a dinner for him as it is my vacation and had seven at the table. He ate heartily, and so far there has been no ill effects."

Commenting on her school work, which began in North Loup more than thirty years ago (and incidentally mine and my wife's education began with her). "I hope I have profited by the years of experience and am certain there is still much to learn and I expect and hope to add many years more to my service in the profession.

"Dealing directly with ninety children and indirectly with forty more daily is no slight responsibility: and there is no end to the clerical work connected, especially in a big system. That is my present responsibility in school. I do the best I can, always regretting at the end of the day that I haven't more time to help the weak individuals more privately.

"I enjoy hearing from the ones I know in your screeds, especially Ralph and Jessie."

April 24, 1936

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Credit Good:

I am telling this a long time late, but the secret of it all was not discovered until a few days ago. I was little piqued that day but it turned out all right and I do not quite understand the system yet, or the purpose of all the exercise.

I was in town the day the worst of the snow storms struck, and if you recall the wind arose in the afternoon and the snow increased to whirl as the sun set. I was a little slow in starting home and the last minute concluded I better take three or four sacks of coal along to supplement my fast diminishing pile of wood.

Hurriedly I drove to Johnson's elevator. I stepped into the office and there discovered I had left my pocketbook at home, and as the banks charge for checks now, that is if I had money enough there to cash them, I asked if they might charge that coal until I came again.

The clerk Miss Eisele looked me over from head to toe a couple of times and after due deliberation replied she didn't know. "If we do we shall have to call Roy Hudson at the lumber office."

There's where I was piqued. I had charged things before and had no trouble. I didn't care to have my credit rating, whether good or bad, discussed at length over the phone. I said, "Never mind. I'll just drive to the Farmers. I know I can get it there." But even without hearing me she had rung and then Roy was at the phone, and curiously I waited to find the verdict, to get all the madder per rhaps if he turned me down with the snow howling, and the wind blowing, and the kids shivering.

But my credit proved to be still in good standing, and I cooled off quickly (no trouble on that day). In fact I was quite complimented that the credit would be granted. I got my little dab of coal and started home.

This is not all the story. A week or so ago I was talking with Roy in the lumber office and the coal business came up. We remarked about how cold it had been and the amount of coal that was used, and one thing lead to another and he said, "I never turned a person down this winter for coal. We send out fuel where we almost knew we would never get the money but I couldn't bear to think of a family out in the snow without fire. No one sent for coal or came for it without taking some home."

And I left the office and wondered if my credit was so good after all.

In a Quandry:

Art Babcock surely must be in a quandry. As we all know he has been one of the most faithful of the faithful republicans and an admirer of Simmons. More that that some people lay the fact (I never heard him say it) that he lost his job to Terry Carpenter. At least he never admired that personage to any great extent.

But there is more to it than that. Art has been an ardent advocate of the Townsend Old Age Pension plan, and Terry is for that and Simmons no doubt is against it.

It will be a question of principal against friendship, and I am guessing he will stay by his friends. I believe I would.

No Derth Of Twins:

It is said, if all the twins that have been born in this country in the last four years, go to the North Loup high school there would be six pairs there at once. I can only think of five and that includes John Jenkins' who have recently gone to Washington. My list is Guy Earnest's, Bryan Portis', Art Hutchins, John Jenkins', Gerald Manchester's. Who are the sixth?

Had To Say Something:

At a recent party it was told that at the Track Meet at the school house a little eight year old child took black coffee in place of cocoa and drank it as if it was the usual custom with her.

Of course I had to say something. I remarked that my kids drink coffee all the time. Geraldine was growing so fast and we were afraid she would eventually get to be too large so we went to feeding her coffee, in hopes we might stunt her a little.

Forget And Forgive:

Remarkable how we turn out and vote for Ord men and forget how they turn out and vote for ours, —that is how they don't. Like whipped hounds I'd say.

May 8, 1936

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Clever story:

The following story written by Jessie T. Babcock, was used at the quest day of the No Lo club. Blanks were left for the proper names all of which were names of persons in the North Loup telephone book.

"I had just eaten a PLATE of CRESS for dinner which believe me, tasted no better than a WEED the way my COOK prepared it. Then I sat in my arm chair to take a KNAPP. But the ROBBINS were singing loudly, the COX were crowing, evidently alarmed by the howl of a WOLF across the creek and the flight of a HAWK. Then a big CARR chugged through the SANDY road and pounded the BRIDGE and a BELL rang. There was too much NOYES for me so I went for a WALKUP the hill.

"The WHITE of winter was gone the GREEN trees were turning BROWN so I lifted my eyes to the HILL where I hoped the GOWEN would soon bloom. I passed by the WELLMAN and by the BARBER shop. The owner made a finger wave at me, but I shook my head. I avoided the TA YLOR on the street. I did not wish to be ROOD but I knew he was trying harder to press his suit with his big iron than to press mine.

"I passed the BAKER. Remembering my unsatisfactory dinner and having a few NICHOLS in my pocket I went in to SAMPLE his wares.

"Next I met a well known maiden lady of doubtful age, whom we well knew was trying hard to be a FISHER of men. She had her eye on the MILLER who was reputed to have become RICH taking toll from the customers. Evidently she was not floury enough for him. Though she stuck like a LEACH, he stood firm as a POST, and it was believed she would fail in her attempt. But she seemed FULLER of courage than one would suspect, for she took it on the CHINN with good grace."

June 26, 1936

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

We're Glad They Called:

We were favored and delighted with a call and a chance to serve dinner to Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Kittleson of Montrose, Colorado, last Friday noon.

Mrs. Kittleson, (Mildred Hutchins) was a classmate of my wife in high school. The two were nearly inseparable for the four years. My wife says they were at each other's house nearly every day and evening and found they could study much better together than apart. At least much more enjoyable study.

It has been seventeen years since Mrs. Kittleson has left here and although she and "Ranny" have been married eleven years and have taken many trips they are calling this their honeymoon. The two girls have corresponded occasionally every since Mildred left.

Mildred has done better than some of her school mates, not mentioning any names of course. In the first place Mr. Kittleson is quite well off, and I presume that feature would help some. But more than that he seemed like a nice fellow and a gentleman in every respect.

Not once did he, "give her thunder," because she did not speak exactly as she should or say to her "I know a darned sight better." They treated each other as if they were still in love and not as if their partner was just a necessary evil. Not once did he make a crack like one I heard a fellow say. The story was being told by the husband who was away from home when a cyclone came, "I didn't worry about the wife any but I sure was excited over the kids."

It was a very pleasant visit and they acted as if they enjoyed us too, which is something, considering every little detail.

Alarm Clock:

They told the story among many others of the alarm clock that was at Gladys Johnson's (Gladys Seekman's) where they visited on their way here.

They had agreed to rise when the Johnsons did and the latter said, "all right when you hear the alarm go off." In place of a door into the Kittleson's room there was only a curtain. They heard the Johnsons up and stirring around and were waiting for the call when the curtain moved.

And just then a large bull dog, with wide front legs and a big underslung jaw sprang on the bed and on top of Mrs. Kittleson and looked savagely into her face. She screamed a war whoop that would raise the dead. The dog looked tremendously disgusted and jumped off and departed. I do not know as I need mention that the folks arose immediately.

This calling had not been planned by the Johnsons, but prior to that a person had stayed with them and slept in that room and that person had played with the dog each morning. The dog knowing someone was in the room and thinking it was his friend, went in for his morning romp but found strangers there, much to his disappointment.

Then I Told One:

This story is told by David Davis who was visiting here from Denver and he in turn got the story from Guy Thorngate. It happens that Guy Thorngate and his wife do a good deal of joking each other and this was the result.

The first day they sent their little girl to school the teacher asked her what her name was, and her parents name. She could remember her father's name but not her mother's. The teacher tried various devices to make the child recall her mother's name and finally asked her if she remembered what her father called her mother.

The child was slightly reticent at this query but nodded her head and said he knew. "He calls her battleaxe."

School Days:

The return of Polly Mayo (Miss Mayo as I remember her) reminds me of a story. For a year when I was a little scamp with uncombed hair, she was my teacher.

I never was very brilliant student and one of my worst worries was spelling as the proo freader can still vouch. In those days we used to line up to spell, the one at the top going to the foot each day and getting a star and consequently if never missed you would have as many stars as anyone and if someone missed ahead of you and you spelled the word right you were promoted ahead of him.

I took this spelling business rather seriously but in spite of that I accumulated very few stars. I felt quite badly about it but in competition with such students as Vivian Hill, Catherine Shaw, Nettle Clark, Aletha Thorngate and others I might have been thankful to get any at all.

Never the less I worked my way to the top and it came the day if I spelled my word right I should be the proud owner of a star and have the honor of going to the foot and starting over again. I recall that day yet, as if it were yesterday, although it was really 28 years ago, how I proudly stepped to the head of the line and stood there waiting the word and the triumph. The words had been written on the board and had been erased, and I can see Miss Mayo yet, slender, quick and pretty as she stepped forward with the list hidden closely in her hand.

"Swallow," she pronounced to me as the first word.

My heart sank. I could no more think of how to spell that word than I could spell the name of the premier of Poland. My knees shook, I was weak, I was whipped to be sure. I stammered an "uh, uh," and it seemed an eternity.

I looked at Miss Mayo. I know there must have been appeal in my eyes for she too was grave and she knew too how badly I would feel should I miss and should Catherine who stood next in line, small, straight and anxious, get the chance to step ahead. She waited another moment for me to gather my thoughts but of no avail. I had missed that word in my study or never saw it, or had completely forgotten.

Still she waited as I stammered and the tears gathered ready to drop. I glanced around the room and my eyes settled on the black board where the words had been written. Through the mist of the tears I suddenly saw the word, s-w-a-l-l-o-w and it had not been completely erased. I caught my breath, straightened up and spelled it.

The room changed from a hush to a shuffling of papers, a smile came over Miss Mayo's countenance. I drew a deep breath. "That's once Catherine didn't spell me down anyway." I boasted under my breath. I received the coveted star and was the victor for the day.

And I must add, that word is one in my vocabulary that I have always been able to spell correctly.

September 4, 1936

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

News From Afar:

I was quite surprised to receive a fan letter from Mrs. James Stillman (Catharine Shaw) of Houston, Texas and she said this is the first fan letter I ever wrote.

She is a beautiful writer, her precise scrawl resembling that of a typewriter but much more beautiful. I do not remember she wrote so lovely when we used to write notes to each other in school, but then perhaps I was the one that did most of the writing. And isn't it O. Henry that advances a theory in a story that you can tell a person's character by their chirography. I shouldn't mention that I cannot read my own an hour after it is written.

Never-the-less Catherine has three children George, 10, Ann, 7, and Jimmy, 3. The Stillmans like Houston, "but there are many times when we would trade it for a small town like North Loup or Nortonville, Kansas where Jim was a small boy," and "we wish some middle west farmers could have some of our rain this summer. The catfish are coming up among our flowers."

An item hardly worth mentioning is the fact that Rev. Warren and Rev. Callaway had an agreement to pay each other a dollar when one or the other filled the other man's pulpit. Some time after Rev. Warren left, Rev. Callaway came to North Loup to preach a sermon he owed Rev. Warren and when the latter read of it in The Loyalist he mailed the dollar.

It might be interesting to note that George Thorngate has tried to specialize in T. B. because there is so much of that in China where he was and where his heart so longs to be.

Having to return to the U. S. on account of insufficiency of funds to send him, he was at a little loss to know where to establish his practice. He found an opportunity to go in with a prominent group of three physicians in Phoenix who specialized in T. B. Soon after he went there the other physicians left for causes not important here and left George with a splendid practice.

And still with a big practice he wants to and hopes it will be possible for him to leave it for much less pay and return to his missionary work in China.

After Rev. Claude Hill had found out that he received a call to come and preach in North Loup, his home town, he was no doubt thrilled and delighted that the home folks would thus honor him.

He hesitated to accept at once however for two reasons. One was that his mother's health is none too good and he dreaded the thoughts of moving her. She is quite content there and the change he feared. But more than that he hated to leave Farina himself. He had lived there twelve years and had become so endeared to that people he hated to leave and knew they would hate to have him.

A repetition of a little of his sermon last week might be in order. The first morning here he woke up soon after the whistle of the train blew, as it came rolling into town. Then he said to his wife "There is no place on earth where the whistle of the train sounds as good as it does in North Loup."

Peter Clement told me when he was here the last time a few weeks ago that his wife Ora has resigned her job as secretary for the Baptist church in Omaha to take effect next week and is going to devote all her spare time to writing now. She had a contract with a syndicate to write business articles to be sold and published in trade papers.

This may not be positively accurate but as I understood Pete to say it. It sounds like another person making good in the city.

Carrol Hill is another home boy who has made good. At his young age to be minister in the largest church of his denomination is something worth mentioning. He does not speak quite like his father but is not half bad and there are many older men wish they might do half as well.

He and his wife were here a couple of weeks ago, this being her first visit to Carrol's old home. He took her for a ride about the country to see some of his old haunts. Two of the places she insisted on seeing were the old irrigation ditch where Carrol had a run-away when a small boy and the hill on the Bennet place where Carrol sat down on a bumble-bee's nest while making hay there.

She had heard about those two incidents so many times she insisted on seeing the topography of the episode. It sounds like Carrol was inclined to be something like myself in telling favorite stories over.

November 20, 1936

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

BUT HE MADE IT!

Albert Babcock said after it was all over, he really enjoyed such affairs if they turn out right, but when they don't, ———

Several weeks ago the Methodist Ladies Aid put on a big church supper, and in arranging the menu went to the Bakery and ordered twelve dozen buns, Albert took the order gladly, writing it on a slip and hanging the paper on the hook.

The day of the supper came to pass. Albert baked his bread as usual, finishing the day in the customary manner. He was ready to sit down to wrestle with his profit and loss sheets, or the neglected daily about four when he thought he better look on his hook to see if anything had been forgotten. It was then discovered the order for the buns. He discovered it as Mrs. Zangger entered the door for a purchase and while standing there she asked if he would have the buns ready.

"Sure, I shall," he answered as unconcerned as possible. "I'll bring them down."

"I could take them now," Mrs. Zangger offered. "And save you the trouble."

"Oh no. There're not quite done yet. I'll deliver them in plenty of time." For once he wished she would hurry on although as a usual thing he enjoyed her presence in his shop.

She tarried a while longer, as if she might be waiting for the buns to finish baking, knowing it only took a few minutes (about fifteen) for them to be done. Albert continued to be courteous although his mind was scarcely on the subject and he heaved a big sigh when she finally decided not to wait.

As she departed he said to his father. "The buns: Less than two hours. You stay up front and don't let a person come back here or say a word to me. You do the talking and I'll see to the buns."

He was lucky in that he had a small piece of bread dough left. Using that as a starter he began throwing the flour, lard and other ingredients together. Between tosses he tossed a little more fuel in to the oven.

I happened along about six. He asked if I'd like to help take some buns to the church. Of course I did and helped him get them out of the oven too and they were in the church kitchen in plenty of time. The ladies seemed pleased that they were hot and most everyone complimented them very much. One person told me the one he got was not quite done. That must have been the pan I took out. Albert's father should have kept me out from behind the counter too.

Hutchins Twins—Political

Rather interesting was the political affiliations of the Hutchins twins.

One of their favorite pastimes is to go across lots to Clem Meyers to look at the cars and play with Alice.

Alice makes quite a business of teaching them to be democrats and decorating them with Roosevelt badges. She taught them to say, "Me's a democrat," which was nice enough if the twins father and grandfather were not rabid republicans.

So evening their parents would teach them to say, "Me's a republican," while day times Alice was struggling otherwise. The last lesson to my knowledge was "Me's a Landon and Knox."

And then Mrs. Hutchins had a chance to get some Landon sunflower pins. She decorated the boys with them and sent them toddling off to Meyers to show Alice and give her some. Apparently Alice did not think much of that kind of pins for the boys returned with the Republican pins gone and replaced with the Democrat.

A Fine Bunch of Chickens

The best bunch of chickens that have been purchased at the Cheese Factory this year were from Merrell Anderson's. There were very near a hundred Buff Orphington springs. Merrill told Art when he was hauling them in if they did not weight five pounds he was going to be disappointed, but after they were weighed it was found they tipped the scales at a trifle over six. They were a pretty bunch, and the best part of it is Merrill says they made him a little money.

November 27, 1936

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

WE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN

After it was all over we said to one another, "We might have known it, but no one I saw really did or even suspicioned." Looking back over it all, we saw Henry Williams all dressed up in clothes that seemed out of place with him and then saw him come to church. "A good friend of Claud Hill," I thought, and that slipped my mind.

And then just inside the door I remember now Beth and Cecil were standing. And he smiled at me as he always does for he is the usher and a good one too with that quick way of his. I wondered too why she stood there, so shy, tucked back in the shadows in the corner of the foyer, like a fairy perhaps, her complexion so white, her hair so fair and in a new light green satin dress. I thought perhaps she was chinning Cecil between tasks and that was all right and we couldn't blame her for he looked that morning about as fine, -- his hair and eyes so dark and dressed in a new blue serge suit, -- as any fair maiden might wish for.

And then in a few minutes I saw Cecil's sister on the back seat which was all right and then Eunice Rood came into church and that was a bit unusual for I knew she taught school a good distance from home. Had I thought at all I might have known but other things were going on all the time and Rev. Hill poured out religion in his sermon like water out of a fire hose and our minds were more taken up with him than wondering why this person or that would be to church that mornin g.

I had to spend some little time entertaining my young son trying to keep him from escaping, but even at that the sermon took hold and we were quite inspired at the end. Warren Brannon plays the organ and for the last song Maxine Johnson took his place and I supposed the music was too difficult for him and then noticed it was not and that bewildered me. And before they started the song Rev. Hill said to sing two verses and then remain seated for there was another matter he wanted to bring up.

Even then no one tumbled and we all wondered what new fangled stunt our new pastor was going to do but all stayed by. We were going to see. Even Dick calmed down and perked his head in attention. It seemed as if any announcements or business should have been brought up before.

And as the song came to a close Mrs. Johnson and Maxine kept right on playing and I thought someone should punch them and tell them we were through. And then Rev. Hill calmly walked

around and down in front and I looked back for some reason and in the middle of the audience I saw Cecil arising which was all right for the usher, and then I saw Beth arise too, and then I whispered to Dick "Look. Look. There's something going to happen. Watch closely. I'll bet they're going to be married. Aren't you glad you came now?" Dick only nodded for his eyes were on the star actor and actress of the day.

In front of all they were married. We were all invited without an invitation and with no presents expected. And as the ceremony was completed Rev. Hill said, "Now folks, Mr. And Mrs. Severence are here for your congratulations." We arose and walked around and shook their hands and wished them much joy.

All of us thought it was the nicest kind of a wedding in many ways. There was that surprise that many like the inexpensiveness that is so necessary to most of us now days. It was in the church, and there were many witnesses. Albert Babcock was superintendent of the Sabbath school that day and he was so impressed that he gave a little talk to the effect that it seemed to him these folks and their parents had dedicated, in this way, these two lives to God's work, and Albert wished all of us might use this ceremony as an example.

Afterwards I went for the mail but the news had gone ahead. All along the street folks asked about it and regretted they did not go that morning. All said if they had have known they would have gone. And the one distressing incident of the whole affair was that Rolla Babcock and his wife were not present. No people are more dependable in their attendance than they but this morning of all mornings their cows got out just as they were ready to start.

Cecil is treasurer and Beth secretary of the Sabbath school and they stayed and did their usual work for that meeting and then tarried on the steps of the church afterwards. We all congratulated them again and took their picture before they went to dinner.

We were all glad we were to church that morning.

December 25, 1936

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

Recently a group of ladies fleeced me out of my purse. Should I divulge the names of these socially prominent and decorous women of the village, everyone would exclaim with a "Ohhhh," but it's a true story just the same. I am withholding the names out of respect to relatives and husbands, but only for this one instance. Let such actions not happen again.

In Johnson's old store building there seemed a new place of business organizing. Out of curiosity I stepped in to see what I might, and of course hurry to the editor so as to print a special edition proclaiming the news. No one objected to my entrance, although there were several ladies (respectfully I call them that) scurrying about. I walked further on looking forth and back, up and down, seeing rugs, blankets and antiques, and spying several I thought my wife would like. I was all ready to ask the price, determined to purchase several for my wife's Christmas present, or I better say for part of her Christmas presents.

My first question was what kind of a place do you have and then I was accosted with the demand for admittance, and I was told this was display. Sensing my errors with meekness on my brow I immediately started toward the door with apology on my lips, and telling the accosters I would not pay to see all the rugs and blankets in the universe unless I was cold and short of covers. I might pay to see a good display and show of fat hogs, but of quilts and antiques, —never. The only kind of furniture we have is antique.

Being snared into the place was easy enough but another group of ladies (that's slightly a misnomer) grabbed my lapels and nearly my neck and held me firm from leaving until I paid. My

first intuition was to try some Pop-eye tactics, but gentleman that I am, of course I could not and so I proceeded to argue. But this was of no avail. I might have known better. I have had experience at home on that score. That is a waste of breath with a woman. I was in a quandary to be sure for I knew my purse was very very flat.

I was very worried. The story of the Amazons came vividly to my mind. I might jerk and tear away from the grip they had on my coat and clothes, I knew if I did that I might be running into main street with nothing on. I have had nightmares over such predicaments, that is sneaking home from town with no clothes has long been a phobia of mine.

I extracted my purse, feeling helpless, fleeced, robbed, emptying its contents and running out of the joint, feeling quite relieved and hoping the wife would never hear of it.

I was quite happy when I was out of the trap, although my money was gone and the kiddies had to go to school without their breakfast the next morning. I not being able to purchase a box of oats my wife had ordered. Yes I was quite happy and relieved until the thought occurred that I had paid my money and had not seen the show. But I did not dare go back again. A person might not be to blame for getting caught once, but the second time there would be no excuse.

January 8, 1937

The North Loup Loyalist

BUCOLIC SCREEDS

By Geo. G. Gowen

THE COMMUNITY CALENDAR

In regard to making the map for the new Community calendar that will be on hand any time now, there presented many problems. Three years ago some of the men about town conceived the idea of making an up to date map of the land adjacent to North Loup, such as the Valley county map, and putting it on a calendar, a little the same idea as the Nebraska map on the Scotia calendar. At that time no calendar company would make it without a big price and neither would they last year. This year Chas. Sayre found a company that agreed to make it at a reasonable price.

There are many ideas of a calendar. One man thought there should be no picture at all. So many times he had found people tore the picture off to frame and throw the calendar away. He wanted a calendar large in size, with no picture. Many of the men rather insisted on a system calendar, knowing many folks liked them best. As a result the sentiment seemed to be to buy a system calendar with the map on it if possible. The committee in charge finally bought just that, although the system will not be quite the same as before.

When it was decided to buy a map the problem arose as to who would draw it. In as much as I and my kids had made a map for the fun of it I was given the job. Being frightfully busy at the time I employed Ivan Miller to help me and he did the drawing.

He made the map an inch and three quarters to the section and found that to be none too large. This to be reduced to something like a foot square. We took the plate book and the Quiz map and proceeded from there. The committee was in a desperate hurry and so we rushed the drawing too fast for the best kind of work.

Having visited every farm in the S. E. corner of the county in the last few years I knew most of the land. Much of it I knew had not changed hands. After I had the map as well as I knew I cornered Roy Cox and he straightened me out on many doubtful pieces. Roy Hudson also helped some. Still there were some pieces I was not sure of so I then drove to the county clerk's office and from the tax sheet I solved a lot of names. But the tax sheets were not entirely up to date so I had to go to the actual records for a few.

Even at that there will probably be some errors. It is surprising how much of the land is mortgaged, (much more than isn't it seemed) and a quite a little is under foreclosure but the final decree has not

been granted. As soon as the moratorium is off, if it ever is, the map would be much different. One man jokingly, suggested we list all the mortgages too, and then, he said, the map will be popular.

Then there were a few pieces of land that are under contract of sale. The tract that Alfred Christensen is reported to have bought for example. But the records show no such sale yet. Soon that would be different.

We found also that the plate book was not right in a few instances. For example the plate book shows Mira Creek wrong as it comes into North Loup. Also it does not have Schudel and VanNess land right. These errors were discovered after the map was drawn and erasures had to be made but we figured we better erase and have it right than not to erase and have it wrong. There would be enough mistakes where we did not know.

The question then arose as to how big to make the map. The committee wanted North Loup territory. So they took one mile east into Greeley County. I drove to Scotia and Steve Gr ohosky told me of all that land. Some of the pasture land in the southeast corner was left out. We hardly knew how far west to go but finally we went far into Mira Valley that is two sections west of the Davis Creek churches. The committee thought those people all in North Loup territory and the milk routes go farther than that.

As a last thing we drove to Ord again and checked with the records there many more pieces of land, correcting more errors. We should have checked every name but the committee and calendar men were crying for the map and the time was late then so we had to give it up. The last thing, Ivan went to the irrigation office and drew in the main irrigation canal.

There are a few tracts yet that are not exactly true. For example, Horace Crandall has bought the six acres of the N. L. Building Loan on contract. It was listed in his name. A few pieces where the names were in two parties or the names were long, we abbreviated. Many of the tracts close to town were so small it was difficult to draw them in accurately.

Along the edge of the map the land listed is slightly deceiving. For example Claude Thomas, Myra Gowen and Alvina Placke all have more land lying east from the map. It appears as if Claude Thomas only has 200 acres when really he has 400 or more.

The agent for the calendar makers took the map and thought it would be O. K. and produce a nice picture. We are hoping as much and hoping for a minimum of errors. Had we had more time we could have done better but under the conditions we were quite well satisfied.

One of the last things to decide was whether to have it printed on cardboard or tough paper. The latter was finally purchased because cardboard breaks and warps. Paper can be rolled and put away after the calendar is gone. The advertising is to be placed between the hook and the picture so it is ever with the map. The system calendar book is different and this calendar will hang straight, that is the agent said it would.

This calendar concern plan to make a speciality of this kind of calendar another year for all little towns. They claim they are making us a special price this year so as to have an example to show for other sales next year. They say we are just one year ahead with the idea. We are hoping for the best.

